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No. 5

Big Features This Month

There are some particularly expensive features in this number, among the most notable being:

The National Political Situation: The first of a series of talks on Canadian problems.—E. W. Thomson.

Short Stories: "Beautiful Sebastians," by Marie Van Vorst; "Smoke Below," by Jack London; "The Gold That Glittered," by O. Henry—all fine stories by writers of the first rank.

The Success Series: What the World Owes to Dreamers and Where Would Civilization Be But For Them.—Dr. O. S. Marden.

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Summer house and bungalow of a modern Community Court.



A typical entrance to an attractive Community Court.

See "The Community Court Idea," page 12.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIV

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The National Political Situation

CANADA AND THE PROBLEM OF NAVAL DEFENCE—THE GERMAN PERIL—ARMAMENTS AND TAXES—DEFENCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
—CANADIAN ELECTIONS PROBABLE NEXT YEAR

By Edward William Thomson

Herewith is presented the first of a series of articles on "The National Political Situation," by E. W. Thomson, the well-known Canadian political writer. The opening "talk" deals with armaments and taxes. In it, as also in the subsequent articles which will appear monthly, Canadians will find a vigorous presentation of the big national issues of the day. Mr. Thomson has been given a free hand; as he says himself, his articles will not be in any degree or particular dictated or moulded by any person save himself, nor with the least regard for any political party or unwelcome interest. The outcome should be interesting reading for Maclean Magazine subscribers.

CANADA'S existing House of Commons is necessarily short-lived. It does not represent the provinces according to the census of June, 1911. A redistribution of Representation Act allotting the West its due of largely increased representation cannot be delayed beyond the next session of parliament. There is no sign that the Borden Ministry mean to delay it an hour. Upon that Act a general federal election will necessarily follow soon. Its probable date would appear to be in September, 1913, because an election then would enable the winning party to assemble the new Parliament in November, as is most convenient for public business and desired by federal politicians in general. Also,

September is the Conservatives' "lucky month," since they beat both Alexander MacKenzie and Wilfrid Laurier therein.

The present House seems likely to have one year more life. This implies that the Borden Ministry may be equally short-lived, or may obtain secure tenure of power for the usual term of five years. Meantime that Ministry can commit the country to nothing important that must require more than a year for its firm establishment or completion. This reflection should allay perturbation in some who imagine Premier Borden about to vote thirty millions or a brace or trio of Dreadnaughts to the London Admiralty, and who go on to rejoice or lament that he will bring Im-

perial Federation, or something very like it, to pass. He has not time to work any rail wonders for good or harm before he must come up for judgment, for approval, or dismissal. About all he can do is construct the planks of his platform for the next general election. To me he appears a sensible, prudent, cautious imperialist, most unlikely to ask the electorate to implement some of the amazing designs with which he is credited by less rational persons.

It may be assumed certain that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Opposition would resolutely obstruct passage of any and every proposal to commit Canada to a radically new policy in affairs of profound present and future importance. Why impute to Mr. Borden a wish or design to hurry the country into any serious departure without first obtaining the electorate's consent at the polls? As to the "Navy" and "Imperial Federation" he seems to me to have carefully and skillfully kept his freedom, despite all London blandishments and counsels of the Harmsworth School. Has he not indicated that a direct Canadian contribution to Old Country funds or armament will be impossible until such time as the Old Country shall have arranged to give Canada a voice in respect of war, of peace, and of expenditure on and shipping of armaments? Does any political being conceive that such "voice" can be arranged for in a twelvemonth? Could the Old Country electorate, always face to face with great predatory powers, and always aware that need for prompt action may arrive to their executive any hour, be persuaded in a year to embarrass that executive by some novel arrangement for giving Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, anything more than a "me too" voice in London's foreign affairs, or resolutions touching war? Who can seriously believe that Canadians in general would not only consent to supply Old Country brethren with immense moneys or immense battleships, but thus necessarily pledge themselves, by the precedent, to evince similar generosity in

any future similar emergency, unless under a political arrangement which would secure to Canada not merely a "voice" but a choice—the choice of engaging in or withdrawing from any course favored by London?

MR. BORDEN'S CAUTION.

Our judicious Premier plainly kept in mind, during all his London banquets, the immense difficulty of establishing such a political arrangement as he indicated to be a necessary preliminary to Canadian direct contributions of money or ships.

It seemed to me that he virtually said, what surely almost every Canadian would heartily echo:—"If the politically impossible could be done, we might delight to supply cash or armaments in support thereof." Did not Sir Wilfrid Laurier say virtually the same when he remarked "If you wish for our aid, call us to your councils." Were we called? Can we be called? Is not the only possible course of Britons in general to carry on the most successful of empires by developing it on the voluntary system through which the success has been achieved? Does that question insinuate or allege that we Canadians do not perceive and acknowledge the awful emergency of the Mother Country inhabited by our brethren? Not so.

GERMAN STRENGTH.

The present writer is one firmly convinced that Germany is most formidable by science, training, foresight, resolution, a sense of her need to expand. He is convinced that Germany means to dispute with Britons the supremacy of the seas: that this supremacy is almost vital to Canada, to all the other Dominions, and even to the United States; and that all who speak the English language should hasten to actions that will secure that supremacy. But to what actions?

A little while ago we were being reproached by the Harmsworth School, with meanness, pusillanimously leaving upon the poor of Great Britain the re-

sponsibility and the burden of our defence. No need to exclaim just here: "Why not put it on the idle rich of Great Britain?" The reproach against Canadians was and is largely sound. How free ourselves therefrom?

DEFEND OURSELVES.

Surely by assuming our own defence? And would this be to refrain from aid to Old Country brethren? Not so. It would be, first, to relieve them, and thus enable them to direct their thoughts and plans solely to their own defence. Second, it would be to put ourselves in shape to aid them most effectively at a pinch. As a healthy man, who has so trained himself that his hands can keep his head, is able, and usually willing, to bring his fists to his brother's help, so we, having once made us secure on our own coasts, could huzze in to the Old Country's aid whenever the brethren needed us. Yes, and exult in the exercise! Should we be unable to do so, had we amply secured ourselves? What is here meant by simply?

An ample defence implies one sufficient to meet the heaviest thrust that may come. It is on that idea that our Old Country brethren maintain coast defences and a navy meant to ensure safety and liberty to their islands. Are we Canadians, (so vastly given to brag of late years), too mean or too poor to follow that example? If not, then our defences against the worst conceivable thrust should be so ample that we could detach forces to the Old Country's aid in every other case, as surely as she could and would detach forces to our help in every case but that worst possible one in which her own vitals were threatened.

THE COST.

But a Canadian defence, ample in that sense would involve, oh, such a dreadful expense! It would require not only certain forts, torpedo boats and stations, submarines, destroyers, land forces capable of securing this purely coastal equipment from seizure

by landing parties of an invader, but perhaps also some great battleships and cruisers. In the name of God and common sense, why not?

By our own will we remain in the realm of our fathers' crown; in an empire the most glorious and beneficent ever known or dreamed of; in the enjoyment of benefits wide as in the facility in commerce and in law; in a pride of memories and hopes and travel and welcome and outlook priceless to the human spirit.

THE STAKE.

In these immeasurable possessions we are threatened by a most worshipful rival, formidable to the last degree. The skill of diplomacy, the determination shown in armaments of huge and increasing cost, the dangers to both of the kindred rivals, consideration of peril to civilisation and to all the hard-won blessing of mankind, seem of no avail to bring about a cessation of the ever more dangerous rivalry. If a German-British war does not impend, then all the signs are misread by statesmen as cautious as Roseberry, and Chancellors as eager as Lloyd-George to let go into armaments not one penny that might be devoted to social betterments in happier times. It is obvious that the British fleets, if our old pride will not permit us to believe they can be destroyed by ships and sea-men and guns, may be wiped out by dirigibles and dropped explosives. It is plain that such destruction would end the mighty career of the Islanders, reduce them to dependence on the victor, set the whole armed world scrambling for fragments of the Empire that was. It is obvious that Canada, if without an ample defence, would be claimed and invaded by the victor. It is no less certain that Canada, amply defended as to her shores and coast coal mines, could stand off Germany as perfectly as a porcupine can defy a wolf. It is clear that this Dominion, if so defended—and no such defence can be improvised—would be the preferred refuge and future home of millions of the best of

our Old Country kin, who could not and would not endeavor to endure the beaten Islands' future condition of semi-servitude to Germany.

NO HELP FROM U. S.

It must be plain to any student of the American military and naval situation that there can be no more insensate drivell than the allegation that the United States could and would step in to save a Canada which had neglected the duty of ample defence?

Why is this clear? Because the United States lack armaments that would warrant them in meddling with a victor over Great Britain's fleets. How instantly would sane Japan—sane and therefore armed to the teeth in her children's noble contempt of the belly-God and the clothes-God and the pleasure-God—forget a treaty that was made dead by the utter defeat of the Britain that was, and hasten to threaten not only the Philippines and Hawaii but the Californian coast with her never-beaten sailors and soldiers. The prospect of such invasion already scares the military-wisdom among our neighbor brethren. And do you imagine that Washington would take on Germany, for Canada's beloved asks, when the eyes of Japan, freed from all fear to encourage dissent from England, were glaring with hunger to seize the vineyards of California, and revenge the innumerable insults of 'Frisco hoodlums on Japs who have sought but opportunity to exchange good labor for good gold?

A NEW WORLD.

Try to understand that the world, with Great Britain's navy scored off its waters, would be a new world, not one in which navally and militarily "stob-nations" could expect any defenses, or have any more safety than they could hasten to provide, in desperate ramroze for their neglect to keep well-armed in a world of bustling robber-nations. Our neighbor brethren have always, since the Monroe doctrine was invented by a British Prime Minister, depandad

extensively if more or less unconsciously, as they did in the Spanish war and as they do now, on the British supremacy at sea, and on British brotherhood with them. It is so important to them that they ought to stand, even as ourselves, ready at all times to conserve and promote it. Because of its existence they, even as we, have not amply defended their own coasts. That is why it is sheer silliness to suppose that they, immediately after the very possible early destruction of that supremacy, could undertake our defenses against the victor, and against the allies he would promptly acquire in the business of dividing the British rament. Uncle Sam would then have all he could do, probably more, in securing his own hide against the skinners.

SUPPOSE OTHERWISE.

Even if he were secure, and were able and willing to save us, what would be his price? And if he did it from pure friendliness, how could that be endured by the valuable persons, now purporting to be influential with our government, who have endlessly derided and cursed him, ever since I can remember? Just now some of them seem deep in remorse, since one observes many of their names in the impressive lists of those Canadians who wish to rejoice publicly that Jonathan and John have not been fratricidal during a century now nearly past—thanks to their own good sense in ignoring the provocations trumped up by our Canadian truculents.

WEST COAST OPEN.

If the present writer seem an alarmist, one newly impressed by the need of Canada for coast defence, it may be because he has very lately returned from six weeks in British Columbia, where he traveled 550 miles up and down an undefended, many-islanded shore, between Victoria, Vancouver, and Prince Rupert, besides twice traversing the whole length of the settled portion of wondrously beautiful Vancouver Island. This journeying enabled him to perceive why Sir Richard

MacBride, who is a wise man and no alarmist, so insists, publicly and privately, that a prime naval duty of Canada is to make ample defence of that coast. Except by some not very formidable guns in the neglected fort at Esquimalt, that shore is wholly without armament.

JAPAN'S FORCE THERE.

It swarms, everywhere, with hardy Japanese fishermen, doubtless all well weaponed, all trained in the Mikado's army, every man entitled to be considered among the bravest of the brave, the most efficient of the efficient. They could, on wired or secret orders from Tokio, seize and hold that entire coast instantaneously. So I was assured on the best possible authority. They have under control all the boats they fish in, no matter who may be ostensible owners. There is no military force worth noting in that province. The cruiser Rainbow is a movable shadow of force, ineptable of being in more than one place at a time, or of guarding more than a few miles of one of several main channels of approach, all of which should be fortified, and secured by easily-laid torpedoes and floating mines. Nanaimo, the chief coaling station, is wholly undefended as to approach from the north. Ware it seized by a thousand resolute old soldiers with Winchester, they could hold the mines until the arrival of a cruiser friendly to them. Thus invasion in force would be made easy, secure. Vancouver Island would be the invaders' stronghold, and the contiguous mainland open to them. It has wealthy cities, utterly undefended. Established along the shore the Japanese could not be ousted by any force Canada could ever muster.

Of course the attack would not arrive before British defeat were published. That defeat is held to be not improbable by those Canadians who ceaselessly clamor for reinforcement of the King in the North Sea. Did that dreaded event arrive, the Japs could do as they might choose in British Columbia, since it is, as above argued, mere booh to im-

agine that our neighbor brethren would not, in that case, be exceeding shy of meddling with any strong, well-armed Power that did not directly challenge or invade them.

DEFENCE EASY.

Now, it would be no difficult nor very expensive matter, to secure British Columbia perfectly, by fortifying and mining the few main channels of approach to her cities and coal mines. Whatever the cost, the thing ought to be done speedily as possible. I venture to assert that the Right Honorable Premier at Ottawa, if he fail to hasten to this duty, may be provided with abundance of trouble by the wise and charming Premier at Victoria.

Is British Columbia not important to Canada? The shores of that Province are essentially those of the great prairies of Alberta, whose exports of grain and imports of needments, after completion of the Panama Canal, cannot but mostly go and come via Vancouver and Prince Rupert, on the main line of the G.T.P. and of its branch from Fort George to Vancouver. The valuable transcontinental, or European-Asiatic traffic of our three Transcontinental railways—the C.P.R., the G.T.P. and the C.N.R.—belongs to Canada only inasmuch as British Columbia does. That traffic benefits Ontario, Quebec and our eastern maritime provinces. East-Canada's sales to British Columbia are large, and her children are conspicuous in the B. C. population. The Dominion's western ocean frontier is as absolutely necessary to the Dominion's interior provinces as is the Atlantic ocean frontier. Every reason for amply providing for the defence of one applies equally to the other.

It may be objected that such ample defence will cost a lot of money—for forts, guns, torpedoes, mines, craft serving the stations, man for holding, regiments and batteries organized with a view to backing them up. Surely! Life costs a lot of money! Its protection, its security cost a lot of money. National existence cannot be promoted and

guarded on the cheap in these times, when a foremost power goes armed, and arms more dangerously every fresh year, with obvious intent to hold our national existence, or all we have been long accustomed to value it for, at the mercy of the Lord of Spiked Helmets. Who counts the cost of what appears necessary to his continuance in life and freedom? The ample defence of both Canadian coasts is well within the pecuniary power of our eight millions. Surely the expense should not be gradded.

WHO SHOULD PAY?

But who is to bear it? The farmers, the lumbermen, the miners, the fishers, the operatives—I mean the actual manual workers, the poor? Surely not—if common sense and common justice can rule this Dominion. I have been in every one of its main cities, and many of its towns of late years; in most of these west of St. John very recently. Everywhere I have seen the almost monstrous spectacle of extravagant waste on Pleasure, Dress, Houses, Furniture, Autocars, sumptuous Hotels—not waste by the Workers, the real producers, the only people essential to Canada's development and progress. The money thrown away by Business Classes that have become infected by the craze of London and New York and Paris for Luxury, would, were it taken from them by a direct graduated federal tax on incomes, not only supply ample coast defences on both our shores, but vastly reduce the number of Hands and Dollars diverted from production to Debauchery.

LLOYD-GEORGE'S PLAN.

Four years ago Mr. Lloyd-George proposed, in effect, to put the cost of defence for the United Kingdom on the Classes of Luxury and Waste. Until Great Britain shall have done so, it would surely be rather unbecoming of her statesmen to seek, or to accept, defences provided for that Kingdom in any degree by the farmers and the working classes of Canada, who must

pay, under our present abominable system of indirect taxation, every dollar and provide every battleship this Dominion may give. Between 1883 and 1909 the accumulated capital of the United Kingdom rose from \$47,675,000,000, when the population was 37,000,000, to \$88,725,000,000, when the population was 45,000,000. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer, on October 17, 1910, remarked, "of £300,000,000 that passes annually at death of about 420,000 persons, about half belongs to something under 2,000 persons."

ENGLAND'S IDLE RICH.

In the same speech he said of the Idle Rich—"After devoting the first third of their lives in preparing and equipping themselves for work, they devote themselves to a life of idleness." precisely so do very many of the families of our not idle rich Canadian business men. "It is," he went on, "a scandalous and stupid waste of first class material, and the worst of it is, the system requires that they should choose some of the best men that wealth can buy to assist them in leading their life of idleness with a degree of luxurious ease. It is a common but shallow fallacy that inasmuch as these rich men find employment for, and pay good wages to, those who personally administer to their comfort, to that extent they are rendering a service to the community. Quite the reverse. They are withdrawing a large number of capable men and women from useful and productive work."

There is a larger number of people of this class in this country than probably in any other country in the world. You will find them in the London Clubs, or in the country, walking about with guns on their shoulders and dogs at their heels, or upon golf courses, or tearing along country roads at perilous speeds, not seeking to recharge exhausted nerve cells spent in useful labor, but as the serious occupation of their lives. If you want to realize what a serious charge

they impose on the community I will put it in this way: If you take these men, with their families, and with their very large body of retainers, you will find that they account for something like

TWO MILLIONS OF THE POPULATION

of this country. It is exactly as if the great commercial and industrial cities of Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow were converted into great privileged communities in which no man was expected to engage in any productive or profitable enterprise—allowances running up to scores of thousands being made to some of the citizens, and running down the scale until the lowest of them received a remittance three times as large as that of the average wage in this country. Can you think of anything more wasteful, more burdensome to the community, more unintelligent than a system of this kind?"

WILL CHURCHILL DO IT?

Can Canadians think of anything more impudent than would be the conduct of Mr. Winston Churchill if he came out, inviting Canadians to supply thirty millions dollars, or three dreadnoughts to a community whose own favorite Chancellor shows that it can do to itself, and to all concerned, nothing but good by taxing its idle luxuri-

ous classes until they have got to go to work?

Yes, something even more impudent can be imagined. It would be proposing that the luxurious classes of the Dominion shall stay free of direct, useful, graduated, federal taxation on income and profits—taxes laid for the purpose of supplying Canada with necessary coast defences on both shores. Nay, you can imagine even a sillier audacity. That would be to put the cost of those defences on our working farmers, lumbermen, miners, fishers and operatives, by increasing "protective" duties in the name of getting the money. This increase appears to be precisely what our manufacturing flag-wavers are after, while they clamor that thirty millions, or three dreadnoughts, should be voted to the North Sea with incidental relief to the Old Country Idle and Luxurious, who would otherwise be sooner or later compelled to supply the needed money.

Enough for once. This is but the first of an intended series of informal monthly talks in MacLean's Magazine by the present writer. You may be sure that, so long as his humble name is attached to them, they will not be in any degree or particular dictated or moulded by any person save himself, nor with the least regard for any political party or moneyed interest.



The Truth Teller

The Truth Teller lifts the curtain
And shows us the people's plight;
And everything seems uncertain,
And nothing at all looks right.
Yet out of the blackness groping,
My heart finds a world in bloom;
For it somehow is fashioned for hoping,
And it cannot live in the gloom.

He tells us from border to border,
That race is warring with race;
With riot and mad disorder,
The earth is a wretched place.
And yet, ere the sun is setting,
I am thinking of peace, not strife;
For my heart has a way of forgetting
All things save the joy of life.

I heard in my youth's beginning,
That earth was a region of woe;
Of trouble and sorrow and sinning—
For the Truth Teller told me so.
I knew it was true, and tragic;
And I mourned over much that was wrong;
And then by some curious magic,
The heart of me burnt into song.

The years have been going, going,
A mixture of pleasure and pain;
But the Truth Tellers books are showing
That evil is on the gain.
And I know that I ought to be grieving,
And I should be too sad to sing;
But somehow I keep on believing
That life is a glorious thing.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in *Aimee's*.

Beautiful Sebastiana

By Marie Van Vorsi

ON the balcony of the Trinacria Hotel in Messina a young American tourist sat finishing what had been a very welcome luncheon. Beneath him lay the noisy, populous city, and farther out around its coast spread the divine sea.

The flies took possession of his piled plate of figs and dates. Dentwater called the *cameriere*, and the servant, who had waited upon him excellently, came eagerly running toward the stranger.

"*Vuole, signore?*"

Dentwater gave his order, and the man beamed and bowed and took away the fruit. The traveller's eyes followed the man who slipped softly back into the shade of the inner dining-room.

The Sicilian waiter, a slender fellow, presented a pitiful figure to his patron. He was evidently ill-paid, mean, and poor. His linen, though spotless, was ragged; and his clothes, too large in the legs, too short in the coat, and too wide about the thin shoulders, had served for other men of his profession before his era.

In the southern atmosphere of light and sun, poverty is one of the lesser evils; but the servant in the dark restaurant, slipping from table to table, bowing, receiving guests and speeding them away, running back and forth to the kitchen, returning with his service of food, agile, careful, unobtrusively eager, arrested Dentwater's attention.

It was his eagerness that obliged Dentwater to consider him. The dark face, the painfully neat hair, the waxed mustache, were typical, not distinctive; but the eager eyes, the sensitive mouth over which a smile hovered lightly and so quickly disappeared, appealed strongly to the Englishman.

"*Comeriere?*" he called, and again the shabby figure of Francesco tilted forward. The traveler paid his bill with intention. Francesco bowed, took the money to the desk, and when he returned found his gentleman reading a letter.

"The change, *Signore*."

"Oh, that's for you, *amico*."

"*Mille grazie, Signore!*" Francesco's face flushed.

"Speak any English?"

"No, *Signore*."

"Never been to America, then?"

"No, *Signore*."

"Better go over." Dentwater lit a cigarette. "You can make plenty of money there. You people do."

"Scusi, is the *Signore* an American? I thought," Francesco added, "that he was an Englishman."

Dentwater smiled. "Very keen of you."

Dentwater held a letter he had written, sealed, and addressed: "Alfa Contessa di Fiori Mille, Palazzo Fiori Mille."

To the left opened the passage from the dining-room on the kitchens—to a long window at the end of the corridor, which looked on the sea. Dentwater could see the blue sweep of the Mediterranean—the reddish sails of the boats, and a white sail here and there, like the petal of a camellia. All framed for him by a few feet of glass, there stretched before him the exquisite picture of a sunny Mediterranean port. Close to the window embrasure, as if a giant pair of shears had cut out of profound shade the picture of a human man and set him there, Dentwater saw Francesco huddled against the light. The wait-

er's arms hung limply at his sides; he too was looking out at the port and on the placid sea. The poor figure was the profound expression of desolation and disaster. As he just then turned about, Dentwater saw the patient creature's face seared by flowing tears.

Not wishing to intrude on such an intimate moment in a human life, Dentwater stepped back, and found at his side the little proprietor, with whom downstairs he had exchanged some few words before luncheon. The traveler touched the hotel-keeper's arm and nodded toward the man in the window.

"What's happened to that poor devil? What is the matter with him?"

And, not without sympathy, the proprietor shrugged at the inevitableness of each man's tragedy.

"Oh, somebody has just told him about 'Bastiana.'"

* * *

"They never seem real," the Contessa Fiori Mille said to Dentwater.

On yet another Sicilian balcony, above the snow-white and pinkish town, be looked down over the hill-slopes into the cup-like circle that held Messina. Rows of houses—a dash of brilliant green, a blaze as of rose-petals where the pinkish buildings scattered here and there like flowers; contour of graceful buildings, and the sharp edge where the shore met the azure of the lapping, captivating sea.

"You think they are not real? Well, I expect you should know, for you are familiar with the *Messinese*."

"I know them. They are all emotion, all excitement, all sensation."

"Emotion is not real, then?"

She shrugged. "H'm, I don't know. At any rate, the *Messinese* are perfectly adorable, but they are children."

"I fancy that if you had seen a certain chap's face down there at the Trinacria, as I saw it an hour ago, you would have thought that there was something real in him."

"Don't let me shock you, my friend," the Contessa said seriously. "I love my husband's people. I couldn't be happy

in Messina otherwise, could I? And many of them *are* my friends. But I am more Anglo-Saxon than you are, I really think. And it is like living in a picture-book here—in this white villa in perpetual sunshine—in perpetual summer. Sometimes I feel as though I were a part of an illustrated story—with highly-colored illustrations, most of the time. I have got used to the glow, of course."

"But doesn't it ever seem dull?"—with something like eagerness in his words. "Isn't it ever very lonely?"

"Yes," she acknowledged; "one cannot make companions of children, pictures and fairy-stories."

"But your friends come here——"

"Yes, and go; and so do I, of course—to Paris, Naples, and Rome; but the fogs and the rain drive me home to this sunlight."

Dentwater stretched his hand out across the table.

"One of your friends has come to-day," he said, and he held out his hand.

"It all seems so unreal," she murmured again.

Dentwater, his hand outstretched, murmured more intently still:

"Oh, there *are* real things! There are real things; and I have a thousand minds to tell you some of them!"

And he proceeded to do so.

* * *

When he reached the Trinacria it was past midnight. He ordered something in the cafe, where the proprietor himself served him. Looking about, Dentwater asked:

"And where is Francesco?"

"Gone," the innkeeper replied. "He took the boat you came in, back to Naples. He is to sail from Naples to America to-morrow."

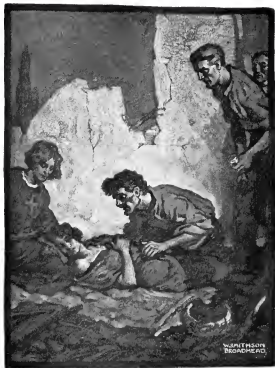
"To look for 'Bastiana'?"

"To look for 'Bastiana.'"

"Why, he is a real lover!" Dentwater exclaimed delightedly.

"Ecco!" shrugged the innkeeper, as though to be a real lover was to him the most natural thing in the world.

The Englishman, draining his glass,



"Falling by her side, Francesco gazed upon the face of 'the most beautiful woman in all Sicily.'"

drank in silence to the departure of the Sicilian; and said to himself with satisfaction: "A man in love will find there are real things everywhere!"

"... So are death and the stiletto," Richard Dentwater said; "and as we go on you will some time see how realistic this candy-colored place can be."

The Contessa replied to him: "There are quantities of tales such as the one you have just told me." And he accepted, undisturbed: "Of course, and you know the tragedy in the Chinese Empire, when after the garden party there was nothing new to tell the Emperor?"

"I can imagine!" The Contessa laughed. "And I beg your pardon. If you really want to make me sad by your narrative, I won't prevent you."

"Bellissima Bastiana is the most beautiful creature on the coast; and Bastiana was engaged to be married to Francesco. There was a family debt of honor to be paid off in some fashion or other by some one or another."

"As I said before," the Contessa laughed, "those things are usually paid off with a stiletto."

But her friend was not prevented. "No, this was only a vulgar money affair—no romance in it—and they, poor dears, in some way or another had to discharge that liability. So Bastiana, following the trail of rich Americans, went to America, and Francesco stayed here to work. When the last soldi had been paid up, Bastiana was to return to Messina, and the wedding-bells were to ring."

Here the Contessa began to be troubled.

"Poor things! I wish you had told me this before, Richard Dentwater."

"I only knew it yesterday, myself."

"I will pay off the rest of that debt at once for them," she offered, and Dentwater kissed her hand.

"Very sweet and kind of you, but they wouldn't take it. It seems they are as proud as peacocks, and, moreover, the debt is all paid."

"How perfectly wonderful, Richard!"

Dentwater nodded solemnly. "Paid up solid by solid."

He lit a cigarette and smoked thoughtfully, going on with the story which had touched him.

"The poor old chap kept the girl's courage up from this side, and from her side she kept up his courage."

The Contessa was leaning very near to him.

"Of course she is dead," she murmured. "Why don't you tell me so? After all, why do you tell me such a melancholy love-story?"

Looking toward her devotedly, Dentwater said:

"Because I shall always be selfish enough to share with you everything that pleases or grieves me; as a man shares with a perfect companion everything in the world."

She forgave his egotism.

"But Bastiana is not dead," he went on after a little. "Francesco has not heard a thing about her for a long, long time. That meant, of course, a great deal of suffering and anxiety. I expect, in the humble heart. At any rate, yesterday he heard enough to make up for no end of a wait. A native of this town has just come back from America (on the same boat that fetched me from Naples), and before his heels could cool, of course, he came and told Francesco just that which a man would rather learn his sweetheart dead than hear. Bastiana has grown to be a fine lady, and it has been comparatively easy for her to get the money which went so promptly and regularly to pay her debt."

"Oh, dear!" breathed the Contessa.

"Poor thing! She was, of course, far too pretty—you said she was the most beautiful woman on the coast."

"The most beautiful Italian on the coast," Dentwater corrected. "But I didn't say she was the most beautiful woman in the world!"

The Contessa admitted that he had not been so absurd.

"This Francesco," her friend went on, "is a perfectly ripping sort of chap—he strikes me as being rather real for a picture book. Directly I had gone he went out, found his communicative and loquacious compatriot, and stabbed him within an inch of his life, effectually shutting his mouth for him. That fellow, at least, will not talk in Messina about Bastiana's reputation! Then, much appreciated and protected by his friends, Francesco girded up his loins and got on the ship. He has gone to America to fetch his old sweetheart home."

The Contessa was beginning to be interested.

"Oh, she won't come back."

Dentwater admitted that very probably she wouldn't come. "And the poor fellow's troubles are only just beginning. But he has gone, and while he believes in his heart all that he has heard, I haven't a doubt, at any rate, he denies everything stoutly and calls his informant a liar."

"He is decidedly a brick!" conceded the Contessa, who remembered some American expressions.

In the latter part of December of the following year Dentwater again found himself on shipboard, steaming toward Messina.

As though a magnet of destiny drew them together, he had, singularly enough, found Francesco. Not in America, but on this self-same boat, engaged in the same dreary occupation in which he had been employed when he first arrested Dentwater's attention. Dentwater thought the man had the face of a martyr. He had not seen him until they had been some hours at sea, and in his own happier state he almost turned from the misery in the look of the humble Italian. But Francesco sought him out. Coming softly up to Dentwater, the only occupant of the smoking-room, he laid a fresh ash-tray near the Englishman.

"Sant, Signorino does not remember the Trinacria last April!"

"Why, hello!" Dentwater greeted him. "It's you, is it? Why, of course I remember it. How are things going with you, Francesco?"

"They are going well," the other said simply.

"I am glad of that," Dentwater nodded to him affably. "You have been in America?"

Francesco told him yes and was returning home.

"Then you are not a regular man on this boat?"

Francesco further told his friend that he was working his passage back.

"Why, didn't you have any luck in the States?" Dentwater asked him in some surprise.

"I traveled much. I went from Nuovo York to Santa Francesco. I visited many towns and many cities."

"What were you doing?" Dentwater asked hypocritically.

"I was looking for a friend, Signorino."

"Did you find him?"

No, Signorino, I learned that they had returned to Messina."

"Your friend was a woman, I suppose?"

"Signorino," returned the other gently, "the most beautiful woman on the coast of Sicily."

And Dentwater at the tone smiled at the lover as at a brother. "Barring one," he said with sudden fraternity; "barring one."

"Ecco," the Sicilian gravely agreed, and continued: "I had heard terrible lies of her at home, Signorino, and I went to see and to fetch her back. I found out how hard she had worked; how cold it is; how hot it is; how much money is needed to be well there; and the lies—"

And the American reminded him: "Why, were they lies, then?"

With a shrug of his shoulders and the lifting of his head in a way Dentwater thought majestic, Francesco replied:

"I did not ask about them. I did not ask."

"I expect you were right there."

And the other went on eagerly: "Oh,

isn't it so, *Signorino*. One does not bother about *lies*—they are not *real*.”

“Quite so, *Francesco*.”

“And when they had told me that ‘Bastiana had gone home to Messina, then *naturalmente* I understood that if those things about her had been true, she would never have gone home. So I followed her.”

The manner in which he had displayed his hands at this last phrase was not needed to make Dentwater remark them. They were scurried and roughened.

“I have worked my passage over, *Signorino*, and to-morrow we will be in Messina.”

Then the waiter placed his scarred hands behind his back and stood quietly by the red-cushioned side of the room, looking out through the window at the sea: gray, wintry, its waves like wolves’ mouths fanged with foam.

So near to port, the Englishman the next morning could not rest in his cabin, and at dawn dressed and went up on deck. Lighting a cigarette, he leaned against the rail and gazed out in an effort to see the city which held his heart and all his desire.

The 30th of December was cloudy and overcast. Light did not break with its usual beautiful clarity over Sicily. The blue ravishing atmosphere of dawning day seemed banished forever, and gray clouds hung over the gray sea, into which the coast-line cut black and sharp. Every now and then big drops of rain fell, the brief storms followed by cold, ugly winds. Under the stormy morning, under the black sky, Messina itself was sharply white and trenchant. Stucco and plastered buildings appeared made out of spotted shells strewn all along the beach. Here and there in some window a light still burned—a little, starlike light. A few only of these small lamps shone out into the bluish dark, and over the city full of sleep, from the hillside down to the sea, silence rung like a living thing.

The hour was so still and the desolation of the place was so intense that Dentwater was unaccountably depressed and overwhelmed. He listened almost

superstitiously for a sound to come out to him to the sea from the sleeping city. He could not distinguish the Palazzo of the Countess Fiori Mille; it was too dark and obscure; and his eyes wandered down to the shores where along the port lay lines of barrels filled with oranges and sea-water, and where along the promenade Messina’s palaces lined, dignified and stately.

It grew dreadfully cold. Nothing could be more unlike the kindly, warm, effulgent port he had thought to find than this icy welcome. He turned the collar of his coat up to his ears. This was no southern breeze that came whistling about his head.

A new storm of rain broke afresh and fell so heavily this time that he left the deck and went toward the cabin. Just as he did so he heard a sound from the shore—from the sea—from the heavens—from the very bowels of the earth—from the pit of the ocean, as though the earth and its elements all mingled in one tremendous cry.

The deck rose and fell under his feet. The ship mounted aloft toward the black pall-like skies, lifted up upon the crest of the waves, upon the upheaval of the sea. It rose on the air as though in desire to reach the land. By the creaking of the timber, by the strain at the anchor-chain, Dentwater looked to see his boat capsize or cast itself upon the shore; but the anchor chain snapped and in a second more the ship was released, while the wave which had lifted it up set it free and went on—on—and on, gaining volume and tremendous size, rising between Dentwater and the shore like a veil of the infernal regions.

He clung to the rail, his face fixed toward Messina—toward the white block of it, toward the sunny square of it; and the whole of it, as he looked with his disordered eyes, moved like a scene in a cinematograph: Messina palpitated, reeled, shook, quivered, and from it arose one long, sharp cry—a cry like the composite appeal from thousands of throats, from thousands and thousands of calls upon God. Then—Messina fell; wall upon wall; house upon house; tower upon tower; palace upon palace.

The whole mass became a great pile of dust, of terrible destruction, appalling, yawning ruinous; and the powder and smoke of it, the ashes of what had been home and hearth and altar and a minute before, arose in veils upon the air.

Dentwater felt his limbs give way under him as he looked upon the city which for him as for many held everything in the world. Surrounded by the ship’s people, his ears deafened with their cries and clamor, and by the orders which he could hardly distinguish from the appeals to God and to the Virgin, the cries that “*Reggio non e piu*” did not touch him. He did not even look at the other side, where Reggio’s fate was that of the town. Often before he had heard cries from this golden port when he had come by boat, cries that came musically out to him at sea; but now from the shores out of which seemed the silence of the shades began to come cries for help, as if from an infernal dream. From the charnel house that Messina was; from the powdery, smoking piles, from the wrecked roofs and the gaping eyes and doors out of which the flames began to rise, there seemed to pour shadowy people; and as he looked the shores were thickly black with refugees. Crying, calling, their voices audible, their imploring hands stretched out to the ships, all that was left of Messina supplicated the sea.

The sight of this stirred him to life, and just then some one grasped him by the arm with a force that nearly made him fall. He was torn from the rail. In his shirt and trousers, Francesco, the waiter, was by his side. His eye face, from which every spark of life had fled, turned itself to Dentwater.

“*Viene*,” he said. “*Viene*. A boat is going in. Let us go, too.”

A long groan broke from the Englishman; a shudder transfused his body; tears rushed to his eyes, which he thought must be filled with blood and mist. He seized Francesco, actually clung to him, following him to

the ship’s side. There, after a few words to the superior officers with an authority and power which proved to Dentwater that he still had an arm to raise and feet to stand upon, the two men clambered down into the boat, and, with the captain and first mate and a dozen sailors, they put to shore. Out through a mass of objects which the tidal wave had fetched out to them as it receded from Messina, came barrels, oranges, fruit, upturned boats, dirt and filth. Already the beach was black with people who had crawled like rats from holes, and the air was wild with cries that Dentwater would hear ring in his ears for the rest of his life: “*Jesus!*”—“*Madonna!*”—“*Dio, Dio, pietà de noi!*”—“*Spare us!*”—“*Help us, Mother of God!*”

As the little boat made the beach, another terrible shock shook the earth, and the remainder of the line of palaces fell forward almost into the sea. Wild and appalling as the scene was, filled as the air was with death, for Dentwater there was but one fact, one idea: her presence in that horror, her destruction. He set his teeth and clenched his hands. Before the boat touched the shore he had leaped out and staggered up the pebbly beach, from thence to the terrace and the port.

Before he had gone many steps toward the main street, where the lamps lay up in the earth, Francesco’s hand seized him again by the arm.

“Will you come with me to find ‘Bastiana?’”

Dentwater turned on him a face that was hardly human. “I am going to the hills to find a woman of my own. Let me free.”

He might as well have tried to shake off the earthquake itself. The hand upon him was like fate.

“‘Bastiana’ will be easy to find, she is so beautiful. You will know her at once.” And he dragged the other on.

Dentwater had his pistol in his hip-pocket. He drew it, and without hesitation put it at Francesco’s head.

With a scream the other let go his hold of Dentwater’s arm. “*Dio, Dio!*

You will kill me now when there are so few living men!" And he fled like a wild man into the heart of Messina into the muffled cries and calls more like sounds from Purgatory and Hell than from anything on earth. Dentwater, after glancing desperately at the ruins before him, began to run toward the left, where on the outskirts he thought he could thread his way to the hills.

He was surrounded by the people—women in night-clothes; women half-naked, covered by men's coats; many children, and a hundred arms outstretched to him. "Aid for the love of God!"—"Are you a doctor? My arm is broken."—"Give me aid, for the love of Christ!"—"My children are all buried there. Come!"

The young man shook them off brutally. He himself half-died, he fled to the mound of ruins—toward the horror and the honeycombs and the becautombs that held more than one hundred thousand dead and buried alive. Everything assailed him and obstructed him and held him back. The debris was so high that he had to climb through it and around it. The dead and the dying were everywhere. The wounded cried to him. Three or four times he stopped at the risk of his life under the walls of a tottering ruin, whilst the dislodged stones came crashing down.

Passing one gaping house, above the cries and supplications he heard the sob of a child. He went on, however. "Somebody else will find it," he thought stubbornly, "and I must go on." But the sound beat in his ears and clamored in his heart. He had turned a corner, yet he could not lose it. When the sob ceased to be audible, he retraced his steps in agony, and found the house too readily, led by the cries of the child. The entire front had fallen out into the street, and thus dismantled rooms were exposed with shameless effrontery to the world. He thought that by climbing a pile of crumbling stucco he could make the ascent, and did so, stepping over a man and a woman, dead, and so man-

aged to crawl into the room from whence the crying sounded. On an iron bed under the fallen ceiling lay those who could have silenced the child's cries. Close by in its crib, unharmed, convulsed with tears and grief, a dark-eyed child stood up, naked. Dentwater, well-nigh cursing it for the delay it meant, took it in his arms and crawled back, the child stifling his sobs and tears against his savior's neck.

"An hour lost out of her life," he muttered, and then came the prayer: "Grant some one may have turned to her as I have turned here."

A woman caught at him as he passed. "For the love of God, come with me! My children—"

Dentwater cried to her, "Take this one," and thrust the child upon her. "It has no one. They are all dead. For the love of God, let me go! I go to my own." He pushed brutally on, turning from the cries and the supplications, with joy on finding himself free, until he reached the outlet of the street which he knew he must take in order to reach the part of Messina he sought.

Great heavens, the street was impassable! Into it, across it, on both sides of it, the houses had fallen into a mass, from which smoke and dirt and cries arose. The mass was full of dead and wounded and dying. All around him were weeping people. Every now and then the earth shook under their feet. The ruins rocked, and that fell which had not yet fallen. Each tremor was followed by prayers and lamentations, and upon these wrecked buildings and disbelieved beings the rain poured with cruel consistency, mingling with mud and dirt and blood. Dentwater, black with despair, stared at the obstruction through which it would take him three hours to retrace his dreadful way.

He had landed at Messina a little before five. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon. His excitement and labor had kept him from conscious hunger and fatigue. The people blessed him as he went, and a group of men joined him and worked under his or-

ders. But towards five, as he lifted his eyes from digging out a buried creature, and saw his companions raise a woman into the air and life, he grew faint and his head reeled. The horrors he had seen, the human carnage, sickened him. He put his hand to his head and leaned against what seemed to be a solid wall.

They had now reached the end of the street down which Dentwater had come like a messenger of life. It had ceased to rain and hail. As he gave himself breathing space, his thoughts went back to the object of his search, and the fact that he had been kept from the hills by a power stronger than himself.

"I have been mad," he murmured. "Mad! Why have I delayed?"

He stirred, and discovered he was too faint to move—not astonishing, as he had been working without respite for nearly twelve hours. And just then coming up the ruined street, he saw in a group of people about whom the crowd gathered some one distributing bread and food. A few soldiers, scarcely dressed but still with somewhat of military dignity, kept off the famished folk with their drawn swords. "Pazienza! Pazienza!"

In the centre of the escort was a woman—the one presentable human being, the one creature in this dreadful place dressed with pretense of decency. She wore a short linen skirt, a short jacket, a little beret on her head. Around her neck by a cord was suspended a huge basket filled with bread, which she distributed with her own hands. Three other women, evidently her servants, loaded down in the same way, walked behind her.

Pressed against the wall, Dentwater stared at the woman as a man brought back to life might gaze upon a familiar face. She called out cheerily to the stricken people as she came, and her presence in that sea of disaster was benignant. Near her a stretcher blocked her way. A man lay on it, his head swathed in crimson rags. The lady blanched as they brought the man close

to her, and, bending down, she put drink to the man's lips, speaking to the creature with a life and spirit and courage that cheered and helped every one who heard her voice. The dreadfully wounded men murmured a blessing. As she lifted herself up, they swung her basket around her neck, and she started on.

Then Dentwater stalked forward as a man might walk just free from a sepulchre. There was blood on his face, where a falling stone had grazed him, nearly taking his life. He was covered with dust and mud, with blood and rain and stucco and dirt, and his hands were bruised where he had lifted stones and turned away obstacles from buried life. Crossing the lady's path, he stood before her and held out both his hands:

"Madonna, will you give me some of your bread?"

The lady cried out; but Dentwater's eyes, staring from his ashen face, cautioned her.

"Don't—don't! It's a time for those who have struggled out alive from this horror to be still. Give me to eat, Madonna, and to drink, if you have anything to spare."

Dentwater was a guest under the only roofed dwelling left standing in that part of Sicily. The house of the Contessa di Fiori Mille remained almost intact, though walls were cracked and seamed, and there was not a window-pane through which to look down upon Messina. The terrace from which one saw the port and the ships was strewn with fallen columns and masses of broken piles and earthen jars. The villa, having still its roof and its own walls, had become a hospital filled with those of the wounded who would let themselves be cared for here. There was a strong prejudice among the survivors against any roof or any walls, and in their fitful slumbers, in their waking dreams, the victims cried: "For the love of God, save us! The earthquake—the earthquake; *il terremoto* is."

Ah, the earthquakes indeed!

She was dressed for her mission in a rough dark dress, covered by a linen apron which came up over her bosom, a great red cross shining in the middle. Under a small dark cap, the sun and glory of her hair made what had been the only light for Dentwater during many days. But her face was what he loved best to look upon. There was compassion there, and tenderness; but more than all, there was glory and uplift, and he recalled that twenty times a day, during their work among the sufferers, there had been an indescribable comfort in her presence to them all. The Queen had shuddered and wept the first day she returned to her ship, but Bianca di Fiori Mille had gone on through all.

During the days in which Dentwater had worked in Messina he had not seen Francesco. The man had scarcely crossed his mind. But on this morning, picking his way among the fallen debris, he heard a voice crying to him, "Signorino!" and a man whose nervous quick he remembered seized his arm. It took a second for Dentwater to recognize Francesco, stained with dirt and blood and sweat. There were tears too on that face, through which the vast dark eyes looked fixedly. Francesco was a skeleton, emaciated by horror and despair.

"Signorino! Signorino!"

With infinite pity, Dentwater murmured:

"My girl! Francesco!"

"Signorino!"—the man's voice was a husky whisper—"Bastiana— she is there!"

"Mother of God! Where, Francesco?"

"Under these ruins. Under these walls. This was her cousin's house. This was Ciccio Ferri's. This was his wine-shop. That is what it was; this," moaned the man, "is what it is! But Bastiana is there. Come!"

Francesco, who fell on his knees and continued with his hands what had evidently been a work of continued systematic intent, simply glanced up at

Dentwater and continued: "Help! Help! The sailors have been with me all day; they are exhausted, but I am not even tired. The family are all dead, but Bastiana is alive!"

"How do you know, my poor fellow?"

"Know?" the Italian repeated.

"Why, I hear her voice. She calls me night and day."

Dentwater thought it a futile effort to clear away the ruins of houses with naked hands.

"She has talked to me in these days and nights," continued Francesco. "She has told me much, Signorino. She is good; she is a saint: She is always praying now that we might save her. And she is the most beautiful!"

To the lady who came up to their side, Dentwater said:

"Medonna, this is the waiter of the Trincria, of whom I spoke to you months ago. Under these ruins, he tells me, his 'Bastiana is buried.'"

Francesco staggered up and, lifting a weight of brick, threw it down into the street.

"Si, si," he nodded to the Contessa;

"Bastiana is the most beautiful woman in Italy, and she is down there, alive."

Dentwater shook his head. "Poor devil, poor devil!"

But the Contessa, impressed by the Italian's faith, asked the same question Dentwater had asked:

"How do you know she is alive?"

"Why should she die?"

And the lady murmured: "Why, indeed?"

"She is good and beautiful, and she calls me night and day."

"Why in Heaven's name do you work alone like this? Help him, Richard. I will go and get some men."

"Get the sailors, Medonna." Francesco used the title Dentwater had conferred upon the lady. "Get the sailors, Medonna, they are kind and very strong."

"If she is not crushed to death," Dentwater said to him cruelly, "Bastiana will be starved. She has been there five days."

"She is at prayers," Francesco repeated calmly. "She is praying for light. Courage, Signorino, courage."

And impressed and touched, Dentwater set himself to his task.

Ah, melancholy house of Ciccio Ferri, dealer in small fruits and the sharp sour wines in basket bottles! Here, the good neighbor and good merchant, had felt his house fall in one sole chaotic sweep and bury under its walls and ruins his entire family. Bastiana, on a visit to her cousin, occupied a small room at the back, completely blocked in, buried by the falling material and by the houses near.

The Contessa at the noon hour, when she stopped for a moment, brought him food.

"Be so hopeful as you can, Richard. Who knows how much of our thoughts goes down to her in her tomb?"

Dentwater shrugged. "If she were alive, Medonna!"

And the Contessa replied: "She is alive!"

They worked with torches at night, and the spluttering flare lit fantastically the dreadful place. At this hour it was not difficult to believe Messina unreal, for it was like a dreadful inferno, horrible with the cries of animals—of hungry dogs; cries of cats for prey, or of maddened animals driven from their moor—the stench and odor, the smell of fire and the scent of blood.

The Contessa di Fiori returned at night to the villa, at Dentwater's insistent command. For night-work a tent had been put up by the officers of the American ships, and towards ten o'clock, too exhausted to lift his arm for another effort, Dentwater went in to rest. He had taken Francesco forcibly from his work, threatening him that they would all desert if he did not take some repose. His face was thinner than ever, and the look in his eyes made one afraid.

Dentwater fell into a heavy slumber, but he had hardly slept when awakened by Francesco, whom he saw bending over him. It was dawn.

"Signorino, Signorino," he whispered, "come at once, for the love of God!

Bastiana has called me three times. She begs us to hurry. Come, for the love of God!"

"My good fellow!" Dentwater cried. But the other dragged him bodily from the bed and lifted him upon his feet.

"Signorino," he said, "you and I together, you and I together." But Dentwater demurred:

"We are not equal to what there is to do."

To shame him, the Russian sailors who had turned in not four hours before, blonde and strong and willing, their picks in their hands, waited without the tent. Francesco had routed them out, and without parley the little band followed the enthusiast, the fanatic, the lover, through the stench and the inferno of the streets, through the silence broken by the howling of dogs.

At the ruins, as they had left them, were their extinguished torches stuck in the debris. Between them and the back of Ferri's house there now rose a single wall of ruin, in order to pierce which the mass had to be cut into with great skill and precaution.

When they had begun to excavate, the skies were scarcely light. The stars still shone, and one by one all went as morning broke in beauty over stricken Messina. The cry of the watch, the change of the guard, the tapping of a drum, the report of a cannon from the port, the salute of a band of sailors as they passed ready to similar occupations, greeted the day. It was nine o'clock when Dentwater threw down his pick and stretched his arms in supplication for relief. Francesco's renewed faith, his determination, infused them; the obstruction was so thin that every now and then a handful of stucco tumbled in to the other side and disappeared.

Francesco put his face down and called: "Bastiana, coraggio!" Otherwise, no one spoke.

At nine o'clock the Contessa brought them coffee and food. Dentwater's appearance might have startled a less brave woman, but she did not urge him to desist or even to rest.

Towards noon Francesco, who aided by the sailors, had dislodged and carried away a last bit of wall, crouched down and with ferret-like motion of his hands pushed the plaster, made a hole, and peered through it; then called: "Bastiana! Coraggio, e via."

When they had made ingress possible, they let Francesco down, and stood above him, waiting, peering to see. The room was intact. The hot, close air, in which it was inconceivable even a brute could subsist for seven days, rushed to them. An iron bed, a chair, a coarse toilet-set, comprised the furniture. Over in a corner was the shrine of the Virgin. The red lamp before it still burned low in the oil. Before the shrine, stretched on the floor, her hands on her breast, lay Bastiana. They saw Francesco lift her and carry her toward them: he handed her up to them into the light.

The beautiful creature, across whose breast was folded a little black shawl, lay on a bed made for her out of marine jackets; her head was on the knee of the Countess di Fiori Mille.

"She is dead," Dentwater and the sailors said in their language.

Falling by her side, Francesco gazed upon the face of "the most beautiful woman in all Sicily." With his scarred hands, cut, bruised, and bleeding, he touched her hands. "Bastiana, courage, it is I—Francesco."

The lids of the girl's eyes did not quiver.

"But she is alive," Francesco said to the Countess.

"Tell her so, Francesco."

Leaning close to his sweetheart's lips, Francesco in a voice which might have infused a mummy with vitality whispered:

"Speak, speak! You are alive, Bastiana, you are alive!"

"Give her wine!" Dentwater commanded; he had bent down and was trying to hold a glass to the girl's icy lips.

Bastiana opened her eyes. They were as dark as the shades of the earth from which the shock had come. She

raised herself up and with an instinct of modesty gathered the shawl across her breast; she drew her bare feet under the sailors' coats.

"Ciccio, Ciccio!" she cried. "You heard me! I called, I called, I called!"

She opened her arms wide with a gesture as grave as it was divine. With a sob in which his agony of weeks and months went forth and died, the lover gathered Bastiana against his faithful heart.

Dentwater stood by the side of the Countess di Fiori Mille on the terrace of her dismantled villa, where the ruins were strewn about. They were ready to leave Messina. Not until the last worker had been sent away, not until the city could spare them, would the Countess consent to depart.

Francesco and Bastiana waited on the hillside, to bid their friends goodbye. The Countess kissed Bastiana on both cheeks.

"You are really going to stay, Bastiana?"

And Francesco said: "Yes, Eccellenza, we are going to stay. We have permission. We will build a new home when the Americans build a new city."

"I should think," Dentwater said to him, "that you have had enough of Sicily, Francesco."

"Why?" asked the Italian innocently. "It is a garden."

The Countess smiled at Dentwater's expression.

"We are not afraid of earthquakes," continued Bastiana peacefully. "There was an earthquake in America when I was there. I am more afraid of America."

And she glanced at Dentwater as though she thought they might understand. With a pretty gesture, she said:

"The earthquake did no harm to Francesco and me, though my poor, poor family—"

And Dentwater bade the two goodbye and the figures of these survivors in a ruined city were the last he saw as he turned the road to go out of Messina with his lady by his side.

The Warders of the Silence

LIFE OF CANADIAN FOREST RANGERS, THE WOODLAND POLICE OF GREAT GAME RESERVES AND TIMBER LIMITS, PRESENTS MANY STRIKING FEATURES

By H. Mortimer Batten

THERE is something national in scope and character about this article on the work of the Canadian Forest Rangers. "Warders of the Silence" we have called them, and such, indeed, they are, as guardians of the great game and forest reserves of the Dominion. Comparatively few Canadians actually reside in the nature and extent of this work, the splendid type of men who are enlisted in the service, the rugged life they lead in the performance of their duties as woodland police, and the importance which attaches to the faithful discharge of their commission. To read of the public service they render is but to admire the men the more.

THE name of the Royal North-West Mounted Police—those hardy riders in red—is well known to everyone, but there exists in Eastern Canada a corresponding body of men, whose work it is to patrol the vast muskeg forests that extend from the border line far into the Dominion of Canada, and regarding whose existence little seems to be known beyond their own country.

The duties of the Canadian forest rangers—the forestry police of the great game reserves of Ontario—are almost as varied and multifarious as those of the mounted police, and whereas good horsemanship is one of the most necessary accomplishments of

the guardian of the prairies, the woodland police, whose work for the most part calls them far into the heart of the densest forest, must be able to handle a canoe with the skill and confidence of a Chippeway Indian.

In the great forests of Ontario one is forced to rely almost solely for transportation upon the lakes and rivers with which the country is seamed. The forests are so dense that no woodsman would contemplate attempting to force his way through them, and the forest rangers are entirely reliant upon their canoes in getting from place to place. This involves the negotiation of many dangerous



The forest ranger, "shouldering his gun," continues his journey on foot till navigable waters are again reached.



"As the forest ranger sees dense woods stretching off may be many miles ahead—may at once take to their canoes and head for the scene of catastrophe."

rapids, where a single blunder would mean certain disaster or the loss of provisions.

It often happens that the most peaceful looking river in these solitudes suddenly plunges downwards at an appalling angle, its waters roaring and hissing into a turbulent cataract—or perhaps emptying itself bodily over some great shelf of rock to fall giddily through space for a hundred feet or more. When such a place is reached it is necessary for the canoeist to make a portage. Unpacking his belongings and shouldering the entire outfit he continues the journey on foot till navigable waters are again reached. Sometimes in traveling across country it is necessary to leave the water and make over the adjoining watershed into the next valley—a long tedious business

which calls for considerable strength and endurance when laden with canoe and camping outfit.

Consequently it is of great importance that the forest ranger should travel as lightly as possible, carrying no more weight than he is absolutely forced. His entire outfit—food, tent, blankets, and cooking utensils, he carries on his back throughout the sweltering heat of summer, and every extra pound makes a difference at the end of a long day's pull. Sometimes, however, he may remain in the woods for weeks on end, when it is usual to build a central cache in the country to be patrolled, and there store away the bulk of the provisions—to be called for as required.

The forest ranger must not only be an excellent canoeist and an excellent woodsman—able to find his way

through the most difficult country under the least favorable conditions—but he must also be physically fit and in sound condition. His duties are arduous and many. He is called upon to protect the fish and game that abound in the rivers and lakes and forest; he is there to see that Johnnie Indian does not set his moose snares in the shadowy runways, and to watch that no poaching takes place along the boundary line of Minnesota. There are many incidents that come to break the uneventfulness of his existence. One day, perhaps, a party of poachers, equipped with a powerful gasoline launch, will cross the boundary line intent on returning with a cargo of fish from Canadian waters. Alone in the woods, the

forestry men—relying solely upon their canoe—are called upon to bring the malefactors to boot. By strategy and their superior knowledge of the country, they are often successful in rounding up the raiders, though sometimes exciting chases take place, and the poachers escape by the skin of their teeth to contemplate at their leisure the folly of their misdoings.

Usually the forestry men work in pairs. Penetrating far into the heart of the wild, where they may not see a brother white man for days on end, these hardy woodsmen watch over an immense tract of country. In the summer months they are ever on the lookout for forest fires, which each year destroy immense quantities of timber.



"Many of the forests of Ontario would be hard to suppose for recently graduated for workers. wonderfully covered and wooded, the vast solitudes stretch to the skyline in every direction."



When the motest timber on a forest reserve is sold it is logged under such regulations as will guarantee the permanency of the forest. The forest rangers are here shown burning the brush.

When fire breaks out the rangers are quickly upon the scene, and if possible, keep the flames in hand or extinguish them by the liberal use of water.

This, as it may be imagined, is a most perilous business. As soon as the men see smoke rising from a certain direction—it may be many miles away—they at once take to their canoe and head for the scene of the conflagration. Providing the fire is in its infancy they are generally able to prevent it from spreading, though the process is often long and exhausting. For their efforts to be of any avail they are forced to use their utmost energy, and only those who have actually fought a bush fire can imagine what this means. Starting fresh fire bolts here to cut off the advancing body of flames, felling timber in another place so as to make a breach in the forest, and finally guiding and

confining the fire till it reaches the margin of some great lake, where it can spread no further, many a strong man has dropped at his post and perished miserably before his chum could snatch him from the flames.

It may be days, however, before the two rangers who have arrived upon the scene have the fire well in hand. In the meantime they have suffered considerably with their eyes and throats—especially if the forest happens to be one of cedar—for the acrid smoke that arises from these woodland holocausts is of the most stringent nature. On the other hand, if a strong wind gets up, their efforts are useless, and they are forced to flee for their lives from the rising fury. Sometimes they find that their retreat has been cut off even while they were fighting the central flames. With the terrible roar of the fire so

near at hand, and the darkness of night over all, only the best of woodmen stand a chance of escape on such occasions as these. The danger of suffocation is the most potent of all, and the only chance the ranger has is that of reaching water before the flames overtake him. Standing submerged to the neck, and screening his face with his jacket or hat, no great harm is likely to befall him so long as he can survive the heat, for there is always a narrow air space just above the surface of the water to supply him with oxygen till the worst has passed.

The horror of such an experience, however, is likely to live long in his memory. Often these forest fires will leap a lake two miles in width and light the country on the opposite side,

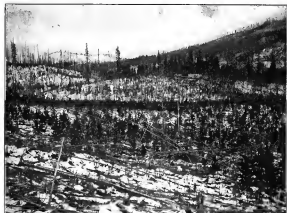
which gives some idea of their fierceness and immensity.

The scorched and ragged clothing of the forest rangers when they appear at camp after the fire season often bears evidence of the many fierce battles they have fought. Nevertheless, it is seldom that one returns without his partner. Many of them would rather not return at all, for out in the hush the bonds of partnership must be strong indeed if either are to survive. But usually, when they see that there is any great danger from the rising flames, the rangers keep near to the lakes or rivers, and it is not very often that a tragedy occurs.

Sometimes the forest rangers see strange sights and meet with extraordinary adventures when fleeing



A well-managed European forest. There is a maximum production of clear timber per acre and in all the open spaces left by the removal of mature timber there is a dense stand of seedlings.



Thousands of square miles of Canadian forests have been devastated by fire.

from these dreadful outbreaks. All manner of woodland animals flee with them, their fear of man forgotten in their awful dread of the flames. In the face of so terrible a foe a trace is called between man and beast. It is no uncommon sight to see partridges hurl themselves into the lakes, or even into the woodman's canoe to escape the flames and heat. Wood hares will sometimes leap into the bushman's arms, as though seeking his protection from the oncoming fury. The writer himself witnessed such an incident during the great bush fires by which so many lives were lost only last year. On the same day—the memory of which will live long in Canada—two forest rangers were forced to seek protection from the flames in the “madwallow” of an old black bear. Scarcely had they been in their precarious shelter three minutes, when the bear himself appeared. Without hesitation he huddled down between the two men, and thus

they remained side by side, for over three hours. When the fire at length passed over the bear bade his companions adieu, and they left the “wallow” on respective sides without a word of disagreement.

Bush fires begin in various ways. A flash of lightning, or one spark, wafted from the camp fire, is sufficient to start an outbreak. Deep down in the bush, where the air is stagnant, the fire smoulders deep into the earth, spreading slowly in a circle with silent treachery, till at last it finds its way to the edge of an open space where the air can circulate. Fanned by the breeze it creeps up into the bennches, and unless the fire rangers are quickly upon the spot it will rapidly increase in strength, till eventually the efforts of an entire army would fail to extinguish it.

In the meantime a great wind seems to have sprung up—though in reality it is the fire that has created the wind. Sweeping across country in a great crea-

cent, both man and beast are hard put to escape with their lives, and it is only after the fire has passed that the rangers can be of use. Once, after such an outbreak, which involved great loss of life, the writer and a companion were told off to search for the dead. After traveling about fifty miles into the fire belt, we were paddling one morning up a small creek when we saw a birchbark canoe drifting towards us through the blue smoke that overhung the water. Inside the canoe the hunched up figure of a prospector sat supported against one of the thwart, his face buried in his arms. Thus the poor fellow had perished, without even a thought, perhaps, that the end was near. Pressed by the fire, he had taken to his canoe, and though his clothing was hardly scorched, he had died of suffocation even before the flames neared him. It is some satisfaction to know, therefore, that those who are overtaken by these awful catastrophes, and whose scorched remains are left for the forest ranger to

deal with, seldom suffer the acute anguish that our over-sensitive imaginations lead us to think. Long before the flames reach them their sufferings are put to an end—thanks to the fumes that no living creature can endure to inhale for more than a few seconds.

But the duties of the forest rangers are by no means limited to the warding of game and the fighting of bush fires. They are there to be useful whenever occasion arises. Sometimes it happens that a brother white man will lose his bearings while traveling across country, or while endeavoring to make his way through the dense smoke that often shuts out the light for days together. Sooner or later the forest rangers find him—perhaps in a pitiable condition, and convey him safely back to civilization. Or it may be too late when they appear upon the scene, and there is nothing for them to do but to bury his poor remains, keeping by them such articles as may lead to his identity.

The forest ranger, as a rule, is a



Forest Ranger estimating timber loss by eye on mountain side.

happy independent individual. His precarious calling goes to develop the spirit of self reliance and witchfulness that are the chief characteristics of the frontiersman. At any moment he may be called upon to face danger at the call of duty, and it is always danger in the least expected form. But his life is one of absolute freedom, and during his wanderings he is constantly face to face with the wild folk of the woods. Deer, moose and caribou he sees in almost every ravine and valley, while skunks, bears and porcupine often pay him a visit at camp.

Many of the forests of Ontario would be hard to surpass for romantic grandeur for scenery. Severed by great ravines, and wonderfully watered and wooded, the vast solitudes stretch to the skyline in every direction. Here and there one finds a string of lakes, dotted with countless islands; the whole scene resembles one gigantic fairyland, tinted with colors most exquisite. Here again extends a long line of rapids, winding in and out of the forest till ultimately they empty themselves into a wide, deep river, while every jagged ridge away into distance is capped with a shimmer of blue evergreens.

In the midst of this vast panorama the forest rangers make their camp as evening comes on. They boil the kettle, fry the flapjacks, and cut a liberal supply of brushwood. The latter, when properly laid, closely rivals the best spring mattress, and with two Hudson Bay blankets to keep them warm the woodsmen are not likely to suffer from sleeplessness. Before darkness comes on, however, one of them mounts a high point of land, and scans the horizon. The air is perfectly clear, and away in the distance he describes a single streak of smoke rising heavenwards. His trained eye is quick to note whether it is the starting of a bush fire or merely the smoke from an Indian camp. If it be the former the two break camp immediately, however tired they may be, for the fire is sure to burn down during the night, whereas if an-

other day passes by it will have taken a firmer hold.

It is not to be imagined, however, that the glory and freedom of such a life are never counterbalanced by disheartening trials. During the spring months the mosquitoes and blackflies often make the lives of the forestry men unbearable. Swarming in great clouds out of every thicket, these little pests get to work in deadly earnest upon every vulnerable portion of the woodsman's anatomy. It is almost impossible to evade them, and under such conditions life becomes burdensome.

Then there are the long wet days in the fall of the year, when nothing out of the ordinary is likely to happen, and when the woodsman is forced to turn in between damp blankets night after night, with sombre thoughts of home and comfort. But such trivial drawbacks only make him appreciate the more the days of warmth and sunshine when the insect pest is over, and when he may enjoy to its full the calm freedom of the woods, with never a thought for his brothers and sisters toiling in the dust of far-off cities.

Altogether the forest ranger is a man to be envied. Every turn in the creek is likely to reveal to him something new and unexpected. Long ago, before he joined the police, he had learned to use his eyes and ears, and there is very little escapes him as he glides noiselessly through the lily pads. He is a master of woodcraft, and a thorough, all-round scout. If he is a good cook he fares all the better, and it may be taken for granted that he soon learns to use to the best advantage the few culinary equipments he carries with him. He is a friend to the Indians, and teaches them many things regarding the ways of the white man, while the Indians, in turn, teach him—if he wishes to learn—the use of various roots and herbs that grow in the woods, and show him, perhaps, something he has never seen before in the art of woodcraft.

The Movable Feast

By Herbert Footner

MRS. GASSAWAY was mixing batter for a cake in a yellow earthenware bowl on the kitchen table. She was a tall, angular woman, slightly bent in at the waist, like a wasp. Her faded yellow hair was tied at the nape of her neck with a butterfly bow of black silk, much ironed. Unlike most thin people, she was very good natured.

"Well, Sophie, what do you think of the house?" she asked. She spoke in the hushed tones of the incorrigibly romantic, and she had the short-sighted, impractical, ecstatic eyes of the same.

"Very nice, I'm sure," answered her sister primly. Miss Sophie Waddy was oppressed by her green silk Sunday waist and her inactivity in the kitchen.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Gassaway, "this is what I dreamed of all the years we lived in rooms! A parlor with the blinds pulled down! An upstairs! A back-yard!"

"Can't I do something?" asked Miss Waddy, moving uncomfortably on her chair.

"You sit right where you are, Sophie," said Mrs. Gassaway firmly. "You have never been treated as company in all your life, and it's high time. Why, as soon as we moved in, three weeks ago, I said to myself, 'I'll have Sophie for a visit, and she shall have her chance.' Eulalia, my dear, get me the vanilla extract from the cupboard."

Eulalia Gassaway was a pale child of sixteen, with the crushed, resentful air of one long subject to a romantic tyranny. As she turned to the cupboard, her mother, with the assumption that she was now out of hearing, asked in a loud aside:

"What did you think of Alfred, Sophie?"

Miss Waddy bridled and tossed her head. "I don't think of him at all," she said tartly.

"I sent him to the station on purpose with the wagon, instead of Pa," said Mrs. Gassaway. "Alfred is quite excited about you. What did you talk about on your way home?"

"Nothing at all," said Miss Waddy. "He was showing off with my trunk how strong he was, and he dropped it and broke a hinge! Afterwards he just sat on the seat of the wagon beside me, and talked to the horse, making out I wasn't there at all!"

"You're twenty-nine, my dear," said Mrs. Gassaway mildly. "Alfred is saving up his wages, and as soon as he has enough to buy a horse—an old one, to begin with—Pa is going to take him into partnership, so he won't have to pay him wages. Gassaway & Garvey, General Express! And you and I sisters. It would be so fitting!"

Miss Waddy tossed her head again. "There ain't no vanilla, Ma," said Eulalia, turning around.

"Ain't, my love," said Mrs. Gassaway reproachfully. "How often must I tell you?"

"Well, there aren't none, then," said Eulalia, sulkily.

"We'll do without," said Mrs. Gassaway brightly. "Oh, I'm so full of plans!" she went on. "There's you, and there's Eulalia. Here she is growing up, and I want her to have advantages. So as soon as we get settled, I decided to kill a bird with two st. -- and that is why I am giving this party to-morrow. I have asked Mrs. Bigger-bite from next door—"

"Bickeralike, Ma," corrected Eulalia. "Of course," said Mrs. Gassaway. "A dear soul, though she has let her figure get away from her. And Mrs. Easter, Mrs. Besenger, Mrs. Prissy, and the lady in the big house at the corner, Mrs. Pincus Finkel."

Miss Waddy was impressed. "How did you get to know them all so soon?" she inquired.

"Well, at first I was at a loss," confessed Mrs. Gassaway, "but it all came around quite naturally. One day Royal George brought in a yellow cat from the street. It had been fighting. I smoothed its fur down as well as I could, and tied one of Eulalia's hair-ribbons around its neck, and put it in a basket, and called on the different ladies that I wanted to know, to see if it belonged to them. It didn't, but we got quite friendly, and before I left I asked each one to take tea with me."

"Do you think they'll come?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gassaway. "They will all want to see what we have. Oh, I have it all planned! We'll give them tea and cake, and, just by good luck, Pa brought home a keg of Malaga grapes last night that was refused because they were spoiled. But there are lots of good ones! We'll pick them over to-morrow morning. Eulalia shall play the piano for them, and you and I will make conversation, Sophie. Do you mind if I call you Sophia after this? Sophie sounds so like what common people say. Dear me! All my life I have dreamed of giving a party. I can hardly believe that to-morrow is the day!"

With a great preliminary scraping of feet outside, the door opened and Pa came in. Mr. Gassaway had unmistakably the look of the driver of a light wagon, an aspect only slightly hoarse and brisk, as of one accustomed to hopping off and on frequently. He had red cheeks and plenty of hair, except on his head.

"What brings you home so early, Pa?" asked Mrs. Gassaway, after greetings had been exchanged all around.

"Great news! Great news!" said Pa. "We're going to move!"

Mrs. Gassaway's spoon clattered into the bowl. "What, again?" she cried.

"Hold on a bit!" said Pa. "Wait till you hear. The landlord came to me to-day, and says he, 'Gassaway, I've sold that lot your house is built on—'"

"My sweet little back-yard!" murmured Mrs. Gassaway.

"Hear me out, can't you?" said Pa fretfully. "But," says he, 'I don't want to put you out in the street, so I'll make a deal with you: I'll make you a present of the house you're living in if you'll move it to a lot I have at the foot of the Sherman Avenue hill. You can pay me for the lot in instalments.'"

Mrs. Gassaway began to look up again. "Then, it would be our very own," she said, looking around the kitchen. "That would be nice."

"Sure," said Pa. "That's what I say. I jump at the chance, and inside an hour we had everything fixed up. The wreckers will be here first thing to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow!" cried Mrs. Gassaway. Sophie and Eulalia in simultaneous tones of horror. "To-morrow's the party!" said Pa. Mrs. Gassaway collapsed weakly in a chair.

Pa scratched his head. "Sho!" he said. "And I've made the contract and paid over the money. And I've turned over our route to Wickens for the day, no Alfred and me can be free. You'll have to put it off."

Mrs. Gassaway, sitting on the chair with her hands in her lap, made a picture of restrained despair. "Think of the grapes!" she said, raising her eyes. She extended a tragic hand towards the bowl. "And the cake—it's mixed! If you'd only let me know before I broke the eggs!"

They were all confounded by her emotion. It was Mrs. Gassaway beseeching who finally broke the silence.

"What do they do to a house when they move it?" she asked.

"Well," said Pa, "a little frame cottage like this is no great shakes of a job. After the wreckers jack her up

and put her on the trucks, me and Alfred is going to do the rest. I've borrowed the rigging, and our own horse will pull you."

"Down the middle of the street?" asked Mrs. Gassaway.

"Sure," said Pa; "but no call to be uneasy. We'll handle you as gentle as a case of eggs."

After a period of cogitation, Mrs. Gassaway got up with the air of a woman who has made up her mind. Her lips were squeezed together, and her eyes had a far-away gleam of romantic determination. "We will give the party, anyway," she said. "It will be different from any party that ever was given. It will be the talk of the neighborhood!" She recommenced stirring the cake.

At three o'clock the next afternoon the Gassaway home was being drawn slowly through Parr Street, kitchen foremost. Seen from behind, with the roof coming down over the door like a bang over a low forehead, windows at either side for eyes, the door for a nose, and the bare spot beneath where the step had been taken off, for a mouth, it had strongly the look of a face. It was a shocked face, with wide open eyes, as if the respectable little house, through no fault of its own, found itself in a position it was unable to explain before the houses which kept their places.

Into the roadway ahead an iron stake was driven, to which was attached a drum with a long projecting pole, and an arrangement of pulleys and ropes. The Gassaway's horse, Job, was hitched to the pole. As he walked around he turned the drum and wound up the rope, a long rope that creaked back and forth between the pulleys ever so many times, and drew the house forward inch by inch. Job was a slender bay. Like all mature beings, he expressed great character in his face, and at present it was wearing a depressed and disgusted look as he made his endless little rounds. He often stopped and looked over his shoulder at the drum, as much as to ask what ailed the infernal contraption that it should make a horse dizzy.

Alfred, a serious young Hercules with a ruddy complexion, held the rope in his hands, and coiled it as it came off the drum, while Pa stood on the sidewalk, proudly watching the progress of events, and conversing with the passers-by. Royal George Gassaway, aged twelve, had taken a day off from school without rebuke, in honor of the great event. He acted as ring-master. When the house overtook the drum they pulled up the stake, and drove it in further down the street.

From the sidewalk of Parr street, Mrs. Gassaway, Miss Waddy, and Eulalia could be seen through the kitchen window, polishing the best cups, and making the thousand and one other preparations necessary to a party. Within, everything was much the same as on the day before, but it was the same with a difference. Mrs. Gassaway was full of a suppressed excitement; her eyes looked bigger and more ecstatic than ever.

"Isn't it funny?" she said. "To be housekeeping in the middle of the street! It gives me such a turn every time I look up and see Mrs. Prissy's front door going by, instead of my own back fence!"

"It has a kind of a crawly feeling all over inside, like it was alive," said Miss Waddy apprehensively.

"That's only when the horse stops and starts up again," said Mrs. Gassaway. "Eulalia, my dear, you had better shut the parlor again. I can't imagine where it all comes from!"

"It's shook out of the cracks," said Eulalia dejectedly.

"How will the company like it, do you suppose?" suggested Miss Waddy apprehensively.

"We won't let on," said her sister. "I have always read that the extract of good manners was never letting anything on. You just watch me, and see what I do."

"They won't come," said Eulalia morosely. "When they seen us turn the corner, they thought that was the last of us."

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Gassaway.

"I suppose I ought to have let them know. What should I do?"

"Write notes," said Miss Waddy, "and send Royal George around with them."

"There isn't time to write so many," said Mrs. Gassaway. "I'll have to write one for all." She hastily provided herself with writing materials, and sat down at the kitchen table. "How should I put it?" she said, hitting her pen reflectively.

"Write it like they do cards of thanks in the newspapers, as if you were somebody else," suggested Miss Waddy.

"Of course!" said Mrs. Gassaway, beginning to write. "Call Royal George," she said to Eulalia over her shoulder.

She sat back presently, holding the letter off at arm's length. "How does this sound?" she asked. "Mrs. Gassaway begs to inform all that there will be no postponement of her party on account of the house unexpectedly moving this afternoon. Follow us down Parr to Sherman, and you can't miss us."

"Just enough and no more," said Miss Waddy approvingly.

Royal George was despatched on his rounds.

Half an hour later the first guest arrived in the person of Mrs. Easter, wearing her feather boa. She was the wife of a grocery salesman, a small, sharp woman, a Christian scientist, and much looked up to in Parr street. The front door was a good three feet above the roadway, but Royal George was in attendance with a soap-box, and Mrs. Easter was easily hoisted on board. Mrs. Gassaway received her in a glow.

"How do you do, Mrs. Easter?" she cried. "Let me make you known to my sister, Miss Sophia Waddy. My Eulalia you have met, of course. Have the rocking-chair. Isn't it a lovely day!"

Mrs. Bassenger and Mrs. Prissy were next seen hovering uncertainly on the sidewalk. Mrs. Gassaway threw up the window and stuck her head out. "Come

right in!" she cried. "Royal George, help the ladies to mount."

With the assistance of a passer-by pushing from below, and Mrs. Gassaway pulling from above, they were safely drawn on board. Mrs. Gassaway was hopelessly flustered. "Welcome to our little home!" she cried. "Our Gumbalor, as we call it. Sit right down. You'll find the sofa comfortable, but don't pull it out from the wall!"

The next to show up was Mrs. Bickerdike. Mrs. Bickerdike was of more than ample proportions. She was dressed in countless yards of black cashmere, which she hung upon herself in a peculiar style. She came trundling down the street without any evidences of feet, looking like a short, fat funeral urn voluminously draped. She surveyed the gap between roadway and door-sill dubiously, but Royal George assured her that the other ladies had had no trouble, and the rattle of tea-cups from the kitchen tempted her.

By this time quite a large and interested group had gathered in the street, watching the progress of the hanglow with the party going on inside. Half a dozen volunteered their assistance to Mrs. Bickerdike, and with a deal of shoving and hauling and grasping she was finally placed on top of the soap-box, where she stood teetering dangerously, one hand clutched in Royal George's hair.

But so much time had been consumed in this operation that the house had gone on a couple of feet, and Mrs. Bickerdike said she couldn't make the remaining step. They had to take her down again, and move the box up. Mrs. Bickerdike wanted to go home, but her helpers would not hear of such a thing. Another grand effort was made, and this time she got one foot planted on the door-sill. But there she stuck—and the house still moving relentlessly inch by inch away from the bet. They couldn't let Pa know in time, because the house was between. An expression of piteous dismay overspread Mrs. Bickerdike's rosy countenance. In the very

nick of time, Mesdames Gassaway, Easter, Bassenger, and Prissy, with a united effort, hauled her aboard. There was a loud ripping sound from somewhere, and cheers from the crowd.

"How do you do!" said Mrs. Gassaway delightedly. "So good of you to drop in!"

"How'm I ever going to get out again, I should like to know!" said Mrs. Bickerdike desperately.

"Never fear," said Mrs. Gassaway. "We'll be there by that time. Do sit down."

Mrs. Bickerdike gloomily surveyed the chair her hostess drew up, and shook her head. "Rush bottoms never hold me," she said.

Mrs. Gassaway hastened to get the party-board to lay across the seat, and Mrs. Bickerdike sank down, fanning herself feebly. She was the last to come. Mrs. Pincus Finkel disappointed.

"Ten, Sopha," said Mrs. Gassaway brightly. "Meanwhile, my daughter will favor us on the piano. Eulalia, my love."

Ahead of the house, Pa had decided that they would never get there at this rate, and Royal George was putting Job through his smartest paces. Eulalia sat down at the piano and played: "Sailing, Sailing, Over the Bounding Main."

"The motion is not at all unpleasant," said Mrs. Prissy politely.

"They say at sea no amount of teasing will affect you if you eat hearty," said Mrs. Bassenger, with a glance toward the kitchen.

"There is no such thing as seasickness to a Christian Scientist," said Mrs. Easter.

Mrs. Bickerdike placed one hand below her bosom and feebly waved the other at Eulalia. "Please, please," she murmured. "It reminds me of something I would rather forget. I am a very poor sailor."

A diversion was created by the appearance of Miss Waddy in the kitchen doorway, wearing an expression of dis-

may, "There ain't no water in the tap," she faltered.

"It was disconnected," said Mrs. Easter smartly.

"Of course," said Mrs. Gassaway. She had an inspiration. "Pass out the kettle to Royal George, Sopha, and tell him to borrow from a street-sprinkler."

There is a hole on Parr Street near Sherman. Load after load of broken stone has been dumped there. The hanglow reached the place at this moment. There was a shake and a tremble, and Pa in crayons came down from the wall on the run. A piece of glass cut a sickening gash in his forehead. The callers gasped, and looked desirously toward the door; but the soap-box had been left up the street.

Mrs. Gassaway rose to the occasion heroically. "The dust-pan, Eulalia," she said sweetly. Turning to Mrs. Easter, she went on, "Christian Science must be such a comfort! I should like to know it."

There were untoward sounds from the kitchen, too, and presently an extraordinary black apparition appeared in the doorway. The callers screamed. Upon a close inspection, Mrs. Gassaway recognized her sister, almost completely blanketed with soot.

"The stove-pipe's fell down," said Miss Waddy hysterically. "I tried to stick it up, and it come out all over me!"

Mrs. Gassaway swallowed hard. "Then we'll have lemonade instead of tea," she said instantly. Eulalia, darling, get the lemons from the cellar."

Eulalia obediently hastened to the cellar door. There was a cry, and a muffled thump from beneath the floor.

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Gassaway. "I forgot we had to leave the cellar behind! The poor child!"

However, Eulalia was presently assisted through the front door, a little dusty, but otherwise uninjured, except as to her feelings.

By this time Pa had the hanglow straightened out on the Sherman Avenue hill, and they enjoyed a quiet moment inside while Job was dragging the

drum ahead, and Alfred prepared to drive the stake in a new place. However, the respite was brief, for the bungalow, left to its own devices, suddenly gave a little shake like a person making up his mind, and started to move slowly down-hill of its own volition.

The onlookers in the street started, gasped, and rubbed their eyes. Everybody began to shout advice at once. Pa, hearing the racket, looked around and turned pale. He had not counted on the assistance of gravity in moving his domicile. Inside the house they did not immediately guess what had happened. Only the heaving and bumping began again, but worse than before. The clock fell from the mantel to the floor, the hands flew around the face in the most extraordinary way, it struck nineteen times and came to a dead stop.

"We shall get there sooner than I expected," she said happily.

The callers, however, were losing their nerve. "It's so unusual to see the floor bend," faltered Mrs. Prissy.

"Do you suppose there's anything the matter?" inquired Miss Waddy. "See the people, how they are running and waving their arms!"

"I think we had better sit on the floor," stammered Mrs. Bickerdike. "It's nearer!"

Eulalia and Miss Waddy burst in from the kitchen. "Ma! Sister! The house is running away!" they cried, casting themselves upon Mrs. Gasaway.

Everybody made haste to sit on the floor, where they remained in a circle during the terrible moments that followed, clutching the carpet, and staring wildly into one another's pale faces.

By this time the house on wheels was careering down the middle of Sherman Avenue like some nightmare monster running amuck. The fixed houses seemed to look on in astonishment that one of their number could so far forget itself. Pa, Alfred, Royal George, and Job in a daze watched it sweep past them. Job was the first to recover himself. He hurriedly returned to his stable. Roaring with excitement, the crowd pursued the bungalow. Not one

of them had ever seen a house coasting down-hill before. The people who came running to the doors almost collapsed at what they saw—a house, heaving, staggering, bumping, down the street, as if it were possessed of devils.

Inside, the state of things can better be imagined than described. The glass shook out pane by pane; the chinneys collapsed with a pounding of bricks like cannon-balls on the roof, crash succeeded crash like half a dozen thunderstorms rolled into one. Finally, at the foot of the hill, the bungalow swerved into the gutter and fetched up against a telegraph-pole with a crack that knocked the house endwise, and slewed around everything inside, opposite to where it was before.

For an instant perfect silence succeeded in the parlor. The ladies sat up among the ruins, and blinked at one another through a dense cloud of plaster dust. Fortunately, their hats and their coiffures had saved them from injury when the ceiling came down; but the millinery was wrecked.

Mrs. Gasaway, as befitted the hostess, was the first to find speech. "Well, here we are!" she said, shaking the plaster out of her hair.

"Let me out! Let me out!" moaned Mesdames Easer, Prissy, Bassenger, and Bickerdike in unison.

Then the populace swarmed aboard, and confusion reigned. The first to come through the front door was Alfred. He swooped on the prostrate Miss Waddy. "My darling, are you killed?" he roared.

Mrs. Gasaway could never have described what happened after that. The guests were taken home. The firemen, the police, and the newspaper reporters arrived. The populace struggled for bits of plaster to take home as souvenirs of the great day. She was reduced to tears at last.

"Well, anyway," she said to her husband, pointing to the unresisting Miss Waddy, who, soot and all, was still clasped in Alfred's arms—"well, anyway, there's one of the things accomplished that I set out to do!"

The Frog in Canadian Diet

TIMES AND CONDITIONS HAVE CHANGED AND THE FROG NOW
HOLDS AN HONORED PLACE ON POPULAR MENU
CARDS OF FASHIONABLE HOTELS

By C. Lintern Sibley

Perhaps you have never eaten frogs' legs. And then again, perhaps you have no thoughts of ever doing so. Be that as it may, you should nevertheless read this article. No, you may not be at all concerned about the subject, but you will surely like the story, and before you have finished you will be greatly interested. This is a sort of article presenting unique features which we like to run occasionally. Look it over.

OF course, when you see the nasty, wet, hoppy, jumpy things, you can't think how people can do it—especially if you are a girl, with nice froon-froon skirts to gather up to the tune of that adorable little scream you fetch the boys with.

"You horrid creature," I fancy I hear our womenfolk say, "You're never going to write an article about that. Do you really, truly mean to say that people here—and women, too—have taken to eating frogs?"

That indeed is what they have taken to doing, and when you have had a breakfast of frogs' legs you will understand the fascination of them. Yes, breakfast! For they are one of the dainty little delicacies that just suits the fastidious that doth hedge about nutritional assimilation.

I wouldn't have believed it—couldn't have believed it—if a very pretty, dainty French girl—one of the kind, you know, that seem to exorcise the French language whenever they speak it—hadn't brought me to it.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" I said to her, as she passed along the footpath by the trout stream.

"I'm going frog-hunting, sir," she said.

And, mind you, she was, too.

What's more, I believe she had counted on me going with her, because I afterwards came in so useful pointing the flat-bottomed boat about a marshy back-water that was teeming with frogs.

She did the spearing. I will say no more about that, except that we took home forty cold little corpses, which yielded eighty hind legs for the feast that followed.

I approached the subject with a squeamish stomach and an unprejudiced mind, and I am bound to admit that I was surprised. Fried in bread crumbs and daintily served, frogs' legs are—well, you know what a tender little broiled chicken is like. Frogs' legs are like that, with a certain added indescribable deliciousness all their own.

After all, the prejudice which many people entertain against frogs is a very silly one. We eat fish, and we eat birds. Considering that a frog is higher in the scale of evolution than a fish, and that it represents the class of creature from which birds themselves evolved, why shouldn't they be good to eat?

However, I am not engaged in any propaganda in favor of the eating of frogs. I only want to state the facts as

they are—and the facts are that not only the French, but the Canadians and the Americans are frog-eating nations. In France frogs are popularly recognized as food products, and frog culture has long been looked on as a profitable and stable enterprise. In this country frog-eating was probably first confined to the French-Canadian settlers, but it has spread to all classes of the community, to such an extent that the supply has been seriously diminished, and frog-farming has already become an industry that is attracting more and more attention. Indeed, one frog farm in the Trent Valley has for years yielded on an average 5,000 pounds of dressed frogs' legs annually, and 7,000 living frogs for scientific purposes, and for the stocking of other waters.

In Canada the principal supply is obtained in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Hitherto the market for them has been largely found in the United States, where they are in such demand that frogs have been practically exterminated in some parts of New York State.

But Canada is providing an increasing market for the home product, the principal centre of distribution being Montreal, where last year over \$200,000 worth of frogs' legs were disposed of, and it is a moderate estimate to say that \$100,000 of this went into the pockets of the country people of the province of Quebec.

The industry has attained tremendous proportions in the United States. A return prepared by the United States Fish Commission shows that as far back as 1889 the annual catch was estimated at \$1,000,000, and it is estimated that the business has doubled at least since then.

The price of frogs' legs varies considerably. Dressed legs yield the hunter from 12½ to 50 cents a pound, and live frogs from 5 cents to \$4 a dozen. In the Montreal market they are never sold for less than 30 cents a pound, often running up to 40 or 50 cents. Fresh and attractively packed in ice, they always find ready buyers.

There is considerable uncertainty among many people as to which kinds of frogs are edible, and which are not. As a matter of fact, practically all frogs are edible, but there are one or two of the smaller varieties which from their disagreeable odor and diminutive size are regarded as inedible.

There are, however, three staple varieties of frogs for the supply of the market. They are the Bull Frog (*Rana estesiensis*), the Green Frog (*Rana clamata*), and the Spring Frog (*Rana virescens*).

The most valuable of these varieties is the Bull Frog, primarily because of its large size, and also because of its uniformly good flavor. It reaches a length in body of over 8 inches, and sometimes yields legs that weigh as much as half a pound the pair. It is essentially a deep water frog. It is readily distinguished from the more common green frog by reason of the complete webbing of the fourth toe, and the absence of dorsal folds of the skin.

In color it varies from an oliveaceous brown to that of iron rust, with darker blotches half the size of its eye. Sometimes it is a yellowish green. The legs are barred, and the hutocks have nearly black markings. Its voice has enormous volume. People hearing it for the first time have often mistaken it for the angry roaring of a bull.

The Spring Frog, which is the most widely distributed of all the frogs, is found all across the continent, but it is most numerous in the east. It reaches a length of three and a half inches, exclusive of the legs, and is bright green in color, with irregular spots of black, dark brown or olive.

The Green Frog, which is found throughout the east, has a body that is more stout and massive. It is a bright green on the fore part of the body, passing to dark olive behind. It is the least noisy of the frogs, and is easily distinguishable by its quaint cry—a nasal "chung."

There are many other varieties of frogs practically all of which are edible,

and these three varieties are the only ones worth practical consideration for the purpose.

Now there are many ways in which frogs may be caught. In places where they abound, plenty of them may often be taken in the same way as fish, namely, with lines baited with red cloth, worms, or insects. Frogs are particularly fond of flies. When catching flies, the swift dash that a frog will make, from a state of absolute immobility, is remarkable. At the same time its long tongue shoots out like a dart on its prey. It is true that a frog often misses its quarry, but then it is more often successful.

An air gun, or a small bore rifle, is a still better method of taking frogs, for it despatches them at once, and seems more humane than spears or crossbows, both of which the country people employ.

Frogs are hunted very successfully at night by means of lantern light. Along river banks I have known scores of frogs to jump into a boat, attracted by lantern light.

Although the whole of a frog's body, after the removal of the viscera, is used by some country people for food, the only parts really worth considering are the hind legs.

These are skinned, and may be cooked in the same way as chicken or fish. Boiled and served with white sauce, they are most palatable. Broiled they are fine, but the favorite method of preparing them for the table is to fry them with bread crumb dressing.

The food value of the frog is becoming to be widely recognised. The meat is white, delicate, and very wholesome and palatable; in fact it is a real delicacy.

Frogs may be eaten at all times, but

they are in best condition in the fall and winter, and they are relatively inferior in the spring.

Marshy places may easily be stocked with frogs, either by means of the spawn, which is easily obtainable in the spring, or by the mature frogs. They require no feeding, for the insects of marshy places provide them with an abundance of nourishment.

The bullfrog, which is the only variety raised for market, begins to breed at three years, and reaches marketable size in four years.

When produced for the market the frogs are taken alive at night and confined in small pens, from which they can be taken as required.

Those who are engaged in raising frogs for the market at the present time are making money at the business, for the supply is hardly ever equal to the demand, and as high as fifty cents a pound can often be got for well-graded frogs' legs, nicely packed.

People used to turn up their noses at the idea of eating frogs. But now frogs are frequently seen on the menus of the most exclusive hotels.

It is well to keep an open mind in these days of innovation. And those who have never known the joys of frog should keep an open mind about this little creature. When next you hear the bull-frog hallowing, or the spring frog skirring, or the green frog calling "Chung," don't think of them as nasty, wet, hoppy, jumpv things. Think of them as useful little creatures lifting up their voices in innocent joy at the thought that at last they have come into their own.

And when you pass the fish store and see a sign, "Frog's legs fresh today," don't shudder.

Buy some.

The Gold That Glittered

By O. Henry

A STORY with a moral appended is like the bill of a mosquito. It bores you, and then injects a stinging drop to irritate your conscience. Therefore let us have the moral first and be done with it. All is not gold that glitters, but it is a wise child that keeps the stopper in his bottle of testing acid.

Where Broadway skirts the corner of the square presided over by George the Veracious is the Little Rinko. Here stand the actors of that quarter, and this is their shibboleth: "Nit," says I to Frohman, "you can't touch me for a kopeck less than two-fifty per," and out I walks."

Westward and southward from the Thespian glare are one or two streets where a Spanish-American colony has huddled for a little tropical warmth in the nipping North. The centre of life in this precinct is "El Refugio," a cafe and restaurant that caters to the volatile exiles from the South. Up from Chili, Bolivia, Colombia, the rolling republics of Central America and the inferal islands of the Western Indies flit the cloaked and sombered senators, who are scattered like burning lava by the political eruptions of their several countries. Hither they come to lay counterplots, to bide their time, to solicit funds, to enlist flibusterers, to smuggle out arms and ammunition, to play the game at long law. In El Refugio they find the atmosphere in which they thrive.

In the restaurant of El Refugio are served compounds delightful to the palate of the man from Cipricorn or Canoez. Altruism must hold the story thus long. On, diner, weary of the culinary subterfuges of the Gallic chef, his thee

to El Refugio! There only will you find a fish—bluefish, shad or pompano from the Gulf—baked after the Spanish method. Tomatoes give it color, individuality and soul; chili Colorado bestows upon it zest, originality and fervor; unknown herbs furnish piquancy and mystery, and—hush! its crowning glory deserves a new sentence. Around it, above it, beneath it, in its vicinity—but never in it—hovers an ethereal aura, an effluvium so rarefied and delicate that only the Society for Psychical Research could note its origin. Do not say that garlic is in the fish at El Refugio. It is not otherwise than as if the spirit of Garlic, flitting past, has wafted one kiss that lingers in the parsley-crowned dish as haunting as those kisses in life, "by hopeless fancy feigned on lips that are for others." And then, when Conchito, the waiter, brings you a plate of brown frijoles and a carafe of wine that has never stood still before Oporto and El Refugio—ah, Dios!

One day a Hamburg-American liner deposited upon Pier No. 55 Gen. Perico Ximenes Villablanca Falcon, a passenger from Cartagena. The General was between a claybank and a bay in complexion, had a 42-inch waist and stood 5 feet 4 in his Du Barry heels. He had the mustache of a shooting-gallery proprietor, he wore the full dress of a Texas congressman and had the important aspect of an uninstructed delegate.

Gen. Falcon had enough English under his hat to enable him to inquire his way to the street in which El Refugio stood. When he reached that neighborhood he saw a sign before a respect-

able red-brick house that read, "Hotel Espanol." In the window was a card in Spanish, "Aqui se habla Espanol." The General entered, sure of a congenial port.

In the cozy office was Mrs. O'Brien, the proprietress. She had blond—oh, unimpeachably blond hair. For the rest she was amiability, and ran largely to inches around. Gen. Falcon brushed the floor with his broad-brimmed hat, and emitted a quantity of Spanish, the syllables sounding like firecrackers gently popping their way down the string of a bunch.

"Spanish or Dago?" asked Mrs. O'Brien, pleasantly.

"I am a Colombian, madam," said the General, proudly. "I speak the Spanish. The advertisement in your window the Spanish he is spoken here. How is that?"

"Well, you've been speaking it, ain't you?" said the madam. "I'm sure I can't."

At the Hotel Espanol General Falcon engaged rooms and established himself. At dusk he sauntered out upon the streets to view the wonders of this roaring city of the North. As he walked he thought of the wonderful golden hair of Mme. O'Brien. "It is here," said the General to himself, no doubt in his own language, "that one shall find the most beautiful senoras in the world. I have not in my Colombia viewed among our beauties one so fair. But no! It is not for the General Falcon to think of beauty. It is my country that claims my devotion."

At the corner of Broadway and the Little Bialto the General became involved. The street cars bewildered him, and the fender of one upset him against a pushcart laden with oranges. A cab driver missed him an inch with a hub, and poured barbarous execrations upon his head. He scrambled to the sidewalk and skipped again in terror when the whistle of a peanut-roaster puffed a hot scream into his ear. "Valgame Dios! What devil's city is this?"

As the General fluttered out of the streamers of passers like a wounded

snipe he was marked simultaneously as game by two hunters. One was "Bully" McGuire, whose system of sport required the use of a strong arm and the misuse of an eight-inch piece of lead pipe. The other Nimrod of the asphalt was "Spider" Kelley, a sportsman with more refined methods.

In peacocking upon their self-evident prey, Mr. Kelley was a shade the quicker. His elbow fended accurately the onslaught of Mr. McGuire.

"G'wan!" he commanded harshly. "I saw it first." McGuire slunk away, awed by superior intelligence.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Kelley to the General, "but you got bailed up in the shuffle, didn't you? Let me assist you." He picked up the General's hat and brushed the dust from it.

The ways of Mr. Kelley could not but succeed. The General, bewildered and dismayed by the resounding streets, welcomed his deliverer as a caballero with a most disinterested heart.

"I have a desire," said the General, "to return to the hotel of O'Brien, in which I am stop. Caramba! senor, there is a loudness and rapidness of going and coming in the city of this Nueva York."

Mr. Kelley's politeness would not suffer the distinguished Colombian to brave the dangers of the return unaccompanied. At the door of the Hotel Espanol they paused. A little lower down on the opposite side of the street shone the modest illuminated sign of El Refugio. Mr. Kelley, to whom few streets were unfamiliar, knew the place exteriorly as a "Dago joint." All foreigners Mr. Kelley closed under the two heads of "Dagoes" and Frenchmen. He proposed to the General that they repair thither and substantiate their acquaintance with a liquid foundation.

An hour later found General Falcon and Mr. Kelley seated at a table in the conspirator's corner of El Refugio. Bottles and glasses were between them. For the tenth time the General conceded the secret of his mission to the Estados Unidos. He was here, he declared, to purchase arms—2,000 stands of Win-

chester rifles—for the Colombian revolutionists. He had drafts in his pocket drawn by the Cartagena Bank on its New York correspondent for \$25,000. At other tables other revolutionists were shouting their political secrets to their fellow-plotters; but none was as loud as the General. He pounded the table; he hallooed for some wine; he roared to his friend that his errand was a secret one, and not to be hinted at to a living soul. Mr. Kelley himself was stirred to sympathetic enthusiasm. He grasped the General's hand across the table.

"Monseer," he said, earnestly, "I don't know where this country of yours is, but I'm for it. I guess it must be a branch of the United States, though, for the poetry guys and the schoolmarmes call us Columbia, too, sometimes. It's a lucky thing for you that you huddled into me to-night. I'm the only man in New York that can get this gun deal through for you. The Secretary of War of the United States is me best friend. He's in the city now, and I'll see him for you to-morrow. In the meantime, monseer, you keep them drafts tight in your inside pocket. I'll call for you to-morrow, and take you to see him. Say! that ain't the District of Columbia you're talking about, is it?" concluded Mr. Kelley, with a sudden qualm. "You can't capture that with no 2,000 guns—it's been tried with more."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the General. "It is the Republic of Colombia—it is a great republic on the top side of America of the South. Yes. Yes."

"All right," said Mr. Kelley, reassured. "Now suppose we trek along home and go by-by. I'll write to the Secretary to-night and make a date with him. It's a ticklish job to get guns out of New York. McClusky himself can't do it."

They parted at the door of the Hotel Espanol. The General rolled his eyes at the moon and sighed.

"It is a great country, your Nueva York," he said. "Truly the cars in the streets devastate one, and the engine that cooks the nuts terribly makes a

squeak in the ear. But, ah, Señor Kelley—the señoras with hair of much goldness, and admirable fatness—they are magnificient! May magnificient!"

Kelley went to the nearest telephone booth and called up McCrury's cafe, for an hour on Broadway. He asked for Jimmy Dunn.

"Is that Jimmy Dunn?" asked Kelley.

"Yes," came the answer.

"You're a liar," sang back Kelley, joyfully. "You're the Secretary of War. Wait there till I come up. I've got the finest thing down here in the way of a fish you ever baited for. It's a Colorado-maduro, with a gold band around it and free coupons enough to buy a red hell lamp and a sixtette of Payette rubbering in the brook. I'll be up on the next car."

Jimmy Dunn was an A.M. of Crookdom. He was an artist in the confidence line. He never saw a bludgeon in his life; and he scorned knockout drops. In fact, he would have set nothing before an intended victim but the purest of drinks, if it had been possible to procure such a thing in New York. It was the ambition of "Spider" Kelley to elevate himself into Jimmy's class.

These two gentlemen held a conference that night at McCrury's. Kelley explained.

"He's as easy as a gum shoe. He's from the Island of Colombia, where there's a strike or a feud, or something going on, and they've sent him up here to buy 2,000 Winchesters to orchestrate the thing with. He showed me two drafts for \$10,000 each, and one for \$5,000 on a bank here. 'S truth, Jimmy, I felt real mad with him because he didn't have it in thousand-dollar bills, and hand it to me on a silver waiter. Now, we've got to wait till he goes to the bank and gets the money for us."

They talked it over for two hours, and then Dunn said: "Bring him to No. — Broadway, at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

In due time Kelley called at the Hotel Espanol for the General. He found

that wily warrior engaged in delectable conversation with Mrs. O'Brien.

"The Secretary of War is waitin' for us," said Kelley.

The General tore himself away with an effort.

"Ay, señor," he said, with a sigh, "duty makes a call. But señor, the señoras of your Estados Unidos—how beauties! For exemplification, take you la Madame O'Brien—que magnificient! She is one goddess—one Juno—what you call one ox-eyed Juno."

Now Mr. Kelley was a wit; and better men have been sharvelled by the fire of their own imagination.

"Sure!" he said with a grin; "but you mean a peroxide Juno, don't you?"

Mrs. O'Brien heard, and lifted an auroreous head. Her businesslike eye rested for an instant upon the disappearing form of Mr. Kelley. Except in street cars one should never be unnecessarily rude to a lady.

When the gullible Colombian and his escort arrived at the Broadway address, they were held in an anteroom for half an hour, and then admitted into a well-equipped office where a distinguished looking man, with a smooth face, wrote at a desk. General Falcon was presented to the Secretary of War of the United States, and his mission made known by his old friend, Mr. Kelley.

"Ah—Colombia!" said the Secretary, significantly, when he was made to understand: "I'm afraid there will be a little difficulty in that case. The President and I differ in our sympathies there. He prefers the established government, while I—" the Secretary gave the General a mysterious but encouraging smile. "You, of course, know, General Falcon, that since the Timonony war, an act of Congress has been passed requiring all manufactured arms and ammunition exported from this country to pass through the War Department. Now, if I can do anything for you I will be glad to do so to oblige my old friend, Mr. Kelley. But it must be in absolute secrecy, as the President, as I have said, does not regard favorably the efforts of your revolutionary

party in Colombia. I will have my orderly bring a list of the available arms now in the warehouse."

The Secretary struck a bell, and an orderly with the letters A. D. T. on his cap stepped promptly into the room.

"Bring me schedule B of the small arms inventory," said the Secretary.

The orderly quickly returned with a printed paper. The Secretary studied it closely.

"I find," he said, "that in Warehouse 9, of the Government stores, there is a shipment of 2,000 stands of Winchester rifles that were ordered by the Sultan of Morocco, who forgot to send the cash with his order. Our rule is that legal tender money must be paid down at the time of purchase. My dear Kelley, your friend, General Falcon, shall have this lot of arms, if he desires it, at the manufacturer's price. And you will forgive me, I am sure, if I curtail our interview. In am expecting the Japanese Minister and Charles Murphy every moment!"

As one result of this interview, the General was deeply grateful to his esteemed friend, Mr. Kelley. As another, the nimble Secretary of War was extremely busy during the next two days buying empty rifle cases and filling them with bricks, which were then stored in a warehouse rented for that purpose. As still another, when the General returned to the Hotel Espanol, Mrs. O'Brien went up to him, plucked a thread from his lapel, and said:

"Say, señor, I don't want to 'butt in,' but what does that monkey-faced, ox-eyed, rubber-necked tin horn tough want with you?"

"Senzere de mi vida!" exclaimed the General. "Impossible it is that you speak of my good friend, Señor Kelley."

"Come into the summer garden," said Mrs. O'Brien. "I want to have a talk with you."

Let us suppose that an hour has elapsed.

"And you say," said the General, "that for the sum of \$18,000 you be purchased the furnishings of the house and the lease of one year with this gar-

den so lovely—so resembling unto the paces of my *cave Colombia*!"

"And dirt cheap at that," sighed the lady.

"Ah, Dios!" breathed General Falcon. "What to me is war and politics? This spot is one paradise. My country it have other brave heroes to continue the fighting. What to me should be glory and the shooting of men? Ah! no. It is here I have found one angel. Let us buy the Hotel Espanol and you shall be mine, and the money shall not be waste on guns."

Mrs. O'Brien rested her blond pompadour against the shoulder of the Colombian patriot.

"Oh, senor," she sighed, happily, "ain't you terrible!"

Two days later was the time appointed for the delivery of the arms to the General. The boxes of supposed rifles were stacked in the rented warehouse, and the Secretary of War sat upon them, waiting for his friend Kelley to fetch the victim.

Mr. Kelley hurried, at the hour, to the Hotel Espanol. He found the Gen-

eral behind the desk adding up accounts.

"I have decide," said the General, "to buy not guns. I have to-day buy the insides of this hotel, and there shall be marrying of the General Perico Ximenes Villablancas Falcon with la Madame O'Brien."

Mr. Kelley almost strangled. "Say, you old bald headed bottle of shoe polish," he spluttered, "you're a swindler—that's what you are! You've bought a boarding house with money belonging to your infernal country, wherever it is."

"Ah," said the General, footing up a column, "that is what you call politics. War and revolution they are not nice. Yes. It is not best that one shall always follow Minerva. No. It is of quite desirable to keep hotels and be with that June—that ox-eyed June. Ah! what hair of the gold it is that she have!"

Mr. Kelley choked again. "Ah, Senor Keller!" said the General, feelingly and finally, "is it that you have never eaten of the corned beef hash that Madame O'Brien she make?"

Hush

O, my beloved, very gently tread,
Tread softly for the sleeping garden's sake,
Lest any rose should wake,
Uplifting from her leaves a dewy head.
I would not that the smallest rose should hear
The words that are for my beloved's ear.

O, my beloved, from those happy skies
The moon and all her stars keep watch inched;
Yet wherefore should we heed
The quiet laughter in their twinkling eyes.
Even the nearest star could scarcely hear
The words that are for my beloved's ear.

—HELEN LANYON in *Pearson's Magazine*.



Elaborate gates at entrance to a Community Court

The Community Court Idea

GROUPS OF BUNGALOWS ERECTED IN OPEN COURTS PRESENT ATTRACTIVE FEATURES AND POSSESS NUMEROUS ADVANTAGES

By Charles Alma Byres

The "community court" idea is somewhat new in Canada. But it possesses many features which are attractive and could no doubt be introduced in this country to advantage. A general conception of the plan will be gained from the accompanying article and illustrations, bearing on the success with which it has been adopted in California. Conditions, of course, are different in Canada, but in the main essentials the scheme might be followed with beneficial results.

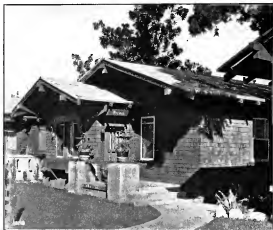
DURING the last two or three years there has been developed in certain localities in the United States a new idea in the building of apartments that, as a marked departure from the old-style apartment house, seems to be, for several reasons, particularly commendable. Of course, owing to the seeming necessary congestion of the "close-in" sections of our cities of to-day, the old-style apartment house, for long so popular with city dwellers, will probably never be crowded from the field entirely, or even ever become conspicuously rare, but for the suburban and other

residential districts of cities the idea herein referred to will no doubt ultimately be very commonly employed. In some localities, especially in Southern California, it has already been quite largely made use of, and the builders employing it have found the new-style apartments extremely popular. The idea is particularly adaptable to resort cities, and it is probable that it will be in such places that it will become most in vogue.

Apartments built from the employment of the idea are virtually little individual bungalow homes, grouped



A four-room Community Court Bungalow.



A close view of one of the pretty bungalows.

around a sort of common court, to which collective arrangement has been given the name of "community court." The plan of constructing such courts consists of taking two or more city lots, each something like 50 by 150 feet in size and erecting on the plot thus created a number of small, one-storey bungalows. The most common plan is to use a strip only two lots in width, but

itself, and entirely independent of the others, except in its claim upon the court space, the rest rooms and other such features, which naturally belong to the "community." Each bungalow contains either three or four rooms, the three-room size being the more popular. In the three-room house there are kitchen, bed room and living room, the latter also serving as the dining room,



A Community Court decorative feature, with fountain.

with considerable depth. This will allow the building of a row of houses along each side with a court running through the centre, toward which all of the houses are arranged to face. A plot of ground 100 by 150 feet in size will allow sufficient space for the erection of about nine bungalows.

COMPACT BUT COMPLETE.

The bungalows should be up-to-date and modernly equipped. Each is intended to be a complete home within

while in the four-room house the living room and dining room are separate. It is preferable that no two bungalows of a court be exactly alike in design. A variation in roof lines and structural materials not only helps to make the court attractive, but also gives to the prospective tenant an opportunity to exercise a preference of style.

SOME FURNISHING FEATURES.

In the most cases the bungalows of such a court are for rent completely fur-

nished, although it may be sometimes advisable to leave a few unfurnished. It is at least essential that the interior finish be always given artistic attention, so that it may compare favorably with the apartments of the ordinary apartment house. The living room should contain a fireplace of attractive, simple design and probably built-in window seats and book cases. A disappearing bed, so constructed that it may be used either inside or on a small out-door sleeping porch, also forms an admirable feature possibility for the living room. This arrangement is effected by concealing the bed, when not in use, with box-like seats in the living room and on the porch. If the bungalow is furnished, the furniture should be tasty and of a style and finish to match the woodwork of the room.

COURT IS ATTRACTIVE.

The court space is kept in order by the owner's attendant. There should be cement walks, street lights, well-kept lawns, artistic arrangements of flowers and shrubbery, and, if possible, a few grand old trees, to give the court an attractive and homelike appearance. Out-door lounging retreats, and perhaps a rustic summer house, also are desirable, and will insure greater demand for the houses. Aside from supplying the gardener, the court owner also furnishes free water and free electric lights. Gas for cooking purposes, however, is charged

for extra, each family possessing an individual meter.

A CALIFORNIA COURT.

The court illustrated by the accompanying photographs is located at Pasadena, California, and is an excellent illustration of the idea. It is considerably larger than the ones usually found, however, a total of thirty-two bungalows comprising the apartments. It also contains a rustic two-story summer house and a small club house, both of which are for the use of all tenants. The furnished bungalows rent for from thirty-five to forty-five dollars a month and the unfurnished ones for from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars. The houses are always in demand at these prices, and the money invested in the court yields a steady and highly satisfactory interest. The tenants enjoy all of the conveniences of the modern old-style apartment house, besides more privacy and purer out-door air.

COST OF OUTLAY.

The cost of constructing each bungalow of a court of this kind varies from \$900 to \$1,100, which means that the structural work of a court with nine bungalows should not exceed a total of \$9,900. The other items comprising the investment will naturally depend upon the cost of the lots, the amount of landscape work to be done, and the quality of furniture selected.

Because It Is Right

Form the habit of doing things because it is right, not because others do them, not because it is a good policy or the best thing for you, but simply because it is right. If it is right, you need ask no other question.—DR. O. S. MARDEN.

Wooing Dorothea

By Jessie A. McGriff

I WAS drowsing in one of those canvas chairs with canopied top which dot the beach at Atlantic City, and letting the sun bake the rheumatism out of my legs, when I heard the approach of murmuring voices, followed by two soft thuds on the sand near-by. Upon raising the flap of my chair, I perceived that the murmurs and thuds were occasioned by Anthony and Dorothea, who, judging from their wet bathing suits, had just emerged from the sea. They were plainly too intent on their own business to mark my proximity.

Anthony is my impetuous young nephew, who, along with quite aggressive good looks, possesses many other pleasant qualities. Dorothea is—well—simply Dorothea. Just at the moment, as she pulled off her cap and shook the salt spray from her hair, which instantly sprung into tight little spirals about her neck and ears, she presented the sweet, wholesome, rubicund look of a freshly tubbed youngster.

"I'll not dry before dinner—my hair," she exclaimed ruefully, "and Auntie will ask me where I've been, and I'll have to tell her, and she'll be shocked." Dorothea always uses her "anda" as pious whiffs with which to fluster her conversation together.

Anthony gave the mound of sand he was heaping about his legs a final pat and turned to look at her.

"Why shocked?" he asked.

"She doesn't approve of my going in bathing with boys."

Anthony looked annoyed. "I was twenty-two last September," he asserted.

"With young men, then," she corrected.

"Are you certain there are no exceptions?" he queried.

"Oh, of course, your Uncle Jack!"

"Well, he's only thirty-six, and that isn't antique in our day. His hair has only been white like that since he had that beastly spell of typhoid two years ago. Comparatively speaking, he might still be called a young man. And, anyway, I don't think it safe, his going in with a lady. He can't swim on account of his game leg, and it's rotten taste his expecting a girl like you, who swims like a perch, to paddle about the shore with him in water up to her ankles."

I softly dropped the side curtain of my chair and wearily closed my eyes. It was true, what the boy had said, and a twinge, not altogether rheumatic, shot through me. I had taken advantage of the child's sweet consideration, not only in this, but in other ways. Because of my whitened hair and shortened leg, and perhaps, of the fact that I was senior member of the firm of Cromarty & Cromarty, the women about the place, according to their age and interests, had attempted, with insufferable solicitude, to mother or sister me—until the advent of Dorothea. Dorothea, dear, dimpled, demure, who sympathized but never pitied: who, when I had exploded with a smile that I was prescribed to stumble through life on an odd pair of legs, had merely smiled back at me, a tender smile of utter comprehension that somehow curled about my heart and lifted it into the sunshine. She never observed my infirmity, not by the merest flutter of an eyelid, but no day passed that she did not brighten it with some little act of unobtrusive kindness.

A stinging suspicion that perhaps I was indebted to Anthony for her consid-

erection caused me to restrain the impulse to rise and make myself apparent. If I possessed no identity for her save as an avuncular shadow, reflected only by the sun of Anthony's presence, I would remain where I was and learn the truth, so I boldly raised again the flap of my chair.

Dorothea, arms braced behind her, eyes closed, was coaxing the rays of the sun to her dainty face. Anthony was surveying her with growing approval, which culminated in an expression of daring resolve. He edged a bit nearer, and she opened her eyes.

"Why are you staring at me?" she asked.

"I'm not."

"But you were."

"How do you know? You had your eyes shut."

"I could feel you." She turned away her face, but not before he had glimpsed the sweet color staining her cheek and ear. Few women, doubtless, had ever blushed so ingenuously for him before. He looked elated and impudently masterful, end, edging still nearer—the pestilent puppy!—thrust his arm behind her.

"Dorothea—" he began.

"Don't!" she exclaimed, in a shrinking flutter.

"Don't what?"

"Put your arm back there."

"Why? You don't want me to?"

"It isn't that. I suppose it doesn't really matter—but others might see and think—think—you had your arm around me, although, of course, it wouldn't be, really."

A slow grin overspread his face. "I see. So you object because 'it wouldn't be really'?"

"I didn't mean that. You know I didn't. She ground her small heel furiously into the sand: "I think you're hateful, and I'll not speak to you again."

"Oh, yes, you will."

"No, not another word." She closed her lips stubbornly and gazed with feigned interest out to sea.

"Dorothea! Do you know what?"

She began to hum a little tune and raised a curved palm to shield her eyes from the brilliant water.

"Of course, if you don't want to hear it—" challenged the boy, with an air of mystery.

The little tune continued to be hummed.

"It was awfully rich," he insinuated. "That is, not exactly rich, either. It came nearer being thrilling, or rather it would have been thrilling if—" he peeped.

"If—" he insisted.

A dimple flashed for an instant in the girl's cheek, and went out.

"If the thing had come off as I'd planned it," he finished; then waited anxiously.

She turned and surveyed him disdainfully from under her lashes.

"You're simply dying to tell me, aren't you, Anthony?"

"Oh, I guess I could manage to retain it a bit longer and survive. But if you really wish to know—"

"Go on."

"You won't get mad, will you?"

"Oh, go on."

"Well, then, just now, when you had your eyes shut—when you had your eyes shut—now, don't get mad—well, I was going to kiss you!"

"That would surely have been very silly of you," she reproved, but her voice was unsteady, which doubtless emboldened him.

"Would you have been vexed if I had kissed you? Would you have cared, Dorothea?"

"I—I—never let a boy kiss me in my life, Anthony." The words were spoken low, with a little catch at the end.

"Do you think it wrong?" he presently asked.

"I—yes, I suppose so."

The boyish banter in my nephew's eyes was replaced by very definite resolve.

"But it wouldn't be wrong if we were engaged?"

"No-o, I suppose not, then."

"Then, let's be engaged, Dorothea."

"You mean really—for keeps?"

"I'm not a trifle," he rebuked, with lofty reproach. He looked very earnest as he said it, and his eyes, as they searched her face, were tender and very blue and clear. He put his hand over hers where it lay half-buried in the sand. "Let's, dear," he persisted gently.

For a moment she gazed at him fascinated, then her face paled slowly, and, folding her arms across her knees, she bent her face upon them.

"Sweetheart!"

"Oh, Anthony, don't!" Don't ask me," she almost sobbed. "I haven't thought about such things. When you look at me as you did just now, I seem to care—but, oh, I'm not sure! You must wait, Anthony, please!"

"But sweetheart—"

"Oh, don't—don't! Wait! Can't you understand?"

Anthony looked grieved; then a trifle sulky.

"Of course, just as you wish," he agreed curtly, rising and brushing the sand from his knees. "Come and wash this grit out of your clothes. You look like a mad-pie."

She sprang to her feet. "All right! I'll see you and off they tore down to the sea."

I sat and stared after them with varied emotions. Anthony, it appeared, was in earnest. He was always in earnest—at the time. The last four years of his vehement young life were punctuated with periods of similar earnestness. Never by any chance did he apply a qualifying interjection point to the state of his emotions. It would have been as incongruous to fasten a mild summer flirtation upon him as to bewilder the countenance of Dante Alighieri. Therein lay his fascination and menace to a girl like Dorothea. She could raise no defense against his artlessness, his profound self-involvement. I knew this only too well, having been reinforced, on more than one occasion, to avert helplessness by a transfused stare from his heavenly blue eyes.

Of course I was fond of him; but I was

fonder of Dorothea. I longed to shield her, to steer her safely into some harbor less ominous of shadows and gusty amatory excursions than Anthony's.

As I watched him out there in the water, lifting her clear of the breakers with a vigorous sweep of his young arms, I wanted to shout warningly to her to beware of those arms to protect her from the brine of her own tears, should she entrust herself to them.

But, after all, it was Anthony's affair, not mine. Perhaps there were depths to his nature that only Dorothea's clear eyes could discern, and to her slender hands should I be entrusted? the mould for his maturer manhood. Youth and love—of what moment were they to me, distorted onlooker that I was, clinging desperately to a vague possibility that the doctors might finally succeed in halting the ache out of my bones by means of a hellish box-top contrivance in the basement of the hotel where I was staying. I drew out my watch and discovered that the imminently roasting hour was already at hand, and as I stumbled out of my chair I vowed that hereafter I would pay rigid attention to my bath and my diet and leave Anthony and Dorothea to build castles in the sand if they would.

I was sitting in a secluded corner of the sun parlor a week later when Dorothea approached, with a book under her arm and a bag of fancy work dangling at her side.

"Here come to plague for an hour," she said. "Do you mind?"

"Mind? Heavens, no! I have been twining for a sight of you all week."

"It's been a case of voluntary starvation, then, for I've been quite successful?"

"I didn't see you at lunch."

"No; I stayed in my room. A headache."

"Headache? How conventional! You've taught me to expect better things of you, Miss Dorothea. By-the-by, where's Anthony?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Shall I read to you?"

"Do, please. What have you there?"

I reached over for the book. "Isn't it so?" Humph!" I turned a few pages and handed it back to her with a quizzical smile. "Of course it isn't so. It's sickly rot. Cut it out!"

"It isn't rot," denied Dorothea, pressing the book against her breast. "It is so. Why, listen to this: 'A man will leave no stone unturned to get the woman he loves. After he has her and has to replace some of the stones, he wonders and curses at their weight.' Now, isn't that so?"

"Nonsense! Pure nonsense."

"And this—here—listen: 'When a woman loves, she has neither eyes nor ears—nor ears—nor—' Her voice trailed off indistinguishably, then stopped. Her eyes had left the printed page and were following a chair on the opposite side of the street, that was being wheeled towards the boardwalk. Two-thirds of the chair was taken up by a voluptuous creature in a scorching red dress, which seemed to envelope her like a flame; the remaining third was given over to Anthony.

"Well, I'll be—devil! If it isn't Anthony and Cleopatra!" I gave vent to a low whistle of amazement and half rose to command a better view of the phenomenon.

"Is it Anthony?" drewled Dorothea, with marked unconcern. "Who is that—that—person he has with him?"

"Haven't you noticed her before? She sits near me in the dining-room—a Mrs. Radcliffe. She's taking hot hydro baths to reduce her weight. I meet her mornings in the basement corridor enveloped in a rain-coat, and from the boisterous color in her cheeks and the sweat of agony on her brow, I judge her to be a valiant soul determined to do or die."

"Poor thing! She is fat." Dorothea's tone conveyed dulcet commiseration.

"Fat? Oh, I say! I think her rather stunning. So does Anthony, it appears."

"She's thirty-five if she's a day, and she tries to act girlish, and she blacks her eyebrows, and—and— I don't

think it kind of you to taunt me with Anthony." Her pretty under-lip was caught quickly between restraining teeth.

"Why, my dear child! I beg your pardon. I didn't mean—"

"I know you didn't. I guess I'm a goose." She veiled her eyes and rapidly turned the leaves of her book. Presently a great tear splashed down upon the page.

"Why, little girl, is it so bad as that?" I laid my hand for a moment on her arm. "Tell me about it, won't you? Can't you?"

She wavered an instant, then: "There isn't much to tell except that Anthony—she!—that we—are nearly engaged. That is, Anthony wanted me to, and I said wait, and—and—she's waiting."

"Well, I'll be knocked into a cocked hat! Engaged! You two babies! How old are you, Dorothea?"

"I'm almost twenty," she defended stoutly.

"So much as that? Dear me! And Anthony's twenty-two and in the toils of a gross widow."

"Is she a gross widow? Oh, I'm so glad! I knew she was something horrid."

"What a vindictive little kitten you turn out to be! I should never have dreamed it. But tell me this—do you seriously wish to marry Anthony?"

She threw me a look half-stertled, half-appalling. "I've got to marry some day, haven't I, or be an old maid? And I'd loathe being an old maid. I'd rather even be a widow, that is, a really truly widow, not a gross affair."

I leaned back in my chair and howled with mirth.

"I'm glad to afford you so much amusement." Dorothea arose, chin held high, face pink with mortification.

"Oh, don't go yet, please. I know I was a beast to laugh, but I couldn't help it, really. Sit down. I've something to say to you. I want to help you out. Won't you sit down?" I caught the ribbon of her fancy-work bag and tugged at it coaxingly.

"Well," she conceded, resuming her seat. "I don't see how you can help. Still—if you mean well—"

"I do. I assure you I do. Now see here, if you really want Anthony back—" I paused and gazed intently into her honest young face. How far dared I trust her intuitions? How far dared I interfere? "I mean this," I ventured finally. "Anthony is a mighty nice boy. I'm uncommonly fond of him—but—frankly, I don't think he'd make a girl like you happy. Of course he may grow; but—you see, he's immoderately handsome, and all the women know it, and they know also that he's junior member of the firm of Cromarty & Cromarty, a name synonymous with a house on Fifth Avenue and a place up the Hudson. It's odious taste my mentioning such things, but, my dear, you're very young, in spite of your age, and I'm very fond of you, and even though Anthony stands a fair show of growing up into a mighty fine chap, life for him just now is apt to be a bit heady, you understand. However, if you're sure you care for him and it's making you miserable, why, hang it all up you shall have him back!"

"I don't want that fat, florid, flashy widow to have him," admitted Dorothea plaintively.

"I see. Well, give me a week, and at the end of it I'll wager to bring him to your feet whining to be noticed, but in the meantime you'll have to obey orders and be surprised at nothing you may see or hear. Are you game?"

"Of course I'm game! What must I do first?"

"First, you must be nice to me—uncommonly nice, I mean, as if you really enjoyed it."

"That's very easy. What next?"

"That's about all, at first. Later on—but never mind. For the present, let's hail a cab and join the boardwalk procession."

During the delightful week Dorothea, true to her word, was extravagantly nice to me. She resumed a sweet monitorship over my comings and goings, demanded that my diet be rigidly de-

bauched to, kept a wary eye on her watch lest I neglect my daily grilling in the basement; read to me, took trolley rides with me, taught her swift, springy steps to keep pace with my halting ones, tossing Anthony, the while, a nod or pre-occupied smile of tolerant friendliness which cured him at times to stare at me with an air of incredulous and lofty reproach.

Upon the afternoon of our finishing the last chapter of a new novel, Anthony deliberately rose from beside Mrs. Radcliffe and stammered over to our corner of the piazza, where he stood uselessly at Dorothea's elbow. She kept on reading with exquisite unconcern.

"I say—" Anthony began.

She looked up, her finger marking the place. "Oh, it's you, Anthony! Here you read this? The hero's such a duck! He reminds me greatly of your Uncle Jack."

"Dorothea, will you come with me for a swim later this afternoon?"

"Thanks, I'd love to—but—Wait! I'll ask Auntie." She tripped over to where her aunt sat writing letters and returned with a wicked little gleam in her eyes.

"Auntie says I may—if Mrs. Radcliffe will chaperon us."

"Mrs. Radcliffe doesn't care for surf-bathing," informed Anthony stiffly.

Dorothea turned and took deliberate stock of the lady in question: the perfectly magnificent coiffure, the peculiar dead white of her skin, the intense black curve of her brows. "I see," she said, lifting her eyes guilelessly to his. "She's afraid of the water, isn't she?" Then, turning her back upon him, she bent over my chair. "I'm going down-town for some embroidery silk—do you mind? When I come back we'll finish that last chapter;" and off she tripped, leaving Anthony staring stupidly after her.

"I'll tell you what's what, Uncle Jack!" He turned suddenly upon me, his eyes very earnestly blue, his ears very startlingly pink. "I don't think you're being quite fair to Dorothea."

"How so, son?"

"Well, she's not getting enough exercise, for one thing, nor enough fun, for another. She came down here to freshen up after an awful stuffing last term at Vassar. The girl needs relaxation and recreation. Her aunt told me so. And here you are letting her tie herself to your coat-tails just because she's too tender-hearted to let on it's boring her. Of course I know it's none of my blooming business, and I hate like thunder to throw a wet blanket over your fun. Upon my word, I wouldn't think of it if I didn't see how much better you are and able to take care of yourself. But there's Dorothea. I can't help noticing that she looks a bit peaked and unlike herself lately, and I keep wondering, that's all. You're not crusty at my mentioning it, are you, old man?"

"My dear Tony, why should I be? What you say is undoubtedly true. I've been infernally selfish, and shall take your tip and mend my ways."

I managed to smile pleasantly up at him as I said it, but Lord, how the fellow had stung! My palms itched to box his ears.

For a moment he stood staring wistfully at Mrs. Radcliffe's profile, then he squared his shoulders, tossed the hair from his forehead, and put on his hat.

"Well, so long!" he said, and made off in the direction taken by Dorothea.

Plainly he was determined to do his duty by the young girl, at whatever cost. It was, therefore, incumbent that I should follow his lead. I had shilly-shalied long enough.

Just then Mrs. Radcliffe turned her head and fixed her sleepy cow-eyed eyes upon me. I immediately made personal application of the look and returned it for all it was worth. Patting the seat of Dorothea's chair invitingly, I called out softly:

"Kind lady, won't you take pity on a poor old man?"

She replied with a slow, intense smile, and when Anthony and Dorothea returned, half an hour later, she was finishing aloud the last chapter of the new novel.

"And so the treatment is really curing you? Oh, I'm so glad, Mr. Cromarty!" Mrs. Radcliffe heaved a sigh of marked relief and rested her hand on my sleeve. We were seated in a dim corner of the veranda surrounding the "Solarium" on the roof of the hotel. The place was deserted save for two quiet figures on my left, half-screened by an intervening palm. The rays from a young moon caught the jewels on the white fingers resting on my sleeve and seemed to flash a signal into the surrounding shadows.

"Do you know," she went on, in her deep, resonant contralto, "that my heart went out to you in silent sympathy from the very first? One day—but you'll think it too absurd. I'd best not mention it. You won't believe me."

I shook my head at her in playful remonstrance. "Please!" I'm mad with curiosity. He'd be cruel. Tell me."

"Well, you know, I've always been frightfully interested in thought transference, mental healing, and all that. But I never dreamed of experimenting with it until one day as I passed your chair you seemed so depressed and tormented that I started right in selling your recovery. I just felt *compelled*, some way, and oh, you can't know the happiness it has given me to think that perhaps I have helped just the tiniest bit to restore your health, Mr. Cromarty."

"Dear lady! How kind you are! I must tell Anthony. It will please him greatly. I'm sure, to know I've won such charming immunity from my ills."

"Anthony? Oh, no!"—her voice flattened curiously. "I don't think he'd appreciate anything of that sort. He's dear and sweet, and I'm dreadfully fond of him, but—do you know, Mr. Cromarty, I often long to shake him for his inconsideration of you? I can't help seeing it and resenting it. Although, of course," she added hurriedly, "it's none of my business."

"Dear lady!" I ventured to repeat, with non-committal fervor.

With a slow, creasing movement, she smoothed out a fold in her dress,

and dropped her voice to the complacent purr of a well-fed tabby, "We always feel a certain—certain—tenderness, Mr. Cromarty, for those who, like yourself, suffer greatly and uncompainingly, and this—this indifference of Anthony's—but"—she broke off with a sigh of seemingly infinite regret—"I suppose boys will be boys."

I was on the verge of some safe and suitable rejoinder when the two silent figures behind the palm rose, with one accord, and moved hurriedly away.

Mrs. Radcliffe turned in her chair and looked long and anxiously after them.

"Do you suppose they *heard*?" she inquired, in a voice of unmistakable perturbation.

"Doubtless. But what if they did?" I reassured her cheerfully.

She did not reply, and appeared so distrust that, under cover of her preoccupation, I made my escape with vehement apologies for having bored her.

It was Anthony who, a couple of days later, informed me with a self-conscious air that Dorothea and her aunt were leaving Atlantic City in the morning. I felt surprised, even a little sore, at the news. Dorothea had said nothing to me about leaving. Moreover, she had lately avoided me with a persistency that bordered on rudeness. This was surely unnecessary. If she had finally decided that Anthony, of all men, promised her hope of future happiness, could she doubt that my hand and heart were quite ready for her, full of the loyalty and devotion of an elder brother? Why, then, this strange distrust of me?

As I pondered the matter, rolling along the board-walk in my chair, I spied her coming out of a Japanese junk-shop, her arms laden with useless bric-a-brac. Immediately upon recognizing my approach she turned quickly and a treacherous package wiggled from under her restraining elbow. In her spasmodic effort to rescue it, all her treasures came tumbling and sliding to the ground.

"Here!" I commanded, drawing up beside her. "Dump all that trash in my go-cart and let me get you away from here before you are mobbed."

With a little gasp of relief, mixed with chagrin, she obeyed. When she had settled herself beside me I cast an amused glance at the ruins at our feet.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

"I'm sure I don't know. It's a weakness I can't overcome. I never mean to buy when I go in, and I always come out staggering."

I laughed indulgently. "I can foretell you will never reach years of discretion, Miss Dorothea. I'll have to play guardian over both you and Anthony in the days to come."

She gave me a startled glance and turned to arrange the cushions at her back. "Anthony—Anthony—" she stammered.

"There, there. I didn't mean to tease. You have something to say to me. Just a moment and I'll tell the man to draw up here by the railing and leave us to ourselves for half an hour. Now," I encouraged, when he was out of earshot, "tell me."

"Anthony—" she began again, and stopped.

I reached over for the little hand lying in her lap. It was trembling and quite cold.

"Dear girl, you needn't go into details if they embarrass you. I understand."

"Oh, but you *don't*!" she hurriedly exclaimed. "You see, there isn't any Anthony now."

"You mean that he didn't—?"

"Oh, but he *did*. I wouldn't. You see"—she withdrew her hand and faced me doggedly—"as soon as I began to be nice to you, Anthony resented it and began to notice me again. But I don't think he really wanted me—at least, he wouldn't come out and say so—until one night we were sitting on the porch of the Solarium. He had been trying to make me admit that I cared for him, and when I wouldn't he said something so silly and absurd that I became furious and refused to speak to him. Just

then you and Mrs. Radcliffe came up and sat near us, and we couldn't help hearing what you said. Afterwards, Anthony insisted that he'd only pretended to like Mrs. Radcliffe to test my confidence in him. He said she was a vain, silly woman, who was making a fool of you, and wouldn't I please let him announce our engagement right away and—?" She paused for breath.

"You wouldn't?" I searched her face anxiously.

"I shouldn't have, anyway, because—well, because I seem somehow to have grown up lately. But even if I had cared, I'd have refused when I saw how fearfully sore he was because you dared to make love to Mrs. Radcliffe."

"I? Make love to that woman? Great suffering Socrates! When did that strike him?"

"It struck us both, I suppose, the night you were squeezing her hand and calling her your 'dear lady.'"

I gazed at her in silent wonder, then burst into a shout of delight at her dear simplicity. "Why, you blessed little silly," I chuckled, wiping my eyes, "do you suppose a man would deliberately select witnesses for that sort of thing? Do you?"

She bent towards me in sudden eagerness. "Do you mean to say—?"

"I mean that I purposely wheedled her along for Anthony's special benefit, knowing that he'd turn to you to bind up his wounded dignity, and during to hope that you would refuse. It was neither a graceful nor chivalrous thing to do, perhaps, but—as my voice grew confoundingly husky—as I've said before, I'm uncommonly fond of you, and jealous that life should yield you her greatest gift. Some day, somewhere, you will meet a wholesome, splendid chap eager to offer you infinitely more than Anthony ever will or can. Wait for him, dear girl."

Dorothen turned upon me soft, sweet eyes, brimful of tears. "You are the kindest man in the world," she said.

"Nonsense!" I gulped gruffly.

"I—!" she began, then caught her breath hastily, and for an eternity, it seemed to me, we both stared stupidly out to sea.

"Tell me," I remarked finally, with a commendable effort at cheerful curiosity, "what absurdity Anthony tormented you with the other night? The thing that made you so furious with him?"

The color flew into her face, and I felt her arm tremble against mine as she faltered:

"He accused me of caring for you."

I smiled grimly, a trifle bitterly. "I don't wonder you felt insulted," I said shortly and closed my eyes to hide the stinging pain that shot into them.

"Oh!" There was a stifled sob, then I felt her fingers closing gently about my hand, lifting it, laying it against her soft, wet cheek. It was a lovely little silent act, her dear, pretty way of removing the sting, but because of its very sweetness, how intolerable!

"Don't!" I jerked out harshly. "You don't need to. It hurts."

She quickly dropped my hand, and then—I caught sight of her face, all sweetly shamed and tremulous—and her eyes! She was a child no longer. A divine madness swept through me, claiming her as mine!

"Dorothen!" I protested untidily. "I never dreamed—I've tried to be decent, God knows, but I've grown so selfish, so hungry for you, dear—I—but it's all wrong, preposterous! Look at my white hair!"

"Yes. It is beautiful."

"And I'm close on forty, child."

"So much as that?" I felt rather than saw the dimple that trembled in her cheek.

"And—there's my game leg, dear."

"Yes," she agreed, "there's your game leg. All that and," she added, oh, so gently, "there's you."

Canada a Land of Opportunities

WITH PROPER INVESTIGATION INVESTORS MAY MAKE SAFE AND PROFITABLE USE OF CAPITAL IN MANY LINES IN THIS COUNTRY DURING PERIOD OF EXPANSION

By Frank J. Drake

What does Canada offer to investors? Is any country which is in progress of development the question of investments is always a vital one. Capital is essential to the opening up of territory and the unearthing of resources. In Canada there are many opportunities for the profitable use of money; indeed, the rapid and steady expansion of the country has made the appreciation in value of investments practically certain if care and judgment are exercised in making a choice. Some of the attractive channels are outlined in this article.

CANADA offers to the investor more opportunities than perhaps any other country in the world. As a rapidly expanding and fast growing nation it is still reliant upon outside capital for the uninterrupted continuation of her growth, but need have little fear that the interest of capital will wane in the face of such opportunities as the Dominion offers.

There is activity in many lines throughout the country. Railroad construction is being carried on apace. Provision is being made for the handling of the fast increasing traffic that moves from East to West and from the West to the seaports across the country. This construction work involves the expenditure of large sums, and from time to time gives to the investor an opportunity to purchase securities of Canadian railroads. In Canada railroads should be operated with a good margin of profit; there is no lack of paying business.

The extension of present systems and the construction of the two new trans-continental, however, are today not a cause of the quick growth of Western

Canada, but the result of such growth. Population in the prairie provinces is fast increasing, and this increase is directly reflected in the industrial communities in the East. A big market is offered to Eastern manufacturers, who derive benefit from successful crops just as surely as the farmers who produce the grain. In fact, the crops are the pivot of Canada's prosperity. While the land continues to produce wealth each year the country will be prosperous. With a crop failure there will be cause for a tightening of the nation's purse-strings, while two failures in succession would create a serious condition. Canada's soil is fertile, however; there is no reason to look for such calamities as crop failures. This year the harvest will probably be late, but the growing crops are in good shape, and there is every indication that the harvest this fall will be abundant.

This general situation has a bearing on the opportunities for the investor. The West offers chances of wealth in its vast expanses of growing grain. Farm lands are still to be had at reasonable prices in many parts of the coun-

try, and to the man with a small amount of money to invest, and who has the desire to take a part in the building up of the great Western country, there are many opportunities to share most generously in the prosperity of the Western farmer.

The towns, too, offer many an opportunity for the profitable investment of funds. There are many examples of success from a small venture in the newer West as the growth of the country carries along with it all those who have faith sufficient to become associated with it. We are not referring here to real estate speculation, but to the opportunities for a man, who with a little capital wishes to settle in the West and grow up with the country.

To the investor who devotes only his money and not himself Canada holds out many attractive chances for profit. Real estate has been the source of a great deal of wealth in the past few years. There is now, however, a doubt in many minds if the real estate "boom" has not gone far enough. This refers to speculation, of course, and not to proper investment. As an investment improved land in Canada is attractive.

In many Western towns there is a dearth of buildings, and it would seem that there is a great field in this country for the successful operation of companies with funds available for the erection of dwellings for sale and rent. If properly conducted by public spirited men, such undertakings would be profitable and at the same time a great help in the proper development of the country. A civic housing scheme is planned for Toronto, and similar plans will doubtless be put into effect elsewhere.

Canadian issues have for a long time been favorably received in London, but of late there has been evidently a slight feeling against them. As regards municipalities it is because capital everywhere is demanding (and receiving) larger returns. As regards industrials, there is some distrust of new issues, a distrust that in the outgrowth of the efforts of a few unprincipled promoters to

unload on the British public worthless or watered stock in companies whose prospects were not as painted or which were heavily over-capitalized.

Despite this, however, there are many securities offered for sale, and quoted on Canadian Exchanges, that offer to investors splendid chances for safe disposal of funds in securities with every chance of appreciating in value. Canadian industrials and public utilities (there are some few exceptions, of course) offer more to the average investor than any other class of securities anywhere. The rapid expansion of the country almost makes certain the success of any well managed industrial corporation. Many stocks are now selling at prices which yield a handsome return on a purchase, and which if held for a few years are sure to command much higher prices than at present. The earnings of leading Canadian industrial companies for the past year show substantial gains as compared with the previous year, which is the more significant when it is remembered that 1910 was, on the whole, a most satisfactory year for Canadian industrials. The prospects are that 1912 business will show gains as large or even larger when compared with 1911. In fact, there is no reason to doubt that these increases will continue for several years as the increase in population and in national wealth makes a constantly widening market for manufactured goods. Special circumstances may influence some industries, of course, as the keen competition from the United States hurt the Canadian steel companies last year, but as a whole, industrials are sure of a prosperous future.

Public utility companies, too, offer unusual advantages. If Canadian controlled companies are included, the successes of the Mexican and South American ventures of Canadians are at the present time a subject of discussion. In Canada itself, however, there are many fine opportunities for the successful operation of street railway, lighting and power companies. Some companies have already become rich while

their securities reflect this condition in high prices. Other and newer companies have this aim still before them, and many of these are attractive purchases. Public ownership, however, is quite popular in many parts of the country, and for that reason the public utility field is being somewhat curtailed.

Mining is in a way an unpopular word to many Canadians. Not because there was no paying ore in the mine put on the market a few years ago, but because the promoters for a time found it easier to extract gold from the public than ore from the mines. As a result, mining stocks are still in disfavor among many.

To the investor Canada is a land of opportunities. With proper investigation and care in the selection of investments, there is no reason why every dollar invested should not only be safe, but yield a good return. As regards speculators, however, gambling in Canada is not much different from gambling elsewhere. In some lines the growth of the country puts odds in

favor of the speculator. In real estate speculation this has been true, but a turning or halting point may be near. As regards the security markets there is little chance for the average speculator to keep ahead of the game. In the market the odds are against the speculator. Even here, however, many have ridden along on the crest of the wave of prosperity, if not securely at least successfully.

To sum up, it may be said that Canada as a prosperous, well governed and rapidly growing nation offers much to the investor. Perhaps the most profitable field of all is in the industrials. Of course, there are municipal bonds and other forms of security highly suitable to investment for safety, but for the successful employment of funds Canadian industrials offer many splendid opportunities. Business is growing, and the prospects are that it will continue to expand. Earnings will show a proportionate gain. For years to come capital can be usefully and profitably employed in standard industries in Canada.

Effort That Counts

Did you ever realize how very little of your time is actually put into effort that counts? Just deduct the wasted hours, the lost time that drifts away, that is not effectively employed because your moods are not favorable, because you do not feel like doing what you ought to, deduct the poor work you do because you are not in the mental or physical condition to do your work, which comes from loss of sleep because you over-eat, and see how little time you have left for doing the things that count, the things that are worth while, your life-work. I know a man who apparently tries hard to do effective work, and yet I doubt if he puts in one single hour a day into that which tells his great life-work. The time that is lost from interruptions often caused by people dropping into his office during business hours for social visits, the time wasted through telephone calls from people who have no right to his time—the losses from time-thieves are so great that the man has almost no opportunity to do his work.—Dr. O. S. MARDEN.

Before Dollars Came

HOW DIRECTORS OF BANK OF UPPER CANADA FRUSTRATED PLOT
TO WRECK INSTITUTION WHEN REBELS MADE
RUN ON IT IN 1837

By Lyman B. Jackes

An interesting chapter is contributed to the history of Canadian banking in this brief story of an attempt to wreck the Bank of Upper Canada at Toronto during the stormy days marking the rebellion of 1837. A daring stratagem was resorted to in sending a run on the bank which was made by rebels, and the institution was saved. But the attempt was fraught with danger, and the situation was not without peril. The early struggle of the promoters for a charter, the manner in which they met this crisis, and the ultimate closing of the institution are covered in this sketch.

THE evening of June 18th, 1832 was exceedingly warm, so warm indeed that the group of men sitting around the goodly and generous table of D'Arcy Boulton at his hospitable Toronto home were fain to rest well back in the comfortable chairs and use their soft silk kerchiefs freely upon the face. By nine of the old clock in the corner, business was concluded and all the gentlemen excepting Mr. William Allen and Thomas Ridout arose from their seats and sought relief from the oppressive humidity on the broad ver-

about to be entered and also to secure his opinion of the dimensions and safety devices of the strong room to be in the basement of the bank building, then almost completed and ready for occupancy.

Upon the veranda, Mr. Samuel Ridout was reviewing the history and struggle of the bank charter for the benefit of two directors, almost strangers to Canada.

"Mr. Cameron," he remarked, "this is a great achievement for us. Here we are after many years and numerous attempts, with the Royal Charter of the Bank of Upper Canada in there on that table. It's been a long time coming, sir, but here it is at last."

To satisfy himself that he was not in a dream he withdrew his pipe from his mouth



Old photo which marks site of the first bank in Toronto, opened in 1822.



Building of the first chartered bank in Canada west of the Ottawa River

and looked at the precious document through the open window. Sure enough there it was under the heavy paper weight, right before the president and the cashier. After once more satisfying himself that it was true he again turned to his companions and proceeded to recapitulate the bank history.

"Let me see," he at length remarked, "This is the eighteenth of June, eighteen twenty-two: Well, this thing was started about fourteen years ago, away back in eighteen hundred and eight, just about four years previous to the war. It was then that the question of establishing a bank was first seriously considered.

"The governor at that time was Sir James Craig, and when the formal application was presented to the Legislature he persuaded them to vote against

the project, and the charter was refused on the grounds that the people were too ignorant to understand the different notes and guard against counterfeits."

"And the speaker, when he had repeated the last remark, laughed so heartily that the attention of the other gentlemen was attracted to the three, and when Mr. Ridout was prepared to proceed he had an audience of fourteen persons who had been waiting some minutes for him to regain his composure and wipe the tears from his eyes.

"Yes sir," he began again, "a people with sufficient intelligence and backbone to prevent the United States from merging us into their union by a force of arms, too ignorant to understand the different denominations and guard against counterfeits."

And when he had finished they all

saw the humor of the thing and joined the speaker in another hearty laugh.

"Well, then the war came," continued the speaker, "and we had a Governor then."

Many of the gentlemen saluted in honor of General Isaac Brock when Mr. Ridout made this reference to the illustrious commander.

"And he understood the people and the people loved him. There was no arrogance about Sir Isaac Brock. I tell you gentlemen, never did a finer man come into this country. Well, when the war finally came the Governor issued the first lot of Army Bills and I wish old Sir James Craig could have witnessed the loyalty and understanding of Canadians when we exchanged our Mexican and United States currency for the Governor's Army Bills. And I'll tell you further, gentlemen, it was only through these same bills that His Majesty, King George the Fourth, was made to see that the people of Canada, both Upper and Lower, were given possession of banks named after their respective provinces."

Following this short discourse of Mr. Ridout's an informal and general discussion was indulged in and the group gossiped about the glorious future that must surely attend the opening of the bank on Thursday morning of the next week.

In due time the bank was opened and the old premises stand in Toronto to this day with a big clumsy bronze sign on the door to prevent the fact becoming obliterated. The old vault is still in the basement with a rusty old door still displaying the two gigantic key holes that once were relied upon to defend the treasure from theft and despoliation. Customers came and customers went, and the stately building at the corner of King and Frederick Streets in the town of York was looked upon with importance almost equal to



As early Canadian penny.

that of the Government buildings.

In 1834 the town of York assumed the name of Toronto and the old bank was still doing business on the corner; the next year brought great prosperity to the institution, and the year 1836 closed with a fine balance on hand.

But all was not destined to be continuous and uninterrupted progress for the new concern. While the year 1837 opened under favorable auspices, dark clouds gathered as it waned, and the latter part of it witnessed the most daring financial stratagem ever resorted to in the history of Canadian banking, if not in the history of banking anywhere.

The mail from Montreal, brought by the stage coach, of December 1st, 1837 was of momentous importance to the Bank of Upper Canada. There was very little of it, for banking and other business was partially crippled owing to the daring and open attitude of political agitators, but the first letter that Mr. Crompton, the bank manager, opened struck terror to his very being. The letter was written in a bold hand and read:—

Montreal, L.C., Nov. 24, 1837.

Mr. J. L. Crompton,
Manager, Bank Upper Canada,
Toronto, U.C.

Dear Sir:—

Banks in Quebec and Montreal have suspended specie payment owing to a run on the institutions following the recent hemorrhages of the insurrectionists. I am advised that the Bank of Upper Canada is to be the object of their next attack.

I trust that this warning will prove of effect in staying off a similar calamity for your establishment.

I have the honor to be,
Your humble servant,
Hensit Garbage.

Mr. Crompton moved towards the door after he had grasped the meaning of the

contents and studied his trembling frame. His object in seeking the outer office was to despatch the messenger for the directors and hold an emergency meeting to frame a program of defense for the funds of the Bank. As he reached the partition which separated the

public office from his own he saw that Mr. Ridout was engaged in conversation with Mr. Alder and Mr. Fleming, two of the directors. Stepping quickly to the group he wished the directors a good morning and requested Mr. Ridout to prepare a rough report on the amount of specie then in the strong room in the basement. Noting by the expression of the manager's face that something was amiss the two directors, at the bidding of Mr. Crompton, followed him into the private office and placed their wraps and hats on the great walnut rack at the end of the room.

"Gentlemen," said the manager slowly, "I am afraid the bank of Upper Canada is insolvent."

The effect of this statement on the directors was indescribable and they gazed at the bank manager in an abstract manner until he placed the letter before them for their perusal. When they had looked the missive over to their complete satisfaction they requested an explanation from Mr. Crompton who was holding his aching head between his trembling hands, his whole body bent over his desk.

A knock at the door and Mr. Ridout entered the room. He formed a strange

contrast to the other three with his tall, powerful body and military bearing as he placed the statement on the table before the manager. When he had left the room Mr. Crompton glanced at the statement and saw that the ready funds of the bank were made up thus:—

£ s. d.
Notes - 4,356 18 0
Silver - - 129 4 0
Copper - - 119 8 4

PLANNING TO MEET EMERGENCY.

Mr. Fleming stepped to the door and requested a junior clerk to summon the balance of the directors to appear in the manager's office at once. When he had started upon his errand, Mr. Ridout was made aware of the facts of the predicament. Several schemes were suggested and banished as impractical

and the four men walked the floor as if in search of an idea that would remove the peril from the bank. Hearing several footsteps in the larger office Mr. Ridout opened the door and admitted several other directors. While these gentlemen were listening to the letter the remainder of the board arrived and all took their accustomed places at the table. There was very little speech, and at length, as if to break the silence, the president made a motion that a movement be started beginning with Mr. Martis on the right.

Mr. Martis was in a deep state of despondency and could make no suggestion. The next gentlemen acted likewise and in due course it was Mr. Ridout's turn to speak. He arose quickly and clenching his hand, struck the table a heavy blow, remarking, when



Old vault in basement of the Bank of Upper Canada.



Another view of early penny.

the look of astonishment had subsided from the faces of the others, "Gentlemen, if you will leave this matter to me I will see that the specie now in the vault downstairs is not exchanged for paper notes."

The man formed a remarkable contrast with the other members of the bank. Here was the soldier who had piloted the funds of the Canadian Government to safety through the war of 1812; here, the man who had successfully performed the duties of the office of Deputy Assistant-Commissionary-General during that stormy period; here, the man who had taken part in many engagements against the troops from the United States and on more than one occasion had been in the foremost ranks when the enemy had failed to gain their point against the Canadians.

His commanding manner as he stood before the down-hearted members of the Bank Board was sufficient to cause his word to be accepted by a majority of the members, and after the lapse of a moment or two the president put a motion that Mr. Ridout be appointed convenor of a committee consisting of the manager and Mr. Janson and himself. This was quickly carried and the meeting adjourned.

Mr. Ridout, after giving instructions to a junior clerk to see the cash window, left the building to seek his old friend John Gallson. The noon hour being at hand, the two were soon engaged in conversation and after a slight repast sought a few of their intimate acquaintances and by half-past one had the details of their scheme perfected.

That evening the insurrectionary leaders gathered their adherents in the large outhouse of John Doel's brewery, now at the corner of Bay and King Streets, Toronto, and made arrangements for a run on the Bank of Upper Canada.

THE RUN ON THE BANK.

Next morning, long before banking hours, a long line of men was to be

seen near the bank premises. They were, for the most part, followers of Mackenzie, but the friends of Mr. Ridout held the positions in the front portion of the line.

In due time the bank doors were opened and the first person to enter was old John Gallson. Stepping to Mr. Ridout's cage he laid two one pound notes on the counter and demanded payment in farthings. It took so long to count the money that one hour in time was gained for the bank. Then stepped another of the bank supporters and demanded payment of four one-pound notes in the smallest silver. This continued till nightfall and Mr. Ridout's friends still kept up the ruse. When the line had departed for the night, all the monies paid out during the day were placed in the vault. After another day carried out in a similar manner the rebels saw the impossibility of draining the bank of its funds, and not noticing that the men carrying out the monies were royalists, they gave up in despair and a few days later took to open revolt with Mackenzie at their head.

The old bank continued to do a thriving business at the same corner for a few years following this defeat of the insurrectionists and then, the quarters becoming cramped, the bank transferred its offices to larger premises, where it enjoyed prosperity for many seasons.

On the 29th of July, 1861, however, Mr. Ridout's desk was vacant and customers on making enquiries were told that he would no longer handle the funds of the institution. After the death of this fine old Canadian the bank's business began to fall off and about the year 1866 the doors were shut for the last time. The new cashier could not tide the establishment over a second stormy period. The bank failed and there disappeared the occupants of the two old buildings which still stand—all that is left of one of the first banking ventures of magnitude in Canada.

The Smoke Bellew Series

TALE NINE: "THE MISTAKE OF CREATION"

By Jack London

"WHOA!" Smoke yelled at the dogs, throwing his weight back on the geopole to bring the sled to a halt.

"What's eatin' you now?" Shorty complained. "They ain't no water under that footing."

"No; but look at that trail cutting out to the right," Smoke answered. "I thought nobody was wintering in this section."

The dogs, on the moment they stopped, dropped in the snow and began hitting out the particles of ice from between their toes. This ice had been water five minutes before. The animals had broken through a skin of ice, snow-powdered, which had hidden the spring water that coaxed out of the bank and pooled on top the three-foot winter crust of the Nordeskia River.

"First I heard of anybody up the Nordeskia," Shorty said, staring at the all but obliterated track, covered by two feet of snow, that left the bed of the river at right angles and entered the mouth of a small stream flowing from the left. "Mebbe they're hunters and pulled their freight long ago."

Smoke, scooping the light snow away with mittened hands, paused to consider, scooped again, and again paused.

"No," he decided. "There's been travel both ways, but the last travel was up that creek. Whoever it is, they're there now. There's been no travel for weeks? Now what's been keeping them there all the time? That's what I want to know."

"And what I want to know is where we're goin' to camp to-night," Shorty said, staring disconsolately at the sky-

line in the southwest, where mid-afternoon twilight was darkening into night.

"Let's follow the track up the creek," was Smoke's suggestion. "There's plenty of dead timber. We can camp any time."

"Sure, we can camp any time—but we got to travel most of the time if we ain't goin' to starve, an' we got to travel in the right direction. They ain't no grub for side trips an' diversions. Them dogs is pretty well tuckered out, an' we've got to pare it almighty fine to reach the mouth of the Stewart, an' you know, sure as apples is apples, they ain't no grub this side of that."

"But what are they doing up that creek?" Smoke insisted. "How do you know but what they've the fattest kind of a find up there and are working it for all it's worth?"

"Don't know," was Shorty's positive-ness. "Don't want to know. Ain't no time to know. All I know is we've sure got to hustle for Stewart before our grub's give out. An' I ain't honin' to eat dog or less dog neither."

"We might pick up a moose," "Ain't seen a moose in a coon's age."

"Might find a bunch in that creek."

"If you do I'll eat 'em at one settin'." Smoke set his jaw. "Look here, Shorty. You know what honin' is. Well, I'm just honing to go up that creek. There's something there. I know it. It's a hunch, as sure as apples ain't artichokes."

"Don't unbelieve you for a moment, Smoke. You're the hunchiest huncher I ever seen. When you got a hunch you got it. No talk back about that."

But I got a hunch that'll run team-mate to youm. You go up that creek an' you go to trouble sure as the sparks fly upward. That creek spells trouble, or they ain't nothin' in the alphabet of hunchin'. An' we ain't lookin' for trouble, now are we? Nix on goin' up that creek that's all I got to say."

"I'm a-honing," Smoke warned, then gazed solemnly at his partner. "Shorty, suppose you sold out your share in our holdings right now, not counting Surprise Lake that's got more of the yellow in it than all the rest put together—what would you sell for, lock, stock, barrel, and everything else, clear, clean, net, sacrifice auction sale?"

"A million," was the prompt answer. "An' it'd sure be a fire sale at that."

"You could afford a trip to Paris, now, couldn't you?"

Shorty nodded, and surveyed his partner with speculative eyes.

"We're going to find something up that creek," Smoke went off at a tangent.

"Sure. Trouble."

"I don't know whether it's trouble or not. My hunch doesn't carry that far. But we're agreed we're going to find something."

"Now look here," Shorty broke in impatiently. "Just what is your drive? I ain't no language expert."

"Just this, Shorty: if you've money enough to afford a trip to Paris, haven't you enough to afford a diversion to your side-kicker of a trip up a creek?"

"But look at the grub!—look at them dogs!" Shorty cried. "Look at . . . oh, hell, all right. You will have your will."

"It won't make the trip a day longer," Smoke urged. "Possibly no more than a mile longer."

"Men has died for as little as a mile," Shorty retorted, shaking his hand with lugubrious resignation. "Come on for trouble. Get up, you poor sore-foots, you—get up! Haw! You Bright-Haw!"

The lead-dog obeyed, and the whole team strained weakly into the soft snow.

"Whoa!" Shorty yelled. "It's a pack trail."

Smoke pulled his snowshoes from under the sled-lashings, bound them to his moccasined feet, and went to the fore to press and pack the light surface for the passing of the dogs.

It was heavy work. Dogs and men had been for days on short rations, and few and limited were the reserves of energy they could call upon. Though they followed the creek bed, so pronounced was its fall that they toiled on a stiff and unrelenting up-grade. The high rocky walls quickly drew near together, so that their way led up the bottom of a narrow gorge. The long lingering twilight, blocked by the high mountains, was no more than a semidarkness.

"It's a trap," Shorty said. "The whole look of it is rotten. It's a hole in the ground. It's the stamper's ground of trouble."

Smoke made no reply, and for half an hour they toiled on in silence that was again broken by Shorty.

"She's a workin'," he crumbled. "She's sure a workin', an' I'll tell you if you're minded to hear an' listen."

"Go on," Smoke answered.

"Well, she tells me, plain an' simple, that we ain't never goin' to get out of this hole in the ground in days an' days. We're goin' to be stuck in here a long time an' then some."

"Does she say anything about grub?" Smoke queried unsympathetically. "For we haven't got grub for days and days and days and then some."

"Nope. Nary whisper about grub. I guess we'll manage to make out. But I tell you one thing, Smoke, straight an' flat. I'll eat any dog in the team exceptin' Bright. I got to draw the line on Bright. I just couldn't scoff him."

"Cheer up," Smoke girded. "My hunch is working overtime. She tells me there'll be no dogs eaten, and, whether it's moose or caribou or quail on toast, we'll all fatten up."

Shorty snorted his unutterable dis-



WILLY THOMAS DENSON-12

"Now Westworth went away alone, dragging a sled loaded with provisions."

gust, and silence obtained for another quarter of an hour.

"There's the beginning of your trouble," Smoke said, halting on his snowshoes and staring at an object that lay to one side of the old trail.

Shorty left the goe-pole and joined him, and together they gazed down on the body of a man beside the trail.

"Well fed," said Smoke.

"Look at them lips," said Shorty.

"Stiff as a poker," said Smoke, lifting one arm, that, without moving, moved the whole body.

"Pick 'm up an' drop 'm and he'd break to pieces," was Shorty's comment.

The man lay on his side, solidly frozen. From the fact that no snow powdered him, it was patent that he had lain there but for a short time.

"There was a general fall of snow three days back," said Shorty.

Smoke nodded, bending over the corpse, twisting it half up to face them, and pointing to a bullet wound in the temple. He glanced to the side and tilted his head at a Colt's revolver that lay on top of the snow.

A hundred yards farther on they came upon a second body that lay face-downward in the trail.

"Two things are pretty clear," Smoke said. "They're fat. That means no famine. They've not struck it rich, else they wouldn't have committed suicide."

"If they did," Shorty objected.

"They certainly did. There are no tracks beside their own, and each is powder-burned. Smoke dragged the corpse to one side and with the toe of his moccasin nudged a revolver out of the snow into which it had been pressed by the body. "That's what did the work. I told you we'd find something."

"From the looks of it we ain't started yet. Now what'd two fat geezers want to kill themselves for?"

"When we find that out we'll have found the rest of your trouble," Smoke answered. "Come on. It's blowing dark."

Quite dark it was when Smoke's snowshoe tripped him over a body. He

fell across a sled, on which lay another body. And when he dug the snow out of his neck and struck a match, he and Shorty glimpsed a third body, wrapped in blankets, lying beside a partially dug grave. Also, ere the match flickered out, they caught sight of half a dozen additional graves.

"B-r-r-r," Shorty shivered. "Suicide Camp. And all fed up. I reckon they're all dead."

"No—peep at that." Smoke was looking farther along at a dim glimmer of light. "And there's another light—and a third one there. Come on. Let's hike."

No more corpses delayed them, and in several minutes, over a hard-packed trail, they were in the camp.

"It's a city," Shorty whispered. "There must be twenty cabins. An' not a dog. Ain't that funny?"

"And that explains it," Smoke whispered back excitedly. "It's the Laura Sibley outfit. Don't you remember? Came up the Yukon last fall on the Port Townsend Number Six. Went right by Dawson without stopping. The steamer must have landed them at the mouth of the creek."

"Sure. I remember. They was Mormans."

"No. Vegetarians." Smoke grinned in the darkness. "They won't eat meat and they won't work dogs."

"It's all the same. I knowed they was something funny about 'em. Had the all-wise steer to the yellow. That Laura Sibley was going to take 'em right to the spot where they'd all be millionaires."

"Yes; she was their secret—bad visions and that sort of stuff. I thought they went up the Nordenskjöld."

"Hah! Listen to that!"

Shorty's hand in the darkness went out warningly to Smoke's chest, and together they listened to a groan, deep and long-drawn, that came from one of the cabins. Ere it could die away it was taken up by another cabin, and another—a vast suspiration of human misery. The effect was monstrous and nightmarish.

"B-r-r-r," Shorty shivered. "It's gettin' me going. Let's break in an find what's eatin' 'em."

Smoke knocked at a lighted cabin, and was followed in by Shorty in answer to the "Come in," of the voice they heard groaning. It was a simple log cabin, the walls moss-chinked, the earth floor covered with sawdust and shavings. The light was a kerosene lamp, and they could make out four bunks, three of which were occupied by men who ceased from groaning in order to stare.

"What's the matter?" Smoke demanded of one, whose blankets could not hide his broad shoulders and massively muscled body, but whose eyes were pain-racked and whose cheeks were hollow. "Smallpox? What is it?"

In reply, the man pointed at his mouth, spreading black and swollen lips in the effort; and Smoke recoiled at the sight.

"Scurvy," he muttered to Shorty and the man confirmed the diagnosis with a nod of the head.

He spluttered foully, but the fearful condition of his mouth precluded articulation.

"It's scurvy all right," spoke a man from another bunk. "Look at that." He threw aside his blankets, exposing legs hugely swollen at knees and ankles and discolored by a purplish rash. "It's got me in the legs. We're brothers, the three of us. It's got my other brother there, arms and legs. Take a look at that right forearm of his. It was broke and set when he was a little shaver twenty-two years ago. Look at it now. The fracture's wide open."

"Geel! I've saw scurvy Shorty gazed at the spectacle in awe. "But never like this. It's the . . . the limit."

"That's nothing," bragged the man of the rebroken arm. "You take a squint at the cise in the next cabin. Old soldier of the Civil War. Got his cheek slashed open by a sabre in a cavalry charge. That was in '62—thirty-six years ago. And that old wound

has opened wide again. Where did you come from?"

"Just drifted in down the Norbeka," Smoke answered. "Saw the trail up your creek and followed it."

"You ought to know us," the man went on. "We're the Leutill Brothers—bicycle riders, you know."

"I remember," Smoke nodded. "The Vegetarian Trio. You rode for that Soy Soup and Salad concern, and you were in that six-days-go-as-you-please in New York two or three years ago."

"Yep. You got it. And look at us now. Couldn't ride in a six-second-go-as-you-please. All in, finished, gone to smash."

The man with the unspeakable mouth curved in guessable smiles, long and steadily, in a stream of despair that culminated in a chest-groan of anguish.

"Plenty of grub?" Shorty asked.

"Yep," was the answer from the rider with the opened arm. "Help yourself. There's slithers of it. The cabin next on the other side is empty. Cache is right alongside. Wade into it."

II.

In every cabin they visited that night they found a similar situation. Scurvy had smitten the whole camp. A dozen women were in the party, though the two men did not see all of them. Originally there had been ninety-three men and women. But ten had died, and two had recently disappeared. Smoke told of finding the two, and expressed surprise that none had gone that short distance down the trail to find out for themselves. What particularly struck him and Shorty was the helplessness of these people. Their cabins were littered and dirty. The dishes stood unwashed on the rough plank tables. There was no mutual aid. A cabin's troubles were its own troubles, and already they had ceased from the exertion of burying their dead.

"It's almost weird," Smoke confided to Shorty. "I've met shirkers and loafers, but I never met so many all at

one time. You heard what they said. They're never done a tap. The steamboat crowd stayed, according to contract, hosted their supplies up the creek, helped them build their cabins (which meant they did it all), and then pulled out when the snow began to fly. And then the whole blessed bunch crawled into their cabins and stayed there. They haven't prospected. I'll bet they haven't washed their own faces. No wonder they got scurvy."

"But vegetarians hadn't ought to get scurvy," Shorty contended. "It's the salt-meat eaters that's supposed to fall for it. And they don't eat meat, salt or fresh, raw or cooked, or any other way."

Smoke shook his head. "I know. And it's vegetable diet that cures scurvy. No drugs will do it. Vegetables, especially potatoes, is the only dope. But don't forget one thing, Shorty; we are not up against a theory, but a condition. The fact is these grass-eaters have all got scurvy."

"Must be contagious."

"No; that the doctors do know. Scurvy is not a germ disease. It can't be caught. It's generated. As near as I can get it, it's due to an impoverished condition of the blood. It's cause is not something they've got, but something they haven't got. A man gets scurvy for lack of certain chemicals in his blood, and these chemicals don't come out of powders and bottles, but come out of vegetables."

"An' these people eat nothin' but grass," Shorty growled. "And they've got it up to their ears. That proves you're all wrong, Smoke. You're spillin' a theory, but this condition sure knocks the spots out a your theory. Scurvy's catchin', an' that's why they've all got it, an' rotten bad at that. You an' me'll get it, too, if we hang around this diggin'. B-r-r-r—I can feel the bugs crawlin' into my system right now."

Smoke laughed skeptically, and knocked on a cabin door.

"I suppose we'll find the same old thing," he said. "Come on. We've got to get a line on the situation."

"What do you want?" came a woman's sharp voice.

"We want to see you," Smoke answered.

"Who are you?"

"Two doctors from Dawson," Shorty blurted in, with a levity that brought a punch in the short ribs from Smoke's elbow.

"Don't want to see any doctors," the woman said, in tones crisp and staccato with pain and irritation. "Go away. Good night. We don't believe in doctors."

Smoke pulled the latch, shoved the door open, and entered, turning up the low-flamed kerosene lamp so that he could see. In four bunks four women cased from groaning and sighing to stare at the intruders. Two were young, thin-faced creatures, the third was an elderly and very stout woman, and the fourth, the one whom Smoke identified by her voice, was the thinnest, frailest specimen of the human race he had ever seen. As he quickly learned, she was Laura Sibley, the searose and professional clairvoyant who had organized the expedition in Los Angeles and led it to this death camp on the Nordbeaks. The conversation that ensued was acrimonious, Laura Sibley did not believe in doctors. Also, to add to her pugnacity, she had well nigh ceased to believe in herself.

"Why didn't you send out for help?" Smoke asked, when she paused, breathless and exhausted, from her initial tirade. There's a camp at Stewart River, and eighteen days' travel would fetch Dawson from here."

"Why didn't Amos Wentworth go?" she demanded, with a wrath that bordered on hysteria.

"Don't know the gentleman," Smoke countered. "What's he doing?"

"Nothing. Except that he's the only one that hasn't caught the scurvy. And why hasn't he caught the scurvy? I'll tell you. No, I won't." The thin lips compressed so tightly that through the emaciated transparency of them Smoke was almost convinced he could see the teeth and the roots of the teeth. "And

what would have been the use? Don't I know? I'm not a fool. Our caches are filled with every kind of a fruit juice and preserved vegetable. We are better situated than any camp in Alaska to fight scurvy—potatoes, onions, parsnips, pumpkins, asparagus, soup vegetables, carrots, turnips, chives, orange juice, lemon juice, lime juice, raspberry juice, dried apples, peaches, pears, plums, nectarines, apricots, raisins, prunes, nuts of every sort, fruit phosphates, and fruit salts. There is no prepared vegetable fruit, and nut food we haven't, and in plenty."

"She's got you there, Smoke," Shorty exclaimed. "And it's a condition, not a theory. You say vegetables cure. Here's the vegetables, and where's the cure?"

"There's no explanation I can see," Smoke acknowledged. "Yet there is no camp in Alaska like this. I've seen scurvy—a sprinkling of cases here and there; but I never saw a whole camp with it, nor did I ever see such terrible cases. Which is neither here nor there. Shorty. We've got to do what we can for these people, but first we've got to make camp and take care of the dogs. We'll see you in the morning, er—Mrs. Sibley."

"Miss Sibley," she bridled. "And now, young man, if you come fooling around this cabin with any doctor stuff I'll fill you full of birdshot."

"The divine searose—she's a sweet one," Smoke chuckled, as he and Shorty felt their way back through the darkness to the empty cabin next to the one occupied by the Lentille.

It was evident that two men had lived until recently in the cabin, and the partners wondered if they weren't the two suicides down the trail. Together they overhauled the cache and found it filled with an undressed variety of canned, powdered, dried, evaporated, condensed, and desiccated foods.

"What in the name of reason do they want to go and get scurvy for?" Shorty demanded, brandishing to the light packages of egg-powder and Italian mushrooms. "And look at that—And

that?" He tossed out cans of tomatoes and corn and bottles of stuffed olives. "And the divine searose got the scurvy, too. What d'y'e make of it?"

"Searose," Smoke corrected. "Searose," Shorty reiterated. "Didn't she steer 'em here to this hole in the ground?"

A few minutes later, he broke off from the cooking to watch Smoke at work outside in the light of the doorway, stick-tying the dogs after the Indian method. This was accomplished by fastening the end of a short stick to a dog's neck by a thong, and of fastening the other end of the stick to a tree. Thus, the dog, unable to gnaw through the thong around his neck, was prevented by the stick from gnawing the thong that fastened the other end.

"Now what in thunder are you tying up them poor brutes for?" Shorty cried indignantly. "Can't you let 'em range like always?"

"Because I, for one, am not going to start out burying to-night. That gravel is frozen, and we'll have to burn down every inch of it."

"I never thought of that," Shorty granted apologetically. "By the time you're done, grub'll be on the table. Get a hustle on."

III.

Next morning, after daylight, Smoke encountered a man dragging a light sled-load of firewood. He was a little man, clean-looking and spry, who walked briskly despite the load. Smoke experienced an immediate dislike.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Nothing," the little man answered. "I know that," Smoke said. "That's why I asked. You're Amos Wentworth. Now why under the sun haven't you the scurvy like all the rest?"

"Because I've exercised," came the quick reply. "There wasn't any need for any of them to get it if they'd only got out and done something. What

did they do? Growled and kicked and growled at the cold, long nights, the hardship, the aches and pains and everything else. They loafed in their beds until they swelled up and couldn't leave them, that's all. Look at me, I've worked. Come into my cabin," Smoke followed him in.

"Squint around. Clean as a whistle, eh? You bet. Everything shipshape. I wouldn't keep those chips and shavings on the floor except for the warmth, but they're clean chips and shavings. You ought to see the floor in some of the shacks. Pig pens. As for me, I haven't eaten a meal off an unwashed dish. No sir. It meant work, and I've worked, and I haven't the scurvy. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"You've hit the nail on the head," Smoke admitted. "But I see you've only one bunk. Why so unseemly?"

"Because I like to. It's easier to clean up for one than for two, that's why. These lazy, blanket-loafers! Do you think I could have stood one around? No wonder they got scurvy." It was very convincing, but Smoke could not rid himself of his dislike of the man.

"What's Laura Sibley got it in for you for?" he asked abruptly.

Amos Wentworth shot a quick look at him.

"She's a crank," was the reply. "So are we all cranks for that matter. But heaven save me from the crank that won't wash the dishes he sets off, and that's what this crowd of cranks is like."

A few minutes later, Smoke was talking with Laura Sibley. Supported by a stick in either hand, she had paused in hobbling by his cabin.

"What have you got it in for Wentworth for?" he asked, apropos of nothing in the conversation and with a suddenness that caught her off her guard.

Her green eyes flashed bitterly, her emaciated face for the second was convulsed with rage, and her rose lips writhed on the verge of unconsidered speech. But only a splutter of gasping unintelligible sounds issued forth, and

then, by a terrible effort, she controlled herself.

"Because he's healthy," she panted. "Because he hasn't the scurvy. Because he is supremely selfish. Because he won't lift a hand to help anybody else. Because he'd let us rot and die, as he is letting us rot and die, without lifting a finger to fetch us a pail of water or a load of firewood. That's the kind of a brute he is. But let him beware. That's all. Let him beware."

Still panting and gasping, she bobbed on her way, and five minutes afterward, coming out of the cabin to feed the dogs, Smoke saw her entering Amos Wentworth's cabin.

"Something rotten here, Shorty, something rotten," he said, shaking his head ominously, as his partner came to the door to empty a pan of dish-water.

"Sure," was the cheerful rejoinder. "An' you an' me'll be catchin' it yet. You see."

"I don't mean the scurvy."

"Oh, sure, if you mean the divine stereotypes. She'd rob a corpse. She's the hungriest-lookin' female I ever seen."

IV.

"Exercise has kept you and me in condition, Shorty. It's kept Wentworth in condition. You see what lack of exercise has done for the rest. Now it's up to us to prescribe exercise for these hospital wrecks. It will be your job to see that they get it. I appoint you chief nurse."

"What?—me?" Shorty shouted. "I resign."

"No you don't. I'll be able assistant, because it isn't going to be any soft snap. We've got to make them hustle: First thing, they'll have to bury their dead. The strongest for the burial squad; then the next strongest on the firewood squad (they've been lying in their blankets to save wood); and so on down the line. And spruce tea. Mustn't forget that. All the sour-doughs swear by it. These people have never heard of it."

"We sure got oom out out for us," Shorty grinned. "First thing we know we'll be full of lead."

"And that's our first job," Smoke said. "Come on."

In the next hour, each of the twenty-odd cabins were raided. All ammunition and every rifle, shotgun and revolver, was confiscated.

"Come on, you invalids," was Shorty's method. "Shootin' irons—fork 'em over. We need 'em."

"Who says so?" was the query at the first cabin.

"Two doctors from Dawson," was Shorty's answer, "An' what they say goes. Come on. Shell out ammunition, too."

"What do you want them for?" the Lenthil cabin demanded.

"To stand off a war party of canned roast beef comin' down the canyon. And I'm givin' you fair warnin' of a spruce tea invasion. Come across."

And this was only the beginning of the day. Persuading, bullying, and, at times by main strength, men were dragged from their bunks and forced to dress. Smoke selected the mildest cases for the burial squad. Another squad was told off to supply the wood by which the graves were hewn down into the frozen muck and gravel. Still another squad had to chop firewood and impartially supply every cabin. Those who were too weak for out-door work were put to cleaning and scrubbing the cabins and washing clothes. One squad brought in many loads of spruce boughs, and every stove was used for the brewing of spruce tea.

But no matter what fate Smoke and Shorty put on it, the situation was grim and serious. At least thirty fearful and impossible cases could not be taken from the beds, as the two men, with nausea and horror, learned; while one, a woman, died in Laura Sibley's cabin. Yet strong measures were necessary.

"I don't like to wallop a sick man," Shorty explained, his fist doubled menacingly. "But I'd wallop his block off if it'd make him well. And what all

you lazy bums needs is a wallopin'. Come on! Out of that an' into them duds of yours, double quick, or I'll sure mess up the front of your face."

All the gangs groaned, and sighed, and wept, the tears streaming and freezing down their cheeks as they toiled; and it was patent that their agony was real. The situation was desperate, and Smoke's prescription was heroic.

When the work gangs came in at noon, they found decently cooked dinners awaiting them, prepared by the weaker members of their cabins under the tutelage and drive of Smoke and Shorty.

"That'll do," Smoke said at three in the afternoon. "Knock off. Go to your bunks. You may be feeling rotten now, but you'll be the better for it to-morrow. Of course it hurts to get well, but I'm going to get you well."

"Too late," Amos Wentworth sneered piddly at Smoke's efforts. "They ought to have started in that way last fall."

"Come along with me," Smoke answered. "Pick up those two pails. You're not ailing."

From cabin to cabin the three men went, darning every man and woman with a full pint of spruce tea. Nor was it easy.

"You might as well learn at the start that we mean business," Smoke stated to the first obdurate, who lay on his back gasping through set teeth. "Stand by, Shorty." Smoke caught the patient by the nose and tapped the solar plexus section so as to make the mouth gasp open. "Now, Shorty! Down she goes!"

And down it went, accompanied by unavoidable splutterings and stranglings.

"Next time you'll take it easier," Smoke assured the victim, reaching for the nose of the man in the adjoining bunk.

"I'd sooner take castor oil," was Shorty's private confidence, ere he downed his own portion. "Great jumpin' Methusalem!" was his entirely public proclamation the moment after

he had swallowed the bitter dose. "It's a pint long, but hoghead strong."

"We're covering this spruce tea route four times a day, and there are eighty of you to be dosed each time," Smoke informed Laura Sibley. "So we've no time to fool. Will you take it? Or must I hold your nose? His thumb and forefinger hovered eloquently above her. "It's vegetable, so you needn't have any qualms."

"Qualms!" Shorty snorted. "No, sure, certainly not. It's the delicious dope!"

"Well?" Smoke demanded peremptorily. "I'll take it," she quavered. "Hurry up!"

That night, exhausted as by no hard day of trail, Smoke and Shorty crawled into their blankets.

"I'm fairly sick with it," Smoke confessed. "The way they suffer is awful. But exercise is the only remedy I can think of, and it must be given a thorough trial. I wish we had a sack of raw potatoes. That's the only stuff. Why, they've told me, one and all, that they've taken gallons of fruit acid and preserved lime juice."

"Sparkins he can't wash no more

disbes," Shorty said. "It hurts him so he sweats his pain. I seen him sweat it. I had to put him back in the bunk he was that helpless."

"If we only had raw potatoes," Smoke went on. "The vital, essential something is missing from that prepared stuff. The life has been evaporated out of it."

"An' if that young fellow Jones in the Browlow cabin don't croak before morning I miss my guess."

"For heaven's sake be cheerful," Smoke chided.

"We got to bury him, ain't we?" came the indignant snort. "I tell you that boy's something awful—"

"Shut up," Smoke said.

And after several more indignant snorts, the heavy breathing of sleep arose from Shorty's bunk.

V.

In the morning, not only was Jones dead, but one of the strongest men who had worked on the firewood squad had hanged

himself. A nightmare procession of days set in. For a week, steeling himself to the task, Smoke enforced the exercise and the spruce tea. And one by one, and in twos and threes, he was



"LAURA SIBLEY"

compelled to knock off the workers. As he was learning, exercise was the last thing in the world for scrawny patients. The diminishing burial crew was kept steadily at work, and a surplus half dozen graves were always burned down and waiting.

"You couldn't have selected a worse place for a camp," Smoke told Laura Sibley. "Look at it—at the bottom of a narrow gorge, running east and west. The noon sun doesn't rise above the top of the wall. You can't have had sunlight for several months."

"No, we haven't," she admitted. "But how was I to know?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't see why not, if you could lead a hundred fools to a gold mine."

She glared unseemly at him and hobbled on. Several minutes afterward, coming back from a trip to where a squad of groaning patients was gathering spruce boughs, Smoke saw the secess entering Amos Wentworth's cabin and followed after her. At the door he could hear her voice, whimpering and pleading.

"Just for me," she was begging, as Smoke entered. "I won't tell a soul. Just for me."

Both glanced guiltily at the intruder, and Smoke was certain that he was on the edge of something, he knew not what, and he cursed himself for not having eavesdropped.

"Out with it," he commanded harshly. "What is it?"

"What is what?" Amos Wentworth asked gallantly.

And Smoke could not name what was what.

VI.

Grimmer and grimmer grew the situation. In that dark hole of a canyon, where sunlight never penetrated, the horrible death list mounted up. Each day, in apprehension, Smoke and Shorty examined each other's mouths for the whitening of the gums and mucous membranes—the invariable first symptom of the disease.

"I've quit," Shorty announced one

evening. "I've been thinkin' it over, an' I quit. I can make a go at slave-drivin', but cripple-drivin' 's too much for my stomach. They go from bad to worse. They ain't twenty men I can drive to work. I told Jackson this afternoon he could take to his bunk. He was gettin' ready to suicide. I could see it stickin' out all over him. Exercise ain't no good."

"I've made up my mind to the same thing," Smoke answered. "We'll knock off all but about a dozen. They'll have to lend a hand. We can relay them. And we'll keep up the spruce tea."

"It ain't no good."

"I'm about ready to agree with that, too, but at any rate it doesn't hurt them."

"Another suicide," was Shorty's news the following morning. "That Phillips is the one. I seen it comin' for days."

"We're up against the real thing," Smoke groaned. "What would you suggest, Shorty?"

"Who? Me? I ain't got no suggestions. The thing's got to run its course."

"But that means they'll all die," Smoke protested.

"Except Wentworth," Shorty snarled; for he had quickly come to share his partner's dislike for that individual.

The everlasting miracle of Wentworth's immunity perplexed Smoke. Why should he alone not have developed scurvy? Why did Laura Sibley hate him, and at the same time whine and snivel and beg from him? What was it she begged from him and that he would not give?

On several occasions Smoke made it a point to drop into Wentworth's cabin at meal time. But one thing did he note that was suspicious, and that was Wentworth's suspicion of him. Next he tried sounding out Laura Sibley.

"Raw potatoes would cure everybody here," he remarked to the secess. "I know it. I've seen it work before."

The flare of conviction in her eyes, followed by bitterness and hatred, told him the scent was warm.

"Why didn't you bring in a supply of fresh potatoes on the steamer?" he asked.

"We did. But coming up the river we sold them all out at a bargain at Fort Yukon. We had plenty of the evaporated kinds, and we knew they'd keep better. They wouldn't even freeze."

Smoke growled.

"And you sold them all?" he asked.

"Yes," she nodded. "How were we to know?"

"Now mightn't there have been a couple of odd sacks left—accidentally, you know, mislaid on the steamer?"

She shook her head, and he thought a trifle belatedly, then added, "We never found any."

"But mightn't there?" he persisted.

"How do I know?" she replied angrily. "I didn't have charge of the commissary."

"And Amos Wentworth did," he jumped to the conclusion. "Very good. Now what is your private opinion—just between us two. Do you think Wentworth has any raw potatoes stowed away somewhere?"

"No; certainly not. Why should he?"

"Why shouldn't he?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

Struggle as he would with her, Smoke could not bring her to admit the possibility.

"Have you any potatoes?" he asked Wentworth that afternoon.

"Yes. Want some?" came the ready answer.

"You bet," Smoke assured him.

"Then go out in the corbe and help yourself. There's more than a hundred tins there."

"I don't want that evaporated dope. I mean fresh potatoes, raw potatoes, potatoes with their skins on and smelling of the earth. That's what I want."

"Sorry," said Wentworth. "We sold them all out at Fort Yukon."

"I'd give five hundred dollars for a raw potato," Smoke ventured; and he could have sworn to a gleam of avarice in the other's eye.

"Would you now?" was all Wentworth said.

"A sack of potatoes right now would be worth more than a gold mine," Smoke continued, convinced that the other was sparring.

"It isn't nobody that has five hundred dollars."

"I have," Smoke declared. "Some several times, too."

VII

"Wentworth's a swine," was Shorty's verdict, when Smoke told his suspicions.

"And so is Laura Sibley," Smoke added. "She believes he has the potatoes, and is keeping it quiet and trying to get him to share with her."

"An' he won't come across, eh?" Shorty cursed frail human nature with one of his best phrases, and caught his breath. "They both got their feet in the trough. May God rot them dead with scurvy for their reward, that's all I got to say, except I'm goin' right up now an' knock Wentworth's block off."

But Smoke stood out for diplomacy. That night, when the camp groaned and slept, or groaned and did not sleep, he went to Wentworth's unlighted cabin.

"Listen to me, Wentworth," he said. "I've got a thousand dollars in dust right here in this sack. I'm a rich man in this country and I can afford it. I think I'm getting touched. Put a raw potato in any hand and the dust is yours. Here, heft it."

And Smoke thrilled when Amos Wentworth put out his hand in the darkness and hefted the gold. Smoke heard him fumble in the blankets, and then felt pressed into his hand, not the heavy gold sack, but an unmistakable potato, the size of a hen's egg, warm from contact with the other's body.

Smoke did not wait till morning. He and Shorty were expecting at any time the deaths of their two worst cases, and in this cabin the partners went. Grated and mashed up in a cup, skin, and clinging specks of earth, and all, was the thousand-dollar-potato—a thick fluid, that they fed, several drops at a time, into the frightful orifices that had

once been mouths. Shift by shift, through the long night, Smoke and Shorty relieved each other at administering the potato juice, rubbing it into the poor swollen gums where loose teeth rattled together and compelling the swallowing of every drop of the precious elixir.

By the evening of the next day the change for the better in the two patients was miraculous and unbelievable. They were no longer the worst cases. In forty-eight hours, with the exhaustion of the potato, they were temporarily out of danger though far from being cured.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Smoke said to Wentworth. "I've got holdings in this country, and my paper is good anywhere. I'll give you five hundred dollars a potato up to fifty thousand dollars' worth. That's one hundred potatoes."

"Was that all the dust you had?" Wentworth queried.

"Shorty and I scraped all we had. But straight, he and I are worth several millions between us."

"I haven't any potatoes," Wentworth said finally. "Wish I had. That potato I gave you was the only one. I'd been saving it all winter for fear I'd get the scurvy. I only sold it so as to be able to buy a passage out of the country when the river opens."

Despite the cessation of potato juice, the two treated cases continued to improve through the third day. The untreated cases went from bad to worse. On the fourth morning, three horrible corpses were buried. Shorty went through the ordeal, then turned on Smoke.

"You've tried your way. Now it's me for mine."

He headed straight for Wentworth's cabin. What occurred there, Shorty never told. He emerged with knuckle-skinned and bruised, and not only did Wentworth's face bear all the marks of a bad beating, but for a long time to come he carried his head, twisted and sidling, on a stiff neck. This phenomenon was accounted for by a row of four

finger marks, black and blue, on one side of the windpipe and by a single black and blue mark on the other side.

Next, Smoke and Shorty together invaded Wentworth's cabin, throwing him out in the snow while they turned the interior upside down. Laura Sibley hobbled in and frantically joined them in the search.

"You don't get none, old girl, not if we find a ton," Shorty assured her.

But she was no more disappointed than they. Though the very floor was dug up, they discovered nothing.

"I'm for roastin' him over a slow fire, an' make 'im cough up," Shorty proposed earnestly.

Smoke shook his head reluctantly. "It's murder," Shorty held on. "He's murderin' all them poor posers just as much as if he knocked their brains out with an axe one way."

Another day passed, during which they kept a steady watch on Wentworth's movements. Several times, when he started out, water-bucket in hand, for the creek, they usually approached the cabin, and each time he hurried back without the water.

"They're cached right there in his cabin," Shorty said. "As sure as God made little apples, they are. But where? We sure overhauled it plenty." He stood up and pulled on his mittens. "I'm goin' to find 'em if I have to pull the blamed shack down a log at a time."

He glanced at Smoke, who, with intent and absent face, had not heard him.

"What's eatin' you?" Shorty demanded wrathfully. "Don't tell me you've gone an' got the scurvy!"

"Just trying to remember something, Shorty."

"What?"

"I don't know. That's the trouble. But it has a bearing, if only I could remember it."

"Now you look here, Smoke; don't you go an' get bughouse," Shorty pleaded. "Think of me! Let your think-slats rip. Come on an' help me pull that shack down. I'd set her afire, if it wa'n't for roastin' them spuds."

"That is it!" Smoke exploded, as he

spring to his feet. "Just what I was trying to remember. Where's that kerosene can? I'm with you, Shorty. The potatoes are out."

"What's the game?"

"Watch me, that's all," Smoke bluffed. "I always told you, Shorty, that a deficient acquaintance with literature was a handicap, even in the Klondike. Now what we're going to do, come out of a book. I read it when I was a kid, and it will work. Come on."

Several minutes later, under a gleaming, greenish aurora borealis, the two men crept up to Amos Wentworth's cabin. Carefully and noiselessly they poured kerosene over the logs, extradrenching the door frame and window sash. Then the match was applied, and they watched the flaming oil gather headway. They drew back beyond the growing light and waited.

They saw Wentworth rush out, stare wildly at the conflagration, and plunge back into the cabin. Scarcely a minute elapsed when he emerged, this time slowly, half doubled over, his shoulder hardened by a sack heavy and unmistakable. Smoke and Shorty sprang at him like a pair of famished wolves. They bit him right and left, at the same instant. He crumpled down under the weight of the sack, which Smoke pressed over with his hands to make sure. Then he felt his knees clasped by Wentworth's arms, as the man turned a ghastly face upward.

"Give me a dozen, only a dozen—half a dozen—and you can have the rest," he squalled. He bared his teeth and, with mad rage, half inclined his head to bite Smoke's leg, then changed his mind and fell to pleading. "Just half a dozen," he wailed. "Just a half a dozen. I was going to turn them over to you . . . to-morrow. Yes, to-morrow. That was my idea. They're life! They're life! Just half a dozen!"

"Where's the other sack?" Smoke bluffed.

"I ate it up," was the reply, unimpeachably honest. "That sack's all

that's left. Give me a few. You can have the rest."

"Ate 'em up?" Shorty screamed. "A whole sack! An' them presers dyin' for want of 'em. This for you! An' this! An' this! An' this! You swine! You hog!"

The first kick tore Wentworth away from his embrace of Smoke's knees. The second kick turned him over in the snow. But Shorty went on kicking.

"Watch out for your toes," was Smoke's only interference.

"Sure: I'm usin' the heel," Shorty answered. "Watch me. I'll cave his ribs in. I'll kick his jaw off. Take that! An' that! Wish I could give you the boot instead of the moccasin. You swine! You swine! You swine!"

There was no sleep that night in camp. Hour after hour Smoke and Shorty went the rounds, doling the life-renewing potato-juice, a quarter of a spoonful at a dose, into the poor ruined mouths of the population. And through the following day while one slept the other kept up the work.

There were no more deaths. The most awful cases began to mend with an immediacy that was startling. By the third day, men who had not been off their backs for weeks crawled out of their bunks and tottered around on crutches. And on that day, the sun, two months then on its journey into northern declination, peeped cheerfully over the crest of the canyon.

"Nary a point," Shorty told the whining, begging Wentworth. "You ain't even touched with scurvy. You got outside aw hole sack, an' you're loaded against scurvy for twenty years. Knowin' you, I've come to understand God. I always wondered why he let Satan live. Now I know. He lets him live just as I let you live. But it's a cryin' shame just the same."

"A word of advice," Smoke told Wentworth. "These men are getting well fast. Shorty and I are leaving in a week, and there will be nobody to protect you when these men go after you. There's the trail. Dawson's eighteen days' travel."

"Pull your freight, Amos," Shorty supplemented. "Or what I done to you won't be a circumstance to what them convalescents I'll do to you."

"Gentlemen, I beg of you, listen to me," Wentworth whined. "I'm a stranger in this country. I don't know its ways. I don't know the trail. Let me travel with you. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you let me travel with you."

"Sure," Smoke grinned maliciously. "If Shorty agrees."

"Who? Me?" Shorty stiffened for a supreme effort. "I ain't nobody. Woodticks ain't got nothin' on me when it comes to humility. I'm a worm, a maggot, brother to the pollywog an' child of the blow-fly. I ain't afraid or ashamed of nothin' that creeps or crawls or stinks. But travel with that mistake of creation!—Go 'way, man. I ain't proud, but you turn my stomach."

And Amos Wentworth went away, alone, dragging a sled loaded with provisions sufficient to last him to Dawson. A mile down the trail Shorty overhauled him.

"Come here to you," was Shorty's greeting. "Come across. Fork over. Cough up."

"I don't understand," Wentworth quavered, shivering from recollection of the two beatings, hand and foot, he had already received from Shorty.

"That thousand dollars—d'ye understand that? That thousand dollars gold Smoke bought that measly potato with. Come through."

And Amos Wentworth passed the gold sack over.

"Hope a skunk bites you an' you get howlin' hydrophobia," were the terms of Shorty's farewell.

Satisfied With Reflected Glory of Ancestors

I WAS recently talking with a man who was bragging about the wonderful things his ancestors had done. He seemed very proud of his pedigree and of the coat-of-arms his family used. He was a fine appearing man, and after he boasted a long time of the achievements of his ancestors both here and in England, I tried to find out what he had accomplished himself, and I discovered that he had never done anything in his life that is worthy of mention. And I wanted to ask him what his children would have to look back upon with pride as far as he was concerned. Here was a man who had a remarkable pedigree, but his father's money absolutely paralyzed him so that he never discovered himself, never tested his powers, never called out his initiative. He has no idea of his own resourcefulness because there was no necessity to call it out, and the result is that he is a well-dressed nobody, with a pedigree. He does not amount to anything in his community, carries no weight. He is just a society drone living on the reputation and the money of his ancestors. Is this living; is this answering the call that runs in the blood?—Dr. O. S. MANNEN.



A Typical Alberta Farm.

Breaking Irrigation Records

ONE OF THE LARGEST SYSTEMS IN THE WORLD IS BEING CONSTRUCTED IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA, WHERE ONE MILLION, THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND ACRES WILL BE RECLAIMED BY BRITISH CAPITALISTS

By W. A. Craick

One of the things we are trying to accomplish through the medium of this magazine is to give Canadians in all parts of the Dominion a better conception of their country. In this connection we have been sending from month to month articles descriptive of big undertakings in Canada. This month we give the facts regarding the irrigation of over a million acres of land in Southern Alberta. British capitalists are making far-reaching plans on a big scale, and their system is said to be the largest of its kind in the world.

One million, three hundred and thirty thousand acres! By the time the works now under construction are completed and the water is turned on, this will be the extent of the territory which will be irrigated artificially in Southern Alberta. It is a vast slice of the earth's surface, capable of supporting a big population, with potentialities for a huge production of food; and yet by the time it is all settled, there will doubtless be further projects under way that will add considerably to the total.

One is inclined to think of the irrigated tracts as of fairly good size; of the systems as containing some remarkable engineering triumphs; but it takes a consolidation of figures, such as the

above, to bring home vividly the really tremendous scope of these undertakings. One of the systems is reputed to be the largest of its kind in the world, which is saying a great deal, when one recalls facts and figures concerning some of the immense conservation works in the arid regions of the western states.

There are to-day three main systems in Southern Alberta, of which the largest, that controlled by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, is divided into three sections. Following this in size is the project of the Southern Alberta Land Company, a British corporation, and lastly there is the pioneer scheme of the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company, which passed at the begin-

ning of the year into the hands of the C. P. R. A comparatively small tract of land has been acquired by the Aylwin Syndicate, on which a fourth system will doubtless be constructed in the near future.

A good deal of interest naturally centres in the undertaking of the British syndicate, which is now practically complete. With characteristic reserve the directors have permitted very little information to get into print concerning

their work and, with the exception of brief descriptions which have appeared in certain Anglo-Canadian publications, there seems to have been little publicity accorded their enterprise. To observe the way in which their engineers have carried through a difficult piece of construction work, to trace the course of the main canal over hill and dale, to note the reservoirs, the dams, the siphons and the flumes, all built at heavy expense, is to engage in quite a fascinating study. It illustrates, as scarcely anything else can do as well, the specialized attention which is being paid nowadays to agriculture. It is in the course of agriculture that all these forces of capital, science and labor have combined.

The British syndicate has as its head no less distinguished an individual than Major-General Sir Ronald B. Lane, K.C.V.O., C.B. It numbers in its ranks many noted Englishmen, including not a few members of the nobility. On this side of the Atlantic its opera-

tions are under the control of James D. McGregor of Brandon, one of the best known agriculturists on a large scale in Western Canada, who occupies the position of managing director; while the engineer-in-chief is Mr. Arthur M. Grace, a civil and hydraulic engineer of great ability, whose experience in irrigation work has specially qualified him for the task in hand.

It was as manager of a 100,000 acre ranch in the valleys of the Bow and Belly Rivers that Mr. McGregor became

intimately acquainted with Southern Alberta and its potentialities. He began making farming experiments, which proved successful and it was not long before he had 1,700 acres under crop, raising wheat, oats, vegetables and fruits, including apples and field corn. Seeing a great future for the country if only irrigation could be provided, he conceived the present scheme, went to England, secured the support of British capital and launched the Southern Alberta Land Company.

Five hundred thousand acres lying to the south of the Bow River and between it and the Belly River have been acquired by the company, of which it is proposed at present to irrigate 350,000 acres. The actual work of constructing the system was commenced five years ago and operations have been continued steadily since then, with a fair prospect that the finishing touches will be put to it this year. It has been a big undertaking in more ways than one, and the moneyed interests behind the company



Arrow-wood siphon. A continuous wood stave pipe 1400 feet long and under 32 feet hard in the Fender Canal, with a thousand seven-foot capacity.



The country flattens out in great plains, with a superior style of farm residence.

have had to put up in the neighborhood of four million dollars to finance it. However, the sale of land at greatly increased prices has begun and the affairs of the syndicate are now reported as being on a dividend-paying basis. At the last annual meeting held in London last March, Sir Ronald Lane announced the sale of 21,760 acres of fifty per cent. irrigable land at \$35.00 an acre, which netted a profit of nearly half a million dollars.

Meanwhile, it will perhaps be of interest to describe the irrigation system and trace its course from the intake of the main canal to its termination, thereby affording readers some idea of just what an irrigation plant consists of and how it is constructed. The water for the system is taken from the Bow River, the company having the right to divert 2,000 cubic feet of water per second at high and flood stages, which is later stored in reservoirs along the route of the canal, for use as required. A dam and intake have been constructed on the river at a point about twenty-five miles west of Gleichen and forty miles south-east of Calgary. An island one-third of a mile wide in the middle of the river afforded a natural means of reducing the cost of diversion. A concrete dam was thrown across the main channel, an earthen embankment spanned the island and a spill dam was run

over the minor river bed. The dams are 500 feet long, 22 feet high and 10 feet above the bed of the canal. They are so amply planned that they will permit the passage of the entire flood discharge of the river, before the earth embankment can be overtopped and injured by erosion. It is figured by the engineer that sixteen thousand cubic yards of concrete were required for the dams and the intake.

Running eastward from the intake, the canal parallels the river, following the slope of the river valley, for about five miles. Then the river swerving to the north, it became necessary to swing the canal out of the valley. This was achieved by making a heavy cut out of the river basin towards the east. To do this it cost nearly a quarter of a million dollars, for the division necessitated an excavation extending for 7,700 feet at a maximum depth of 85 feet, which required the removal of 1,200,000 cubic yards of material.

However, what was lost in cutting through the hillside was more than compensated for later on, as will subsequently appear. The canal following the height of land presently reached the valley of the West Arrowwood Creek. Here was a second obstacle to progress. To overcome the depression the canal was carried across the valley in an overhead flume, built on heavy trestles.



A charming ranch scene of Alfr. Alfr. Note the luxuriant tree growth.

The flume is 1,056 feet long and at the highest point is 45 feet above the water level. Not far beyond the West Arrowwood Creek, the East Arrowwood Creek is encountered. Here was another obstacle to progress and a somewhat more serious one, because the valley was wider and deeper. Instead of running a second flume across at the canal level, the engineers found it more economical to employ the siphon system. Two big inverted siphons, made of seven foot wood stave pipes, were accordingly constructed and these are today picturesque features in the landscape, running with a graceful curve down one side of the valley and up the other.

And now, following the canal as it proceeds in a southerly direction, the observer emerges into a great natural valley, which has become the keystone of the whole system. Without this valley it would have been impossible to have carried the undertaking to a successful conclusion. By damming both ends, the depression has been converted into an immense reservoir or lake, which to-day bears the name of Lake McGregor. Twenty-one miles in length, two and one-half miles broad at its widest point and nowhere less than half a mile in breadth, it ranks fifth among the great storage basins of

the world. Its average depth is 38 feet. The utility of the lake is self-evident. It provides sufficient storage capacity to tide over the driest season, making the system entirely independent of the uncertainty of the river's flow. Had it not been for the existence of Snake Valley, the consulting engineers would have condemned the whole enterprise.

From the southern end of Lake McGregor to the valley of the Little Bow River some stiff work was required. Over 200,000 cubic yards of solid rock had to be removed, entailing heavy expense. But after this section had been posed the great obstacles were at an end and the canal proceeded out on to the prairie. It now extended along the table land lying between the valleys of the Bow and Belly Rivers, a district which lies beautifully for irrigation purposes. A depression, known as Mile Wide Valley is crossed by means of a second flume, fifty-six feet high, built on concrete pedestals.

The canal next approached the valley of the Bow River again and to overcome the grade, several concrete drops have been built, which are nothing more nor less than troughs down which the water can shoot. In time these drops will doubtless be used for the generation of electric energy, which will be



"The Big Cut." 1,000,000 cubic yards of material were removed from this cut.

utilized for various power purposes on the farms. For the passage of the Bow River, heavy and costly construction has been required. Here the maximum head is 180 feet. An inverted siphon, eight feet in diameter and built of wood staves, hooped with steel, fills the requirements. It is 6,500 feet long and has a capacity of 650 cubic feet per second.

After crossing the Bow River Valley, the canal divides, the main portion running in a north-easterly direction and a lateral paralleling the Bow River south to the neighborhood of its junction with the Belly River. The next interesting feature to be encountered is Reservoir No. 2, a smaller storage basin intended to equalize the flow and economize water. It has a capacity of 36,-

000 acre feet and will be found useful for supplementary purposes, when the canal to the west is carrying a heavy load. Like Lake McGregor, it has been formed from the damming up of a natural depression in the land.

Beyond Reservoir No. 2, the canal again divides, one arm running in a northerly direction into a block of 64,000 acres owned by the Canadian Wheatlands, Limited, a subsidiary company in which several of the directors of the Southern Alberta Land Company are interested and the other proceeding eastward towards the valley of the South Saskatchewan River. About 32,000 acres of the Canadian Wheatlands' section will be irrigated at present.

The entire canal system of the South-



Spill gates at the intake. Spill down on the right.

ern Alberta Company will extend to 123 miles, not counting laterals, which of course will be numerous as development work and settlement proceed. It is 46 miles from the intake to Lake McGregor, 21 miles down the lake, and 56 miles across country afterwards. These figures give a good idea of the extent of the system. As for the main canal it averages from 15 to 30 feet in width and 7 to 10 feet in depth, and has had to be concreted for a considerable portion of the route.

prospects are that a fine town will grow up there, as a sort of capital for the district.

So far as rail communication is concerned the property, lying as it does between the main line of the C. P. R. and the Crow's Nest Branch, is not well served. To obviate this a new line is to be constructed from the neighborhood of Medicine Hat right through the centre of the property, which will be a great incentive to settlement. The prospects are that this line will be completed



Flume, 1,200 feet long and 45 feet above water level, built on heavy trestles, to carry on Alberta canal across a valley.

So much for the engineering side of the project. In 1910 a town site was laid out at Suffield on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and quite a settlement has now sprung up there. Town lots to the extent of 30 acres were sold at an average price of \$1,500 per acre and Suffield is to-day in the centre of the Canadian Wheatlands' district. The Southern Alberta Land Company, however, are about to throw open other townsites throughout their property, first of which will be a place on the Bow River near the siphon crossing, to be called Bonanza in honor of the chairman of the company. An ideal location has been selected and the

this year, as there are no engineering or other difficulties in the way. It is further anticipated that the company will have 12,000 acres in shape for settlement this season, and will go in at once for ready-made farms on an extensive scale. Dairy farms will be started and every endeavor made to have a good class of settler take up the land.

As an assistance to settlers, the company has maintained a demonstration farm on their property for several years and have had the utmost success with all sorts of crops and trees. They have now forty-four varieties of English trees growing there, as well as native trees. Yields of grain have been highly satis-

factory; two years ago oats threshed 102 bushels to the acre, while last year it ran 70 bushels per acre, with equally good results in wheat and barley.

Farms of from 80 to 640 acres will be sold, carrying with them water rights. After that a charge of \$1.00 per acre will be levied each year for maintenance of works. Of course irrigation is not always a necessity, nor is it regarded as such. It is, however, a form of insurance, which safeguards the agriculturalist from dangers resulting from dry seasons. The method of applying the water to the land need not be detailed here. The illustrations give a fairly good idea of how it is carried along in ditches and applied as required.

The original irrigation system in Southern Alberta, which was also built by Mr. Grace was a much less spectacular undertaking, though it was of considerable magnitude. It was the project of the Alberta Railway & Irrigation Company, of which C. A. McGrath, ex-M.P., was the leading spirit. This was on the whole, a pretentious undertaking. Not only did the company propose to irrigate a big block of land and to settle it, but also to supply railway communication. The tract which amounts to about 100,000 acres of irrigable land lay along the St. Mary's, Belly and Milk Rivers in the southern part of the province near the International boundary. A main canal 51 miles in length, with two branches, the Lettbridge, 32 miles long and the Stirling, 22 miles long, were constructed at a cost of nearly half a million dollars, the water supply being derived from the St. Mary's River, and a railway was built from Lettbridge into the district.

Development work progressed steadily, following the completion of the irrigation system, and the land became fairly well settled. The growing of sugar beets became a feature of the district, and a large sugar beet factory was started at Raymond. However, during the past winter, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company secured control of the independent company and now operates both the irrigation system and the

railway with a prospect of enlarging the scope of the whole undertaking.

This brings the reader to the largest system of all, that of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, about which a great deal has been written. As it stands this project is divided into three sections, a fact which often escapes the attention of those who take an interest in the subject. The whole C. P. R. irrigation tract covers over three million acres, extending from the city of Calgary in a strip forty miles wide and 150 miles long in the Bow River Valley. The only section to be complete is what is called the western section, which lies in the immediate vicinity of Calgary. The character of the work here is cheap as compared with the far more elaborate plans now being put through in the eastern section.

At any rate, the western section has under irrigation 370,000 acres. A canal system, including main and secondary branches and distribution ditches, of 1,600 miles in extent covers the district, in the construction of which ten million cubic yards of earth had to be excavated. Most of the land in this section has now been sold. At Strathmore a few miles east of Calgary is located a fine large demonstration farm, where practical training in the use of irrigation is given. It is from this farm that the railway draws its dining-car supplies.

In the western section also, the earliest experiments in settling ready-made farms have been made. Here again is a subject about which a great deal has been written. These farms were started fourteen miles from Strathmore in the year 1910. They comprised 80 acres of irrigated land and 160 acres of non-irrigated land, on which a two-roomed house and a barn were built, a well dug and fifty acres fenced, broken in and sown. In 1911, seventy-five more farms were sold similarly equipped, and the idea will be carried on as an annual feature until the land is all taken up. The main point is that it has been irrigation which has made this plan so fascinating.

The eastern irrigation system is still under construction. It is to this section that the famous Bassano dam belongs, work on which is now nearly complete. The big dam is being thrown across the Bow River at the Horseshoe Bend, three miles south-west of the station of Bassano on the main line of the C. P. R. An embankment 7,000 feet long and 45 feet high stretches out from the south bank of the river. In the river channel there is a 700 feet spillway, 40 feet high, terminating in the head-gates of the canal at the north end. Immense quantities of steel and concrete have gone into its construction.

The main canal leading from the dam is 70 feet wide, with eleven feet of water, giving a flow of 3,000 cubic feet per second. The estimated length of the canal system is 2,500 miles, including canals, laterals and ditches, and twenty million cubic yards of earth will have to be removed in constructing it. When finished, as it is hoped it will be this year, an area of 440,000 acres will be brought under irrigation.

In addition to the eastern and western

sections there is a central section in the C. P. R. system, comprising 70,000 acres of irrigable land and lying between the other two. The preliminary surveys for this section were made last year and construction work will soon begin. The water supply will be taken from the western section.

If the irrigation system built by the Alberta Irrigation & Railway Company and the western section of the C. P. R. system be excepted, it may be said that the idea is still in its infancy in Southern Alberta. Both these pioneer systems are comparatively crude and while they have served to demonstrate the efficacy of the remedy for droughts, they have not been altogether successful. Not until the more elaborate systems described have got into working order will an accurate idea of the possibilities of the scheme be obtainable. Meanwhile the tendency will be to encourage small holdings, intensive cultivation of the soil and mixed farming, which will result in a denser population in these parts. That this is not a bad result is obvious and if for no other reason, these irrigation projects are to be commended.



Breaking the first sod on the farm

An Odd Case

By Ed. Cahn

THERE was an interesting magazine article which I wished to read, so after making my patient comfortable and seeing her fall asleep, I prepared to enjoy it.

I had nursed Mrs. Vincent through a severe case of nervous breakdown and had left her for another case, when I was sent for again. She had suffered some shock, just what I was not told, but at any rate was in even worse condition than before and it took my most skillful nursing to pull her through.

She was a cultured, intelligent woman of thirty, not at all given to hysterical imaginings like so many women, but of an exceedingly high-strung temperament.

I confess that certain phases of her case puzzled me, and I was hoping to gain some light from this article.

I had not been reading long, when I felt her eyes upon me. As I looked up, she asked what I was reading with such interest that I could not refuse to tell her by taking refuge in the usual nurse's 'you must not talk,' for the doctor had said that she might, and had urged that I interest her in something if possible, for she was unnaturally listless. So I replied that it was an account of the findings of a society interested in the unseen world.

"Do you believe in those things, Miss Andrews?"

"Yes," I answered, "I think there may be something in them."

"I am glad to find someone who does, and who will not scoff at me. I want to tell you what made me ill again. I have always wondered what life and death are and so longed to know that once I tried to solve the riddle

by suicide. Doctor Shank said I was morbid and my nerves shattered and that I was suffering with hysteria, just as he always does. But he knows there are things beyond his comprehension, though doctor-like he will not admit it to me. I thought for once I would take him completely into my confidence and told him the whole story of this last happening, in the hope that he would investigate it and perhaps report it to one of those learned societies for the investigation of the apparently supernatural.

"I believe it all really did happen, in fact, I can prove it, at least to my own satisfaction, though Mr. Vincent insists that it is no proof and that the whole thing was only a vivid dream."

"One warm morning in June, just after the other illness, I found myself entering an old cemetery. Not by the main gate, but by means of a gap in the fence. The tombstones were sunken and twisted and overgrown with weeds, the flowers and vines running wild, and the paths long since hidden by wild grass. It was a peaceful place and I sat down on a pile of slabs to rest and enjoy the solitude. I gathered a handful of dandelions and wondered what impulse made me come here, leaning my head against a tree and listening lazily to the hum of the city.

"It is a deserted Spanish cemetery set on a sloping hillside, close to the heart of the city. I remember bearing bells and all the indescribable sounds of modern life, so you see, so far I was sane enough. Many of the graves had been removed and an open vault not far away was empty. Naturally, I fell to musing on life and death. The roses

filled the air with delicious perfume, it grew warmer and the noises became a low hum. I roused myself after a little, finding that I had fallen into a sort of a daze, sat up and made my flowers into a chain, and took off my hat, feeling sure that nobody would disturb me. Then I pulled out my beloved Omar and determined to stay all morning.

"Looking up I saw a shadow before me. There was a patch of sunlight at my feet and in the centre of it there was the shadow of a hand and finger, nothing else. I looked about thinking perhaps it was cast by some statue nearby which I had not noticed, but there was nothing of the kind in sight. A dozen explanations came to my mind but I rejected them all as it grew plainer and plainer. The finger pointed without a waver toward the vault across the path.

"I do not say that I was not frightened nor that I was. I felt as nearly as I can express it, impressed. I thought that it was supernatural, that it was meant for me and that I must try to understand its meaning. At the same time I felt my blood chill but I calmed myself by thinking that fear is foolish. Whatever or whoever had sent this message to me must be superior to me. Surely nothing superior would harm me.

"With this thought in mind I rose and took a few steps in the direction it indicated. It vanished! This unheeded me and I almost collapsed. It reappeared as suddenly as it had gone and I went straight on to the vault and through the narrow door.

"I remember how cold and damp the air seemed. It was dark and at first I could not distinguish anything. After a moment though I made out that there were vaults across the farther end. I stepped over to them and tripped, falling against one of them. It gave forth a hollow sound and so did the others when I ripped them with my knuckles. Some of the doors were almost falling. I pulled one open; it was empty.

"I felt this was not what I was there for and let my eyes wander over the lit-

tered floor. There was the finger again! Pointing to the left! I was not even startled, but relieved to know what was expected of me. Pushing some withered branches aside with my foot, I found a rusty iron ring. Grasping it without any hesitation I pulled up a wooden door. A gust of musty air greeted me as I peered down the steep stairs which it disclosed. But even that did not daunt me, for I gathered up my skirts and descended.

"Curiously? Perhaps. I did not stop to analyse my feelings but went on with as little question as I live and breathe. I soon found myself in a dim corridor. It was apparently hewn out of rock and was very lofty and white. These details I felt rather than saw as I hurried along. After a little I heard music. A chant, Oh, so beautiful! Like nothing I have ever heard on earth, or ever will hear. I smelled incense and flowers and when I came to a wide door I pushed it open, not surprised to find myself in a chapel.

"Oh, it was heavenly! Such masses and masses of white flowers, their perfume sweet beyond all our earthly conception of sweetness. I recall thinking as I paused on the threshold, that this must be Paradise, it is not of our earth, and of feeling sure that I was not dreaming.

"The glittering altar, magnificent beyond all dreams, encrusted with jewels and lit by thousands of candles, was a reality. I was alone, though the unseen choir sang on, the celestial melody growing more beautiful and inspiring as I listened, spellbound. I sank to my knees. My rosary was gone! Someone touched my arm. It was a little boy and the smile in his beautiful dark eyes as he handed me a rosary, seemed to come straight from Heaven. I opened my lips to thank him but could not speak. For an instant he stood there radiant, then was gone!

"The choir sang a gloria as an aged priest came toward me and I rose and followed him to the altar. There was a great book and as he opened it he said, 'Thou hast been a good child and

shalt have thy wish. Read, my child that thou mayest know and be content."

"There was the finger pointing to a single sentence, the secret of life—and Death!"

"Yes, the reason for all things! It was so simple, so plain, to think that nobody ever thought of it!"

"Think that I read it there in that great book in letters of flame! The thing I was almost ready to take my own life to know! The grand chant was ringing in my ears, the perfume of the unearthly flowers in my nostrils and I put out my hand to be sure of the book; as I did so everything was dark and I felt myself falling, falling, falling. It was terrible!"

"When I awoke I was on the floor of that dirty evil smelling vault. Weak and dazed I managed to reach the door and stagger out. My hat and book were across the path. I started toward them and must have fainted for that is all I remember until I came to myself at sundown and realized where I was. The shadow was gone."

"I recalled it all just as I have told you. All but the words in the big book. Those I cannot remember, though it seems as if I can the next moment, like the familiar name which slips one's mind."

"A dream? Yes, it may have been. And yet, where did I get this rosary? I had it wound around my fingers so tightly in my terror that it cut my flesh."

Mrs. Vincent handed it to me with an inscrutable smile. It was a long string of perfect pearls strung on a fine gold chain of exquisite workmanship and very ancient design.

"If it was a dream, or if it was not, I know it does not matter, for I no longer wonder, I am content now and some day, perhaps soon, I shall read the book again and know then forever."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Vincent!" I said vigorously as she finished.

"That is what my husband says and I will agree with you both if you can tell me where I got the rosary."



Retrospect

Look back across the vista of the years,

And say: What is most worth remembering?

The struggle after fame with toil and tears?

Nay—Love; with its mysterious hopes and fears—

Love's crimson roses, with their hidden sting!

Dr. Marden's Inspirational Talks

WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO DREAMERS AND WHERE WOULD CIVILIZATION BE TO-DAY BUT FOR THEM

By Dr. Orison S. Marden

In the numerous letters which are received monthly by the publishers of Maclean's Magazine reference is nearly always made to the inspirational articles which are being run by Dr. Marden. This series covers a wide range of timely subjects, and is exclusive for this magazine. Indeed, Dr. Marden does not contribute regularly each month to any other magazine in the world. In this sense will be found a most interesting "talk" on "What the World Owes to Dreamers."

WE hear a great deal of talk about the impracticability of dreamers, of people whose heads are among the stars while their feet are on the earth; but where would civilization be to-day but for the dreamers?

Take the dreamers out of the world's history, and who would care to read it? Our dreamers! They are the advance guard of humanity; the toilers who, with bent back and sweating brow, cut smooth roads over which man marches forward from generation to generation.

Most of the things which make life worth living, which have emancipated man from drudgery and lifted him above commonness and ugliness—the great amenities of life—we owe to our dreamers. Were it not for them, we should still be riding in the stage-coach or tramping across continents. We should still cross the ocean in sailing ships, and our letters would be carried across continents by the pony express.

Our visions do not mock us. They are evidences of what is to be, the foreglimpses of possible realities. The castle in the air always precedes the castle on the earth.

The present is but the sum total of the dreams of the ages that have gone before—the dreams of the past made real. Our great ocean liners, our marvelous tunnels, our magnificent bridges, our schools, our universities, our hospitals, our libraries, our cosmopolitan cities, with their vast facilities, comforts and treasures of art, are all the result of somebody's dreams.

The very practical people tell us that the imagination is all well enough in artists, musicians and poets, but that it has little place in the great world of realities. Yet all leaders of men have been dreamers. Our great captains of industry, our merchant princes, have had powerful, prophetic imaginations. They had faith in the vast commercial possibilities of our people.

If it had not been for our dreamers, the American population would still be hugging the Atlantic coast. It was the persistency and grit of dreamers that triumphed over the congressmen without imagination who advised importing dromedaries to carry the mails across the great American desert; because they said it was ridiculous, a foolish waste of

money, to build a railroad to the Pacific Ocean, as there was nothing there to support a population. The dreams of men like Collis P. Huntington and Leland Stanford bound together the East and the West with band of steel, made the two oceans neighbors, reclaimed the desert, and built cities where before only desolation reigned.

The most practical people in the world are those who can look far into the future and see the civilization yet to be; who can see the coming man emancipated from the narrowing, hampering fetters, limitations and superstitions of the present day; who have the ability to foresee things to come with the power to make them realities. The dreamers have ever been those who have achieved the seemingly impossible.

Edison is a dreamer because he sees people half a century hence using and enjoying inventions, discoveries and facilities which make the most advanced utilities of to-day seem very antiquated.

"It cannot be done," cries the man without imagination. "It can be done, it shall be done," cries the dreamer; and he persists in his dreams through all sorts of privations, even to the point of starvation. If necessary, until his visions, his inventions, his discoveries, his ideas for the betterment of the race, are made practical realities.

How many matter-of-fact, unimaginative men, who see only through practical eyes, would it take to replace in civilization an Edison, a Bell, or a Marconi?

The dream of Cyrus W. Field, which tied two continents together by the ocean cable, was denounced as worse than folly. How long would it take to get the world's day-by-day news but for such dreamers as Field?

What does the world not owe to Morse, who gave it its first telegraph? When the inventor asked for an appropriation of a few thousand dollars for the first experimental line from Washington to Baltimore, he was sneered at by congressmen. After discouragements which would have disheartened most men, this experimental line was

completed, and some congressmen were waiting for the message which they did not believe would ever come, when one of them asked the inventor how large a package he expected to be able to send over the wire. But very quickly the message did come, and decision was changed to praise.

How people laughed at the dreamer, Charles Goodyear, who struggled with hardships for eleven long years while trying to make india-rubber of practical use! See him in prison for debt, still dreaming, while pawning his clothes and his wife's jewelry to get a little money to keep his children from starving! Note his sublime courage and devotion to his vision even when without money to bury a dead child; while his five other children were near starvation, and his neighbors were denouncing him as insane!

What a picture the dreamer Columbus presented as he went about exposed to continual scoffs and indignities, characterized as an adventurer, the very children taught to regard him as a madman and pointing to their foreheads as he passed! He dreamed of a world beyond the seas, and, in spite of unspeakable obstacles, his vision became a glorious reality.

Christ Himself was denounced as a dreamer, but His whole life was a prophecy, a dream of the coming man, the coming civilization. He saw beyond the burlesque of the man God intended, beyond the deformed, weak, deficient, imperfect man boredom had made, to the perfect man, the ideal man, the image of divinity.

When William Murdoch, at the close of the eighteenth century, dreamed of lighting London by means of coal gas conveyed to buildings in pipes, even Sir Humphry Davy sneeringly asked, "Do you intend taking the dome of St. Paul's for a gnomometer?" Sir Walter Scott, too, ridiculed the idea of lighting London by "smoke," but he lived to use this same smoke-dream to light his candle at Abbotsford. "What?" said the wise scientists, "a light without a wick? Impossible!"

It was the dreaming Baron Haussmann who made Paris the most beautiful city in the world.

Think what we owe the beauty dreamers for making our homes and our parks so attractive!

Every place, every beautiful structure is first the dream of the architect. It had no previous existence in reality. The building came out of his ideal before it was made real. Sir Christopher Wren saw Saint Paul's Cathedral in all its magnificent beauty before the foundations were laid. It was his dream which revolutionized the architecture of London.

As it was the dreamers of '49 who built the old San Francisco and made it the greatest port on the Western Coast; so after the great earthquake and fire, when the city lay in ashes and three hundred thousand people were homeless, it was the dreamers of to-day who saw the new city in the ashes where others saw only desolation, and who, with indomitable grit, and the unconquerable American will that characterized the pioneers of a half-century before, began to plan a restored city greater and grander than the old.

It was such dreamers as those who saw the great metropolis of Chicago in a struggling Indian village; who saw Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles and San Francisco many years before they arrived, that made their existence possible.

It was such dreamers as Marshall Field, Joseph Leiter and Potter Palmer, who saw in the ashes of the burned Chicago a new and glorified city, infinitely greater and grander than the old.

Women called Eliza Howe a fool and "crank" and condemned him for neglecting his family to dream of a machine which has proved a blessing to millions of their sex.

The great masters are always idealists, seers of visions. The sculptor is a dreamer who sees the statue in the rough block before he strikes a blow with his chisel. The artist sees a vision of the finished painting in all its perfection and beauty of coloring and form

before he touches a brush to the canvas.

What do we not owe to our poet dreamers, who like Shakespeare, have taught us to see the uncommon in the common, the extraordinary in the ordinary?

The modern luxurious railway train is the dream of those who rode in the old stage-coach.

George Stephenson, the poor miner, dreamed of a locomotive engine that would revolutionize the traffic of the world. While working in the coal pits for sixpence a day, or patching the clothes and mending the boots of his fellow-workmen to earn a little money to attend a night school, and at the same time supporting his blind father, he continued to dream. People called him crazy. "His roaring engine will set the houses on fire with its sparks," everybody cried. "Smoke will pollute the air," "carriage makers and coachmen will starve for want of work." See this dreamer in the House of Commons, when members of Parliament were cross-questioning him. "What," said one member, "can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as horses? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congress's rockets, as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. We trust that Parliament will, in all the railways it may grant, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which is as great as can be ventured upon." But, in spite of calumny, ridicule, and opposition, this "crazy visionary" toiled on for fifteen years for the realization of his vision.

It was the wonderful dream in steel of Carnegie, Schwab and their associates, together with that of the elevator creator, that made the modern city with its sky-scrapers possible.

On the fourth of August, 1907, New York celebrated the centennial of the dream of Robert Fulton.

It was the men, who, a quarter of a century ahead of their contemporaries,

saw the marvelous Hoe press in the hand-press that made modern journalism possible. Without these dreamers our printing world still be done by hand. It was the men who were denounced as visionaries who practically annihilated space, and enabled us to converse and transact business with people thousands of miles away as though they were in the same building with us.

Scarcely a dozen years ago the horseless carriage, the manufacture of which is now one of the largest businesses in the world, was considered by most people as a luxury to be enjoyed only by millionaires. But there has recently been an exhibition of these "dreams" in Madison Square Garden, New York, on a scale so vast in the suggestiveness of its practical possibilities as to stagger credulity.

Fifteen years ago there were only five horseless vehicles in this country, and they had been imported at extravagant prices. To-day there are hundreds of thousands in actual use. Instead of being a toy for millionaires, the automobile is now being used in place of horses by thousands of people with ordinary incomes.

This dream is already helping us to solve the problem of crowded streets. It is proving a great educator, as well as a health giver, by tempting people into the country. The average man will ultimately, through its full realization, practically travel in his own private car.

Daring aviators have recently crossed the highest channel and the American continent in flying machine dreams.

The achievements of every successful man are but the realized visions of his youth, his dreams of bettering his condition, of enlarging his power.

Our homes are the dreams that began with lovers and their efforts to better their conditions; the dreams of those who once lived in huts and in log cabins.

The child lives in dreamland. It creates a world of its own, and plays with the castles it builds. It traces pictures

which are very real to it; it enjoys that which was never on sea or land, but which has a powerful influence in shaping its future life and character.

Our public parks, our art galleries, our great institutions are dotted with monuments and statues which the world has built to its dreamers—those who saw visions of better things, better days for the human race.

The divinest heritage of man is the capacity to dream. It matters not how much we have to suffer to-day, if we believe there is a better to-morrow. Even "stone walls do not a prison make" to those who can dream.

Who would rob the poor of this dreaming faculty, that takes the drudgery out of their dry, dreary occupations, that makes a paradise out of a hovel? Who would deprive them of the luxuries which they enjoy in their dreams of a better and brighter future, of a fuller education, of more comfort for these dear to them.

I know a lady who has gone through the most trying and heartrending experiences for many years, and yet everybody who knows her marvels at her sweetness of temper, her balance of mind, and beauty of character. She says that she owes everything to her ability to dream; that she can at will lift herself out of the most discordant and trying conditions into a calm of absolute harmony and beauty, and come back to her work with a freshened mind and invigorated body.

There is no medicine like hope, no incentive so great and no tonic so powerful as expectation of something better to-morrow.

The dreaming faculty, like every other faculty, may be abused. A great many people do nothing but dream. They spend all their energies in building air castles which they never try to make real; they live in an unnatural, delusive, theoretical atmosphere until the faculties become paralyzed from inaction.

It is a splendid thing to dream when you have the grit and tenacity of per-

pose and the resolution to match your dreams with realities, but dreaming without effort, wishing without putting forth exertion to realize the wish, undermines the character. It is only practical dreaming that counts—dreaming coupled with hard work and persistent endeavor.

Just in proportion as we make our dreams realities, shall we become strong and effective. Dreams that are realized become an inspiration for new endeavor. It is in the power to make the dream good that we find the hope of this world.

Dreaming and making good, this was what John Harvard did when with his few hundred dollars he made Harvard College possible. The founding of Yale College with a handful of books was but a dream made good.

It is this creative power of the imagination, these dreams of the dreamers made good, that will ultimately raise man to his highest power; that will break down the barriers of caste, race

and creed, and make real the poet's vision of the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

"The Golden Age lies onward not behind."

The pathway through the past has led us up:

The pathway through the future will lead on, And Higher."

Do not stop dreaming. Encourage your visions and believe in them. Cherish your dreams and try to make them real. This thing in us that aspires, that bids us to look up, that beckons us higher, is God-given.

Aspiration is the hand that points us to the road that runs heavenward. As your vision is, so will your life be. Your better dream is the prophecy of what your life may be, ought to be.

The great thing is to try to fashion the life after the pattern shown us in the moment of our highest inspiration; to make our highest moment permanent.

With a Mirror to a Lady

Little mirror, go and say
To a lady far away,
She may look at you and see
What seems loveliest to me
Of all lovely things that be.

Show her the sweet reason why
For her constantly I sigh;
Prithce, help me this to woo,
Giving her my point of view
As reflected fair in you.

As no other image there
In your silvery depths may share,
While her own assumes the space:
In my heart there is no place,
Now, for any other face.

—R. D. Lucas.

Riel's Religion of Rebellion

DID THE NORTH-WEST AGITATOR BELIEVE IN THE JUSTICE OF HIS CAUSE AND HAVE FAITH IN THE PURPOSE OF HIS MISSION?

By Frank Yeigh

With the approaching anniversary of the execution of Louis Riel, the attention of Canadians once again will be directed to the "strange character" who for a few troublous years played a part in the drama of the West. It is a different country today to that over which Riel attempted his domination during the stirring times of thirty years ago which culminated in the North-West Rebellion. And yet the story of the upstart is none the less interesting on that account. With the lapse of time, however, a new light has been thrown upon the character of the turbulent-spirited Metis leader, so will be seen from this sketch.

ON November 16, 1885, twenty-seven years ago, Louis David Riel was executed at Regina.

With his death there passed away a strange character who for a few troublous years played a part in the drama of the West. In the storm and stress period that marked the transition of the Great Lone Land from a Hudson's Bay Company Preserve to a trio of thriving provinces; in the period represented by the transfer of the Indian from an untrammelled roamer of the plains to a Reserve Child of the Government, Riel lit across the stage

like a meteor, creating unrest and breeding discontent alike in Indian and cabin and pioneer settlement.

He whose dust rests to-day in the quiet St. Boniface Churchyard, was responsible, directly or indirectly, for the filling of many another grave as the result of the rebellious twin. The tomb of the turbulent-spirited Metis leader looks across the river to old Upper Fort Garry within which he set up his short-lived Provisional Government and proclaimed his Revolutionary Bill of Rights and where he ordered the execution of Thomas Scott.



Louis David Riel.



Louis Riel's grave at St. Boniface churchyard, Winnipeg.

What a flood of water has passed beneath the St. Boniface bridge since the stormy days of 1870 and 1885! Winnipeg has been born since the first date; a new Canada has come into being since the record, and the echoes of the half-breed uprisings sound faintly over the intervening spans. To the new and latest generation, the story of Riel and his rebellious must needs be told as history—history that to the school child appears to be very remote, so swiftly does time travel in the growing West-land.

THE HISTORY OF RIEL.

Harking back to 1869, for the purpose of a brief historic review, the following edict was issued under the signature of Riel:—

"To Hon. W. Mackenzie,
Sir,—The National Committee of the Metis (Half-Breeds) of the Red River order Mr. W. Mackenzie

not to enter the territory of the North West without the special permission of this committee. By order of the President, John Bruce. Louis Riel, Secretary. Dated at St. Norbert, Red River, the 21st October, 1869."

Such was the reception given the governor of the North West Territories, on reaching the boundary line of his domain at Pembina. The little colony of half a thousand whites and half-breeds was marked by incessant intrigue and mutual jealousies. Interests of race and religion, as well as of commerce, clashed in the contest for control. The local condition could be likened to a powder magazine, and the sun with the match—and with the will of purpose to strike it—was discovered in Riel. Possessing exceptional gifts of speech, and closely associated with the half-breeds, Riel voiced the sentiments of that element in the population

and by so doing became their leader. When the question of the transfer of the Hudson Bay possessions in the North West to the recently constituted Dominion became imminent, and the discontent of the disaffected elements in the country was fanned to a danger point, the Metis orator took up the role of a



Gabriel Dumont, leader of rebel forces in second Red Rebellion in 1885.

revolutionist and the position of a dictator, leading what has passed into history as the first Red River revolt. From the place the uprising takes in the history of Canada, it may mistakenly be regarded as a trivial tempest in a very small teapot, and the loss of the Red River country would at that time, as a historian has written, have probably prevented, or materially postponed the Confederation of the provinces and thereby the consolidation of British power in the New World.

Proclamations succeeded proclamations with a frequency that marked the

role of the Dutch in New York under the redoubtable Peter De Stuyvesant as chronicled in Irving's *Knickerbock History*. But they were unavailing in both cases. The "National Committee" continued to defy Governor Macdougall, and the Half-Breed Council called a National Convention. The authority of the Hudson Bay Company was assailed, the books of the Council of Assiniboine seized and action was taken to form a Provisional Government, which in turn issued its famous "Bill of Rights." It was but a step to open rebellion, and this was soon taken by Riel, whose first act was to imprison some of the protesting inhabitants in Fort Garry, of which possession had been taken. Terrorism reigned on the banks of the Red and the Assiniboine. As Governor Adams writes, "insurgency now reigned, and the year closed on loyalty abashed and law discomfited."

Riel and his insurgent deputies, LeRoux and O'Donoghue, issued "The New Nation," "in which the whole miserable force of playing at Government may be read with the pitiful gasconade of galle cockiness, Fenian sedition and Half-breed insolence."

FIRST SHOOTING IN REVOLUTION.

The first bloodshed in the revolt was the shooting of Thomas Scott by Riel's orders, after a so-called court martial—a cold-blooded murder that for long years after stirred the indignation of many Canadians. A reign of terror ensued in the Western plains. A force of troops was despatched under Colonel Wolsley. Stirring was the scene when the little army left Toronto on May 25, 1870, proceeding by water to Fort William and following the six-hundred-mile trail of the Dawson route to Fort Garry, which was reached on August 24th after a long and toilsome three-months' journey.

But the Fort was minus its commander and its government. A brief hour before the troops arrived, Riel had fled. Both the "government" and the rebel army melted away, and the *emancipation* of 1870 was at an end.

One of the surviving members of the expedition was Mr. S. Bruce Harman, of Toronto, who was aide de camp to Col. Wolsley, and who has preserved some of the mementoes found by him in the evacuated rooms of the primitive little stronghold. By Mr. Harman's kind permission, some of the interesting proclamations issued at that time are here reproduced.

The time passed and 1885 was reached in the calendar of the years, and

force of eighty Mounted Police, with forty civilians and volunteers, was on its way from Fort Carlton to Duck Lake to convey the government stores to Prince Albert. In a few minutes the first blood of the rebellious uprising was shed. In a trice scores of the Police force fell, victims not alone to the rebel band, but to all the causes of discontent that had led to the uprising. As in 1870, another military force was turned to the prairies. All Canada was



Louis Riel and his co-conspirators, 1869-70.

with it the second North West Rebellion. Again, a revolutionary Bill of Rights appeared; again it bore the marks of Riel's handiwork. The members of half-breed discontent, that had been smouldering for years, broke out into war when the first rebel net took place in the seizure of the Batoche stores. A half breed and Indian force of 200 mustered near Duck Lake, under Gabriel Dumont, mounted on serviceable Indian ponies and armed with Winchester rifles and shot guns. A

agitated and war rumors accentuated the public unrest." Once more Toronto witnessed the marching of an expeditionary force through its streets, every man eager for the work awaiting him and for the long two-thousand mile journey to the front. Other parts of Canada contributed their quota of fighting men, whose transport over the incomplete Lake Superior section of the Canadian Pacific Railway involved the surmounting of colossal difficulties, and no survivor will ever forget the

PROCLAMATION

in the middle of the North-West

[illegible]

Wax Market's Day Company can now receive business. Transactions involving its wax products are handled directly with WMA. They

The director of the film festival is convinced that spirituality can be the basis of all the things in our world. There are no other way to achieve a better world than the better world we already have. It is all the same.

the Department of Agriculture. I am not among such and I believe I am the only one. But let the people feel assured.

Experiments with the Permethrin Permethrin, very similar with based upon testing, shall be completed.

There is nothing to be learned from this. The only lesson to be learned is that the only way to get the best of the situation is to get the best of the situation. The only way to get the best of the situation is to get the best of the situation.

... Any or several called, not needed to apply. With strength of entire called group properly? *

...and the fact that the ...

In order to protect student education, the Government agrees with all the parties to the Agreement that all decisions to suspend or expel a public or private K-12 student in any school district must be made in accordance with the following:

...and just the beauty of the past will guide us in the future.

Revised Date, Rep Camp, April 8, 1951

monument, a niche-filled place in the national hall of fame, an adulatory chapter in history; but failure—an arrest, a prison cell, a trial by jury, and a hangman's rope.

The final scenes in the tragedy of a misdirected life were enacted in Regina—the Regina of the Pile-o'-Bones day, covering but little territory and surrounded by vast unpeopled stretches, the Regina that never then dreamed of being the capital city of a province yet-to-be.

Rarely has a trial been held in Canada in which a more dramatic interest centred. The second uprising was still fresh in the public mind, the participating soldiery had not had time to meet



First Major's Commission being terminated upon the finding of the court-martial, I have been authorized by the Chief of Staff, General Commanding in Chief, North America to proceed to Fort Garry with the necessary order of Council.

One solution is use of power, and the other object of the regulation is to ensure that Majors's average salary is

Copies of Laws, such as are common in every part of His Majesty's Empire, will be duly exhibited, and the same will be immediately administered to all cases and in all

house. The *Loyal Indians on Half-Breed-Among us: How to be Queen among them* of the *Loyal Indians*.

The force which I have the honor of commanding will have your presence representing its part, citizens of Bolivia by Politics and will afford equal protection to the free and

The patient order and discipline will be maintained and those concerns will be quickly removed. All systems

provided by the Publishers to the Group will be held
and for, should any one consider himself injured by any
action taken by the Group, his attention shall be

[[Legal] people are usually invited to sit on

is carrying all the above mentioned objects.

D. J. WOLSELEY,

Counting Red Stone Piers.

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Wolsley's proclamation to people of the North-West.



Cathedral of St. Boniface, Winnipeg. Rick's grave is located under the trees to the left of the walk.

Rief's proclamation to the people of the North West, issued in 1879.

painful negotiation of the gaps in the rail route.

"On to Q'n'Appelle!" was the slogan of Middleton's army. "On to Battleford!" the cry of O'tter's flying column. It is not necessary to recount all the incidents of the subsequent struggle—of the Frog Lake massacre, of the fight at Cut Knife Hill, of the Fish Creek campaign, of the battle of Batoche, of the dread counting of the cost of war, with its cruel human toll of death. But the end finally came, and with it a groll full of prisoners and a cry for punishment of Riel and his fellow rebels.

THE FINALE OF HIRE.

The finale of the unfortunate and unsuccessful rebel leader was a pathetic one, as all unsuccessful revolutionists ultimately discover. Success means a

in annual reunion of Batoche or Duck Lake or Cut Knife Hill, while the fact that the miniature war and its corollaries had become a political theme only added to the feverish interest.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the eyes of Canada were turned to the little prairie city, on the dingy barracks of the Mounted Police, where Riel was a prisoner, and on the circumscribed court room where his fate was to be determined. On the bench sat His Honor Hugh Richardson, then one of the Stipendiary Magistrates of the Northwest Territories, a man who played an important part in the foundation of law of the West, and in the establishment and maintenance of law and order.

The leading legal lights of the Dominion faced each other, with the late Christopher Robinson as Crown Counsel and associates in Messrs. B. B. Oser

of Toronto, Burbidge of Ottawa, Cagrain of Quebec, and Scott of Regina. The counsel for the defence of Riel were Messrs. Charles Fitzpatrick and F. X. Lemieux of Quebec.

Into the court room is led the manacled prisoner, who hears read the three-fold indictment charging him "as a British subject, or as a resident enjoying Her Majesty's protection in the North-West Territories, with having levied war against Her Majesty, first at Duck Lake, secondly at Fish Creek, and thirdly at Batoche." Even at this distance of time one can easily believe that, as the jury was one by one selected, the accused anxiously watched the face of every man as though he could read their inmost thoughts. One can easily picture the arraignment of the prisoner by that peer among arraigners, the late B. B.



Louis Riel's Counsel in 1885.

Ouler, as he brought home to Riel his guilt, and as he dwelt on the death and suffering caused to others by the ambition of one man. Little wonder that every prisoner who ever stood before the bar of justice trembled, if guilty, when witness the great criminal lawyer.

Witness after witness—white settlers, loyal half-breeds, Basche prisoners, Indian traders, military commanders and Mounted Policemen, missionaries, medical experts—tell their stories that wore so many strands in the rope that was gradually being woven for the prisoner's final undoing. The evidence was in effect a veridical history of both rebellions.

Suddenly the orderly quiet of the judicial proceedings is interrupted by an excited demand on the part of Riel to interrogate a hostile witness, and thus to help in conducting his own case. Riel's counsel objects to his client being allowed such a privilege, but Riel persists and hours are spent in fruitless altercation until the court is summarily adjourned as a way out of the tangle.

The chief cause of the prisoner's excitement was his counsel's effort to prove the claim of insanity, a plea which he strongly objected to all through the

trial. One of the allegations of his insanity was a reference to a book of prophecies written by Riel in buffalo blood. One authority on insanity described the prisoner's disease as megalomania, one who often imagines he is a king and divinely inspired—suffering from supreme egotism in a word as one of the complications of paralytic insanity.

Dramatic in the extreme was Riel's address to the jury. One eye-witnessing chronicler commented at the time "At any rate he spoke with a belief that he was right, but as he proceeded the quiet and low tone was discarded, the body swayed to and fro in guard agitation, his hands accomplished a series of wonderful gestures as he spoke with impassioned eloquence. His hearers were spell-bound, and well they might, as each concluding assertion with terrible earnestness was uttered with the effect and force of a trumpet blast."

"It would be an easy matter for me to play the role of a lunatic," cries the man on trial. "The natural excitement and anxiety which my trial causes me is enough to justify me in acting in the manner of a deranged man."

Then the prisoner, fighting, it must be remembered, for his life, broke into a

strange mixture of speech: "Oh, my God, help me through the grace and divine influence of Jesus. Oh, my God, bless me, bless this court, bless this jury, and bless my good lawyers who have come nearly 700 leagues to defend me. Bless the lawyers for the Crown, for they have done what they considered their duty. God grant that fairness be shown. Oh, Jesus, change the curiosity of the ladies and others here to sanctity. The day of my birth I was helpless, and my mother was helpless. Somebody helped her. I lived, and although a man I am as helpless to-day as I was as a babe on my mother's breast. But the North-west is also my mother; although the North-west is sick and confined, there is someone to take care of her. I am sure that any mother will not kill me after forty years of life. My mother cannot take my life. She will be indulgent and will forget."

But his mother of the North-west did not forget, or forgive. The trial ends.

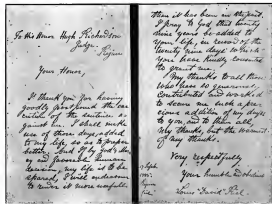
The jury is sent to its work and for an hour deliberates as to a man's life. During those terrible sixty minutes the prisoner is on his knees praying incessantly. What must it be to live through such a space of time, brief as the clock travels; eternally-long in the suffering of suspense!

"Is the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty, with a recommendation to mercy."

The trial of Riel is at an end. When the judge pronounces the death sentence and the date, the doomed man is again in control of himself. Not a muscle moves as, howing to the court, he quietly asks "Is that on Friday, your Honor?" And the curtain rings down on this act of the tragedy as the ex-rebel leader is driven under a strong escort to the guard room which is now to be his death cell.

Appeals to other courts are in vain, a new trial is refused, the fatal sentence stands. The judge, however, grants a



Riel's letter of thanks to Judge Richardson in connection with a stay of twenty-nine days in his execution.

brief respite—a favor that the doomed man evidently appreciated as the following letter shows:—

"To His Honor Hugh Richardson,
Judge, Regina.

"Your Honor: I thank you for having goodly postponed the execution of the sentence against me. I shall make use of those days, added to my life, so as to prepare better. And if by God's Mercy and favourable human decision my life is to be spared, I will endeavor to render it more useful than it has been in the past. I pray to God that twenty-nine years be added to your life, in reward of the twenty-nine days which you have kindly consented to grant me.

"My thanks to all those who have so generously contributed and worked to secure me such precious addition to my days. To you, and to them all, my thanks, but the warmest of my thanks.

Very respectfully

Your humble and obedient

Louis 'David' Riel."

17th September, 1885.

Regina Jail.

One need not dwell at length on the final scene. According to the account given by G. Mercer Adams, Riel met his fate bravely and displayed more fortitude than had been thought possible.

Throughout his last night on earth he was constant in his devotions. As the last hours sped by, he dropped his new and strange religious ideas and decided to die a devout Catholic, receiving the solemn last sacrament.

The fatal morning broke. The cell was dimly lighted by a small window, covered with a rime of frost through which the sun shot a few weak rays. The prisoner wore a loose woollen surt-out, grey trousers, and woolen shirt. On his feet were moccasins, the only feature of his dress that marked the Indian that was in him. He received the notice to proceed to the scaffold in the same composed manner he had shown the previous night on receiving the warning of his fate, and, somewhat against his desire, abstained from making a speech.

"Courage, Pere," spoke the condemned one, to Father Andre. "I believe still in God."

"To the last," added Father Andre. "Yes, the very last. I believe and trust in Him. Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on me. Jesus, Marie, Joseph, assistes moi en ce dernier moment."

And then the darkness! Riel was no more! The Metis leader had met the demands of the inexorable law!



Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING
IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES IN THE WORLD

Britain's Interest in the European Situation

The Mediterranean once again the centre of Europe's contending ambition.

British strategic points are insufficiently protected

WITH the descent of Italy's warships upon the North African coast, the Mediterranean once more assumes its historic character as the centre of Europe's contending ambitions, declares the *American Review of Reviews*, in its summary of the "Progress of the World" for August. Ever since the beginning of Rome's supremacy the Middle Sea has been one of the chief highroads along which the great powers of the world have pursued their policies of war or alliance. Statesmen have dreamed of making it a French and Italian or an Austrian "lake," as their own nationality might inspire their patriotism. Since the first years of the past century, however, when Britain checked the grandiose schemes of Napoleon by her victories in Egypt, and her acquisition of Malta and Cyprus, the Mediterranean has been dominated by British power. Before the breaking out of the Russo-Italian war there seemed no possible challenge of Britain's supremacy. She held Gibraltar on the West, Egypt and Suez on the East, with Malta and Cyprus in between. The Entente Cordiale with France cemented the acquiescence of Spain. With Morocco, Algeria and Tunis under French domination, the Austrian navy in embryo, Turkey and Greece impotent on the sea, Egypt in her own hands, and Italy, if not actually an ally, at least friendly, the Mediterranean was indeed well-nigh a British lake.

All this time the advance of German sea power was hastening the day when Britain must choose whether she would withdraw

part of her naval force from the Mediterranean in order to be secure against the German threat in the North Sea, or make some shift by which she would assign to another power the maintenance of the balance in her favor in the Middle Sea. Just when the German warship program had brought the Fatherland in its building so uncomfortably close to Britain that some of the graver English reviews were insisting upon "either agreement or strike," the Italians attacked Tripoli, and the whole balance in the Mediterranean was upset.

The preservation of the equilibrium of the Mediterranean is the question of the hour in the European foreign office. On the satisfactory settlement of the problems presented by it depends the peace of the continent. No nation is more vitally concerned in this than Great Britain. Indeed, if a general understanding on this question is one of the immediate aims of European diplomacy, it is one of the vital questions in English foreign policy. During the first week in June, at the suggestion of Lord Kitchener, a conference was held at Malta. Premier Asquith, Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the British Admiralty, and the British Consul-General at Cairo together with a number of prominent generals and admirals discussed all phases of the Mediterranean question. The proceedings were secret, but it is reported that they resulted in the determination of the British admiralty to withdraw a certain portion of British naval strength from the Mediterranean to add to that in the North Sea;

and to transfer to the French navy the task of maintaining the dominance of the Entente Cordiale in the Middle Sea.

Britain realizes that she must protect her route to India, but so great has the burden of warship building become that she cannot keep pace with German advances in the North Sea unless she retires from the Mediterranean at least some of the naval force she has long maintained there. There has been a good deal of criticism of this move. Admiral Lord Charles Bessaford, the well-known fighting admiral of the British navy, has been writing to the London newspapers protesting that "if the conditions of the Malta conference be carried out, in a few weeks' time England will have in Mediterranean waters no more than four second-class battleships based not on Malta but on Gibraltar; that in addition, the garrison at Malta is deficient in numbers and guns, and that, in fact, England has at last abandoned her traditional policy of maintaining naval supremacy on the main road to India."

Admiral Mahan has said that if the interior line to India is lost, Malta and Egypt are exposed and the British Empire falls to pieces. The extent of Britain's confidence in France in this matter is realized when we consider the present states of things in southern Europe. Two Mediterranean powers are now at war; the Dardanelles has already been closed; and the Ottoman Government has announced its intention of closing it again to the ships of all Europe; Italy has seized many of the islands in the eastern Mediterranean; Crete is in a state of ferment; and an actual state of war extends from Sicily to Aden.

The Italian attack on Tripoli and seizure of the Egean Islands threatens to take the preponderance of power in the Mediterranean from France and England and give it to the Triple Alliance. That this is being dimly realized by European chancelleries can be seen by three recent moves on the chessboard of continental diplomacy. These are a redoubt increase in Austria's army; French sympathy openly expressed for Turkey; and the pro-Italian declarations of Russia's Foreign Minister, Dr. Sazonov. Last month the German Kaiser and the Russian Czar had one of their periodical love-fests in the Baltic. At the little town of Baltiysk on the Gulf of Finland near the city of Revel, in the presence of their ministers and generals in full regalia, the German and Russian monarchs discussed the general European situation, particularly the Italian-Turkish war. The Kaiser's chief concern, it is further alleged, is to assure

the neutrality of Russia in the event of an Anglo-German conflict. This, we are told, was discussed at Baltiysk.

Last month the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Berchtold, went to Berlin to discuss the question of ending the Mediterranean war, and this month it is expected that Premier Poincaré of France will visit St. Petersburg on a similar mission. It is evident that the telegraph and post will not do as mediums for the discussion of matters of this importance. The personal contact of the men who have in charge the peace of Europe seems to be necessary. The recent appropriation by Russia of more than \$600,000,000 for a new Russian navy is considered by the Turks to be a menace to them, since it probably means Russian insistence upon the opening of the Straits. Furthermore, there are the ever troublesome Cretan question, the Albanian troubles, the temporarily suppressed, and Bulgarian activity in Macedonia.

It is said that at the Malta conference alluded to above Lord Kitchener called the attention of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill to the fact that the Italian attack upon Tripoli had resulted in serious political and commercial conditions in Egypt. Riots of grave proportions have taken place in Cairo and Alexandria, and business conditions have suffered. There was also the recent plot against the lives of the Khedive and Lord Kitchener. The Egyptian nationalists are becoming impatient under the restraints which prevent their joining their Mohammedan brothers in Tripoli against the Italians. On another page this month we quote some English opinions of Kitchener's position and adventures since becoming British Resident-General in Egypt. England's stern, fighting man at Cairo, who has been called her watchdog, standing on the road between Europe and Asia, informed the British statesmen at the Malta conference that he was much concerned about the insecurity of commerce in the Egean caused by the action of the Italian fleet. The British garrisons in the Egean, Malta and Gibraltar, have hitherto been based upon the theory that the British possessions in the Mediterranean would make their position invulnerable. Lord Kitchener is believed to have emphatically protested to Premier Asquith and Mr. Churchill against any international combination which would leave the British strategic points in the Mediterranean insufficiently protected and expose her trade routes to India and the East to the attacks of ambitious continental powers.

The Business Side of Baseball

People of United States spend fifteen million dollars per year—
Attendance of fifty million at professional game

THE people of the United States spend approximately fifteen million dollars a year to see baseball games. The total number of persons registered at all professional ball games during a season reaches fifty millions. So rapid has been the growth of baseball enthusiasm that—as we are told by Edward Mott Woolley—owners of baseball teams predict the time when the aggregate of baseball patronage, including major and minor leagues, will be three hundred millions. They believe baseball to be still in its infancy, and on this prophecy they are staking their cash in monster stadiums of iron and stone, and laying out business plans to take care of their profits that they count up in millions. As a business investment, we are assured, baseball has United States Steel and all the stocks quoted on the Stock Exchange "beaten to a frazzle." Baseball magnates, Mr. Woolley goes on to explain in McClure's, pay salaries of \$10,000, \$12,000, \$15,000, even \$18,000 to their managers and players. One baseball magnate paid no less than \$25,000 bonus for the right to employ a single player. Millionaires like Charles F. Taft, brother of the President, invest in baseball franchises as they do in railroads and industries. Mr. Taft, backed by his wife's fortune, is the Morgan of American baseball, his investments reaching into the millions. Baseball, we are told, is a business—a wonderful business.

The business of baseball requires quick judgment and unlimited financial backing. To the private office of an Indianapolis baseball owner came one day a long-distance call from New York. "This is John T. Brush," said a voice. "I'll give you five thousand for Margaret." The Indianapolis man laughed: "Nothing doing." Brush at once increased his offer. Again his terms were rejected. At last, after a prolonged wrangle over the wires, followed by silence, the voice was again heard: "I'll make it eleven thousand—and this is final. I want an answer quick." "I'll take you," "Done." Ten minutes later Brush mailed his check. This was the highest bonus paid for a baseball player up to that time. "And what," Mr. Woolley asks, "did the purchaser get?"

"A lanky, awkward, baseball boy of nineteen years that Brush had never seen, a boy

that had never pitched an innings of major league baseball, that had never undergone the acid test of facing in a row the mighty batting eyes of Clark, Leach and Wagner, or Shuckard, Schalte and Chance. But Brush knew his record. By that marvelous system of newspaper publicity that has made baseball, Brush and his great manager, John J. McGraw, knew that Margaret had won for Indianapolis the championship of his own league, that he had won a marvelous proportion of his games, that he had struck out so many men, and who those men were, and how good they were and how hard they were to strike out. And McGraw's agents, whose business it is to hunt ball-players, had seen the 'Rube' in action. Brush knew what he was buying—or thought he did.

"Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the nerve, daring and judgment required of the modern baseball magnate. Within recent years this business of owning ball teams has grown into a calling that has enlisted the brains and capital of many big men—big altogether aside from the technique of the diamond. It is a business that is unique, strenuous and often health-debilitating; and it has put the owners in a class with the Wall Street broker or the operator on the Chicago Board of Trade."

John T. Brush began his baseball career twenty-five years ago in Indianapolis when he invested twenty-five thousand dollars in an Indianapolis baseball team. He secured a membership in the National League for his team, but not long afterward received notice that the membership was to be reduced and that he must get out. He refused to quit, but finally compromised for \$75,000—more than has often been paid for a seat on the Stock Exchange. Even then he would not relinquish his membership nominally. Shortly afterward he bought the "Reds" for a song and sold them out ten years later to August Herrman and others for \$416,000. But his tale did not assume the real tinge of magic until he bought the "Giants" for \$200,000 from Andrew Freedman, traction financier. Then he touched the team with his magic business wand.

"If you wish to know the ingredients of business management in baseball, you must study Brush's method of building up his

aggregation of players. It was he more than any one who developed this art as it is practiced by all modern owners. The scouts from the 'Giants' are scouring the land continually for players whose peculiar abilities, one way or another, fit in with Manager McGraw's analyses of his needs. When McGraw says the word, Brush pays the money—three, four, five thousand dollars for a youngster, ten thousand dollars for a veteran, whatever is necessary to get the man he wants. And then, of course, you must study the Brush financial methods, and the enterprise that has given New York, at the Polo Grounds, the most magnificent baseball stadium in the world. 'Yet the finest grandstand will not make a successful baseball business,' says Brush.

'The organization and upbuilding of the team must be given the first place. Without this, baseball ownership fails.'

'The 'Giants' now constitute the most valuable baseball property in the country, being held at more than a million dollars, not including the grounds, which are leased. Brush has made immense profits from the team, ranging from \$100,000 to \$300,000 or more annually.'

'The risks and strain of the business are illustrated in Marquard, the pitcher whom Brush bought for \$11,000. Dealing in human muscle and skill is full of strange contradictions and unforeseen happenings. For three seasons after Brush bought him, Marquard 'fell down' ignominiously. Hailed as the '\$11,000 beauty,' he soon became known to the 'fans' as the '\$11,000 lemon.' Then he suddenly emerged from his disfigure and became a sensation. It was the highlight of the big club that broke him up temporarily. But Brush never lost faith in the youngster, and Marquard has justified his judgment. To-day the announcement that Marquard is going to pitch at the Polo Grounds is good for a crowd that will more than pay his \$11,000 purchase price at the gate.'

The star system is as profitable in baseball as it is in the theatre. Ty Cobb, 'Matty' and others of his calibre are at his attraction at the gate as Mande Adams is for the box office. In that respect Hans Wagner need be compared to Ethel Barrymore and Ping Bodie to John Drew. Brush would not take \$50,000 for Mathewson.

The American League, organized ten years ago as a rival of the National League, now working in harmony with the latter, is headed by Ban Johnson, who is said to combine the money-raising power of a college president with the 'sawd' of a college half-back. It was Johnson that recently suspended Ty Cobb of Detroit for assaulting a spectator who had insulted him. The story of the Detroit 'Tigers,' as related by Mr. Woolley, would make a good chapter in a baseball fairy book. Before this story began the club had received some bad jobs.

'S. F. Angus, a railroad man, who owed the club in its early days, dropped \$60,000 in it. Then William H. Yawkey bought it, and engaged Frank J. Navin to manage it for him.'

'Any time you want a half interest,' said Yawkey to Navin, 'you can have it.' Navin had been bookkeeper for Angus and had little money himself. There was no written agreement; please remember this, for it is part of the fairy tale.

'The next two years, 1905-1906, Yawkey lost \$45,000, while the original investment had been only \$35,000. Then Hugh Jennings, affectionately dubbed 'Hughie' throughout the land, was drafted from Baltimore and made bench manager for Detroit. That year the 'Tigers' won the league pennant, and the profits were \$50,000. It was then that Navin said to Yawkey: 'I think I'll take formal possession of my half interest.'

'With some men, contracts are superfluous; Yawkey is that sort of man. There might have been a lawsuit, but there wasn't. The verbal understanding was carried out to the letter, and Navin came into a bonanza. With his profits he purchased an equal partnership. His total investment in the club was now \$17,000.'

'Then the next year the 'Tigers' captured the pennant again, and the net profits were \$75,000.'

Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago 'White Sox,' Mr. Woolley goes on to say, 'is the most distinctive figure among baseball owners. He is said to have made all his money in baseball. His club is in the million-dollar class. His original investment was \$30,000. Comiskey owns the grounds, the franchise and the stands—all paid for.

Tickling the Public's Ribs

Remarkable amusement features at Coney Island—Lighting bill alone amounts to nearly half-a-million per year

DO you know that electricity has made possible Coney Island not only by night but by day? Do you know that the Breeze, flashing over it nightly, has been an important factor in its development; that the wheels of all the great amusement parks are driven by the power that is generated in dynamos? Consider that it costs \$3,000 a night to light its wooden spires; that these are alone 140 miles a year, making the bill of \$450,000. Do you know that a man with a handful of figures has computed that if all the electric bulbs of Coney Island were placed in a line 30 feet apart that they would illuminate the way from New York to San Francisco? Surely you will admit it is indeed the City of Electricity, writes Edward L. Fox, in Popular Electricity.

Paris has a carnival in Mid-Least, but New York has one every day from the middle of May to the middle of September. Last year 20,000,000 people took part. They came from all parts of the country. Coney Island, you see, is a national show place like Yellowstone Park, like Niagara Falls. Also, the same people spent \$45,000,000, according to the adding machines, and adding machines do not lie.

Unlike Canal, all Coney is divided into four parts—Steepchase, Luna, Dreamland, and the section of general shows. These, taken one at a time, show their dependence to a remarkable extent upon electricity. Let me illustrate:

If you happen to be in Steepchase Park some day, you may notice a blue-eyed, bristling red-mustached man, whose hair, seemingly damp, gives one the impression that he is always working. He is George C. Tilyou. Tilyou, the proprietor of Steepchase, was one of the first men to recognize the value of electricity for amusement park purposes. When he was three years old he went to live at Coney Island with his folks. School days over, he became interested in real estate and finally organized the old Surf theatre on the Boardwalk. Also, Tilyou ran a clean show. At that time John McKane, the political boss of Coney Island, wanted the other type of show. He could obtain graft from it. So he and Tilyou began to fight. Twice Tilyou lost all he had, but finally he won out. McKane

went to the penitentiary for ballot box stuffing. And this is why Tilyou won out.

One day as he was walking along the beach he saw some youngsters playing around an upturned cart. They had rigged up a platform on its wheel and spun this around until one of their number flew off, falling on the sand. Instantly there came to Tilyou the idea of the 'Human Roulette Wheel.' Using the principle of centrifugal force, he built a huge wheel of smooth wood and shrouded it with cushions. To the wheel was attached an electric motor which made the wheel revolve, accelerating at every revolution. People paid ten cents for the privilege of sitting on this wheel and finally being hurled off into the cushions. This netted Tilyou \$50,000 and was the start of his successful Steepchase Park.

Also, it is very significant that the other big attraction of the park is run by the same power. This is the 'Steepchase,' from which the place took its name. One day Tilyou sat watching a merry-go-round. He looked idle but his brain was busy. On this particular merry-go-round the wooden horses moved up and down. There was a crowd waiting to ride them, but at the merry-go-round across the street, where the horses were stationary, there was nobody. The proprietor of the successful merry-go-round came to Tilyou and said:

'The reason for my success is that the people want all the action they can get. They like the idea of jerking up and down as well as going round and round.'

And, as the organ from the failure across the street creaked dismally, Tilyou thought, 'Why wouldn't a contrivance on which the wooden horses ran a race be even more popular?'

Not being able to answer the question in the negative, Tilyou went to work on his invention. At the end of a half year he gave to Coney Island the Steepchase. This was a loop of track, uphill and down, under bridges and over them, on which six wooden horses, operating on the principle of the cable car, raced; and it earned a fortune.

But let us walk up Surf Avenue, the north of the Island, until we come to Luna Park—a wonderful place of papier-mache, mountains and valleys, minarets and tow-

ers, streets of quaint wooden pagodas. This is the place where nearly a million and a half electric light bulbs burn brightly, where the power used is enough to illuminate a city of 400,000 souls, where electricity, as an agent in producing illusions, is seen at its best.

In the beginning was Frederic Thompson, a young mining engineer of Nashville, Tenn. Every once in a while you read of Thompson failing, going into bankruptcy; but always he comes to the front again, stronger than ever. Over ten years ago he obtained the use of one of the big exposition buildings at Nashville. In it he staged his "Trip to the Moon," an illusion in which the scenery revolved downwards, giving the passengers aboard his stationary airship the impression that they were being lifted into space. Wonderful light effects were obtained by delicate use of violet and pink shades. From Nashville he took his "Trip to the Moon" to the Pan-American Exposition, and meeting there Elmer Dundy, they decided to try it on New York. On May 16, 1902, they organized Luna Park, which was named, not after the "Trip to the Moon," but after Dundy's little sister. Their big electrical illusion was the attraction, however, and at the end of the year they had realized 90 per cent on the original investment of two and one-half million dollars.

From that first successful use of electricity grew the many attractions of the park.

Take the "trick walk" that one encounters shortly after entering. The planks of this spread in all directions as one moves forward, being jerked by a series of levers connected with a motor. So with the "Witching Wave"—a canvas covered surface made to simulate in a similar manner. Over this surface cars full of laughing passengers rock to and fro.

But electricity was carried to bigger things. One day Thompson thought it would be a good idea to show the public what damage could be done by a tremendous volume of water, suddenly turned loose. He spent \$250,000 doing that and made as much more. He called his new attraction such name. By means of a great electric pump he drew daily a million gallons of water from the ocean into a great reservoir. The water came, 65,000 gallons every minute, through 22-inch mains.

Then the reservoir was decreed to represent a mountain and below it was built a ten-foot tank at the top of which was a mining town in miniature. When the show

began the audience saw the town at sunset. The light effects used by theatrical men were made doubly effective through Thompson's skill. Gradually the painted sky darkened into night; one by one lights began to twinkle in the little houses, scenes of riot and dissipation came into being throughout the camp—some Gomerah of the Northwest. Then, when the organs were at their height, a judgment in the form of a sudden deluge was visited upon the place. Behind the scenes a man pressed a button and, the reservoir opening automatically, the water came hissing and tumbling down, sweeping everything before it and tumbling the little houses in a dark gorge.

It has been said of Thompson that his psychological recipe for amusement park success is "let the crowd amuse itself." He does that with his "helter-skelter," a race slide down which people shoot amid the laughter of hundreds looking on. In every other case, however, he calls upon electricity to help the crowd in the amusement task of "amusing itself." Yes, Thompson is enamored of electricity. Last year he even went far as far to do away with the Little Steam railroad that ran around Luna and in its place installed an electric system. Now he has two roads, two third-rails and two double end motor cars.

So it is with Dreamland. Its great tower formerly ablaze with thousands of lights hints that electricity is the keynote of the place, just as it is at the other two parks. They'd no use for steam power of any kind. They even had a Hall of Electricity, in which one could be shocked for the asking and view all sorts of great apparatus to say nothing of electrical curling irons. Then they had their big illusion like the one at Luna. Only here it was called "The Fall of Pompeii," and an electrical volcano got in its work after vari-colored electric lights have shown the city in beautiful hues. And there's "Creation," too, the only constructive show of the spectacular type. It, too, however, was dependent upon electrical effects.

But let us leave these three great parks. We have seen that their success depends wholly upon electricity. Now let us visit the swarms of general attractions scattered throughout the Island. Most important among them is the Scenic Railway. Of this there are two types—the one in which the cars are motor driven, and the gravity railroad. Of course the former type is using electricity all the time. The latter, though, employs it as well. By cables the cars are carried to the top of high points, where they

gain the potentiality for their wild dashes up and down and around.

Also, we find in many of the side shows up-to-date uses of electricity. There are glass palaces, of many colored lights, and stairways, their steps charged with electricity, giving the walker the sensation of countless needles entering the soles of his feet.

And because of electricity Coney Island

is a success—such a success that twenty million people visit it every year, spending \$2.25 apiece. The whole proposition would be regarded by a hard-headed business man as a gamble. But the splendid audacity of the showman makes a surety. In his weird city of make-believe he gives wild license to the imagination, and pays cash to hear out his theories that the public wants to amuse itself in the most ridiculous manner.

The Psychology of Vacations

No one challenges the need of holidays in this age. The problem is to make the best possible use of them from every viewpoint

THAT the working capacity of the average man is increased by a certain amount of off-time, rightly spent, is no longer challenged. The problem facing wide-awake organizations is to induce him to make the most of his opportunity and to turn the period of relaxation to the profit of both employer and employee. Here, as in many modern instances, the business man turns to psychology for advice. One big manufacturing concern in the Middle West, quoted by William Hamilton Burgess in *Business*, distributes thousands of vacation pamphlets written by the company's house-physicians for the benefit of its employees. "Let your vacation be an investment in efficiency," reads a salient extract from one of its pages.

"Return from your outing in the country with a glowing surplus of health and energy. While on your vacation avoid rigidly everything that will tend to weaken or undermine your nerves and muscular system. Avoid late hours—don't be a night-owl—take gay companions and the delights of the bar. Keep your mind off business matters. Let your physical organization have a complete chance to recuperate in every direction. Go in for adequate exercise, long woodland walks at sunrise, horseback riding, swimming, rowing and other athletic sports. Eat plenty of wholesome food. An important point to remember is this—sleep in a well-ventilated room, and adhere to that excellent old saying—'Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.'"

The pamphlets, enclosed in the pay-envelopes of the employee, with his vacation

wages, contain illustrations and a list of desirable summer resorts with varying rates for weekly accommodations. "We have observed," remarks the head of the firm in question, "that a large percentage of employees in any concern will take a keen interest in a doctor's advice. Scientific management," he goes on to say, "may prevail in an office or shop, and officials may feel elated over the success of their A-1 system of man-handling, and yet they will often overlook the fact that their system can stand further improvement—perhaps another five or ten per cent—by extending their program of scientific management so that it will embrace the employee's leisure time."

Is an employee's physical and mental activity during his holiday or "off" hours, one must remember, is sure to react upon his daily work-day usefulness. That fine and intricate piece of machinery—the nervous and muscular organization of man—needs careful and constant care. But how shall an employer impress the need of adherence to this truth upon the average employee? How shall he induce subordinates to live efficiently? How shall he teach an employee to make his private thoughts and actions conform to the principles of scientific management? An employer can compel a man to conform to those principles pretty closely while at work, but after quitting time the employers' jurisdiction over him practically ends. There is but one course left open for the employer. He can persuade his employee by counsel, reason and logic, written and oral, to apply the "efficiency habits" of office or shop to his daily life."

Encouraged by the success of its vacation pamphlet, the firm supplemented the latter by brief weekday talks once a week on "Food and Efficiency," "Health and Industry," "The Psychology of Health," etc., by the house-physician.

Many employers still grant vacations grudgingly. One large bank in Chicago, however, Mr. Banquet informs us, absolutely insists that every man in the institution take a vacation of two weeks or more, as the case may be. This is a matter not of sentiment, but of business. Every man must be away from his desk at least two weeks a year, and during his absence someone else does his work, and thus the opportunity to check him up is afforded. "Aside from the expediency of giving vacations to bank employees," explains the head of this institution, "it is unreasonable, if not disastrous, to expect a man to plod at his desk continually for twelve months at a stretch."

"Overwork and lack of recreation retard the faculties. To grant an employee a change of scene and association gives him a chance to get a truer perspective on his own manner of life. He can go away somewhere and look at himself in a new light; perhaps he may become aware that he has been wasting his talents, that he has been falling into idle and dissipative habits. His vacation may thus give him time for mature reflection. He may repent, and his repentance may convert him into a man of added energy and worth to himself and his employers."

Seniority of service in this institution has the preference in the choice of vacation dates. Often the vacation is extended from two to three or four weeks in recognition

of long and efficient service. A department store of some importance in the Northwest grants to clerks who attain a special standard of selling efficiency an extra two weeks' vacation with full pay. Thus top-notch clerks enjoy a four weeks' vacation. "Last season," explains the store superintendent, "there were nearly forty salesmen out of a sales force of one hundred and fifty who reached or exceeded the standard determined upon as worthy of special recognition on the part of the firm."

"These supplementary vacations for meritorious service are given during the months of July, August and September. Those who win an extra two weeks are cordially welcome to them. Besides, clerks of this calibre need to have their vacations lengthened in order to be in better physical and mental trim. We feel that our 'have wire' clerks are reinvigorated by four weeks of recreation. It is an investment in efficiency, and works good for both the store and the clerks."

"The clerks of less efficient calibre receive of course the usual two weeks' vacation with regular pay. We note that our supplementary vacation policy has improved the annual selling records of those less fortunate clerks, who live in hopes of being just barely able to attain the standard selling record. In cases where their records approached somewhere near the set annual standard, we have allowed them one extra week in addition to the regular two weeks. Thus the spirit of fair play pervades our supplementary vacation policy, which we find has proved a fine asset in developing and promoting efficiency in the forces behind the counter."

How to Make a Million Dollars

Joy in work is the secret of success, says this authority—most fortunes are made by charting out some new course

WRITING in the Business Philosopher, Milton Beulah gives some valuable advice on business development and money making.

You owe all the to-morrows in the world, he says.

Broken, depleted, discouraged, nervous to-morrow new energies will be harnessed, new fortunes made, new glories won. New prospects will be located, new friends made, new customers made of the

friendships formed a few days ago. There is no end to the opportunity for success that lies in to-morrow.

A college professor is fond of saying that with preparation, a fair amount of brains and sufficient tool any man can become a millionaire. Some of us would not go so far as that, others believe every word of it.

Granted that we have as much cerebral matter as the next man, to amass a million dollars we must be prepared to seize every

opportunity that crosses our path. Opportunity crosses more than once, in spite of what the late Senator Ingalls said about it. Preparation counts in learning how to know Opportunity when we see it.

For instance, a young lawyer, practising in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, whenever he had a client to practice on, spent much time in the court rooms, and noticed that counsel read decisions from the law reports. They read the number of the book, the page and the paragraph or two pertinent to the case in hand. He advised with himself and the upshot of the case was that his citations were not read, but quoted from memory. The learned judges looked at him over their spectacles, the professional jurymen gasped. The judges sent for the books. The young lawyer grasped the opportunity of making an impression for himself as well as for his client. He recognized the fact that a statement made from memory, and made positively, bore in deeper, his harder than a quotation read from a book.

The effect on the jurymen was one hundred per cent. good. They reasoned, subconsciously, that if the young man knew the law well enough to quote from memory he must know something about the facts which they were sworn to judge. The memory task the young lawyer set himself was easy of accomplishment when his cases were few. As his practice increased his ability to memorize grew with it. To-day, man may be can quote law, report number, page and paragraph, after one reading.

Imagine the effect on a prospect if the salesman gave him from memory extracts from testimonial letters, paragraphs from the catalogue, whole sections of intensified selling argument!

A man may make a million dollars in any line of honest endeavor, but only when he finds joy in his work. There never was a rich man who did not find joy in the labor that made him rich. When the joy runs out of the dough the profits run with it.

All of us remember the story of Tom Sawyer, created by the immortal Mark Twain. Remember how Tom hated the job of whitewashing the fence! The boy was a born promoter. He painted the joy of whitewashing so vividly to his companions that they paid him in pennies, marbles and toys for the pleasure of wielding the brush. They found fun in the task, were willing to pay for doing it. Never, in a million years, would Tom Sawyer have made a good whitewash artist. We don't know what happened to him after he was twenty-one, but it is a good guess that he promoted a railroad or two.

Joy in doing? Fun out of a business or a profession? When an actor has a day off does he spend it in the country? Does he go fishing? Does he hire himself to the golf course? Not if there is a theatre in town.

Edison works eighteen hours a day in his laboratory. He puts in his play time and his work time in the same room. "Pleasure in work? What does the copy-reader or editor do with his play hours? Eighty per cent. of them are spent in shippered feet with a book under his nose. He robs his sleeping time to enjoy the work of others in his own line.

Some men have made a million dollars by following other men. Most fortunes have been made by charting a new course. The doors and the men who value precedent because it tells them what not to do. The doors believe that "precedent is something to be broken," not preserved. The arch enemy of progress is precedent.

The man who makes a million dollars is the man who does things differently, who gets under the hide, who sometimes startles the people with whom he is in close contact.

Do you know such a man? Mark him well, for if he has a fair amount of brains, sufficient preparation to recognize opportunity, ambition and determination, he will carve his name high up on the wall where the names of famous men are inscribed.

Cutting Off New York's Death Rate

Sketch of "man who chopped off five per cent. of New York's death rate in seven years"

IN WRITING up "interesting people," the American Magazine gives a sketch of Ernest J. Lederle, "the man who chopped off five per cent. of New York's death rate in seven years."

A far-visited planner, an energetic and kindly administrator; with German thoroughness, Yankee shrewdness, and universal humanity—strong, patient, able, just, judicious.

That's Lederle.

The public health of New York City, an immense, congested, squalid metropolis—a hive, incessantly busy, rushing, roaring—a clutter of five million human beings, many very filthy and most of them careless.

That's his job.

"Public health is a purchasable commodity—how much do you want to buy?"

That's his platform.

New York City's death-rate per thousand dropped from 23.01 in 1906 to 15.33 in 1911—the lowest in the history of the city.

That's results.

New York has at present a lower death-rate than Paris, Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Newark, Buffalo, Boston. She is about even with Chicago and San Francisco. Cleveland is lower; so is Los Angeles.

New York's achievement stands out, however, when you remember that these are young cities with a population mostly just past infancy and below old age, thereby giving an age-grouping favorable to low mortality, which is not the case in New York.

London and Berlin have a lower rate—14.40 and 15.1 respectively. But the birth rate in New York is 26 per cent. higher than in Berlin and 10 per cent. higher than in London. Big cities are cruel to children, so with the higher birth-rate comes the higher death-rate.

And thereby hangs the one tale that I have space to tell of Lederle. In 1910, 19,600 children under two years old died in New York. Of these, 15,000 were less than one year old.

Give a guess. Milk? Precisely — you guessed it the first time.

Lederle laid down the law that all milk sold in the city should be classified into three grades:

(A)—suitable for infants and children.

(B)—suitable for adults.

(C)—suitable for cooking and manufacturing purposes.

All milk sold in grades A and B must comply with high special requirements or else be pasteurized. It opened fifteen milk stations where infants' supplies can be had and instruction is given in the care and feeding of babies. This work is as yet barely begun—but in 1911 the deaths under two years had dropped from 19,200 to 17,574. Two thousand babies net is something for a starter.

This is a bare sample. If you live in New York write to the Department at Fifty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue, and be put on the mailing list for their monthly bulletin. Then you will find out exactly what is doing with contagions, nuisances, food inspection, milk inspection, hospitals, vital statistics, and a hundred other things that are your concern—officially just as much your concern and your job as they are Lederle's.

Lederle has discovered a great truth that has made him a great man. It is this: you will never be truly happy until you have put as much energy and ability into securing the public good as you have put into your own private business. Mayor Gagner dug that truth out of Epictetus long ago, and has made his appointments largely among men who see the same thing the same way. Like Tomkins, for instance, in the dock department, or Purdy, in the tax department, Lederle "doesn't have to work." He could lead a life of cultivated inaction if he wanted to. The Lederle Laboratories are immense money-makers. But Lederle's hobby isn't for money or fame. His hobby is for getting a good job done for the public good—city "getting it sorted"—and he works like a dog and is happy as a lord.

Blundering Into Business

Small investors should not risk all their capital in ventures with which they are unfamiliar

VALUABLE advice to the inexperienced who are about to seek business investments is given by The World's Work, in the following article on "Blundering Into Business."

One of the most usual errors in putting money away is to buy into a business risk without knowing it. A few months ago,

a man who inherited \$20,000 in 1905 told me a story to illustrate this point.

In 1908 he went out West. In Washington he met a man who owned extensive timber holdings in British Columbia. The one imperative need of this man was capital. He talked about lumber as the one sure road to wealth, if only he could get enough

ready money together to build a mill and begin to turn his standing timber into marketable lumber.

The upshot of this chance meeting was that the Ohio man put all his money into the stock of a new lumber company. It was a very favorable bargain, perfectly honest on both sides. No cash was wasted. The business began in a legitimate way. It paid from the start. In 1909, it paid 20 per cent. on the money invested, and in 1910 and 1911 25 per cent. The investor congratulated himself on the woe of his money.

Last winter, however, letters began to complain of the restricted working capital. A good line of credit at the bank was open, but the restricted method of doing business did not suit the Washington man. He wanted more capital. He wanted to expand the credit of the company. The investor did not know just what to say. He saw that more money was needed; but he could not put up any more himself. The alternative was easier, and, he figured, perfectly safe. Yielding to the request of his partner, he agreed to sign his name to notes of the company, and so do what he could to expand the credit and the working balance of the concern. This done, he set down to await the larger dividends he felt certain would come.

Only a few weeks later came the thunder-clap. A terse telegram informed him that a great lumber concern had failed, and that the Canadian banks were curtailing credit on that class of enterprise, and asking that debts be paid.

"We must have a hundred thousand dollars by Saturday," was the conclusion.

Then, only, did the would-be investor realize that he was in business. He rose to the occasion. He took his whole correspondence on the matter, from the very beginning, down to Cincinnati, to a business man whom he had known for years. He thrust it out for two days. On Friday, he wired to Seattle, placing funds at the disposal of the company to meet its crisis. In the process, however, of getting that money, he had handed over control of the whole concern to other men. He had learned that he who borrows under fire pays for what he gets.

This experience has not turned out unhappily. It is told here merely to illustrate how a man seeking the peace and security of a sound and careful investment may blunder into business, with its worries and its joys.

Unfortunately the man most likely to be lured into a business venture when what

he really wants is an investment in the very small and innocent investor. The promoter and the speculative broker count upon the fact that the average small saver of money does not know the difference between investment and business, and they lead him into dangerous business risks under the guise of investment securities. Speaking generally, all mining promotion stocks and bonds represent not established investment opportunities, but business risks of an extreme type. The only mining security that remotely resembles an investment issue is that made by established mining property managed by reliable and experienced people, and having an established record for dividend payment, for production, and for consistent depreciation charges. Not more than one in three hundred of the mining securities offered to the public possess these characteristics.

In the railroad field there are plenty of investment opportunities, but there are also plenty of business risks. Any stock or bond that represents a railroad property under construction, without established earning capacity and without established traffic, should be bought only on the full understanding that it is a partnership in a business enterprise rather than a sound and established investment security.

In the industrial field an even larger percentage of the public offerings has the character of business risks rather than of investment securities. A new industrial security is particularly apt to be a speculative business proposition. Many industries, no matter how well established they may seem, can never be conservatively classed as investment propositions. This is particularly true of companies that manufacture products representing an invention or a machine, because they may be superseded at any time by new inventions or new machines; and industries that represent products sold to the public by means of a heavy advertising appropriation. There are, of course, some exceptions to this rule, but they are companies that have been in business for a long time, whose products have become staple articles of merchandise, and whose good will is extremely solid and almost beyond the reach of competition.

The most alluring of all forms of security is the construction issue; that is, the issue of stocks or bonds put out to build some new railroad, to open some new mining property, to establish some new industry, or to find some new invention. It is here also that the greater risks may be found. Even the wisest and shrewdest of American business men cannot forestall with any ac-

curacy how such an investment will turn out. Every year our great financiers, pushing forward big construction enterprises, trip over unlucky incidents and lose large amounts of money in business ventures of this sort.

The late David H. Moffat, of Denver, trying to build a new line of railroad from Denver to Salt Lake, encountered the panic of 1907, and practically lost at one stroke the fortune that he had taken a lifetime to build up. The late E. H. Harriman blundered into an even more obvious speculation in a big copper company of the Southwest. He found himself so much involved that at one time he contemplated making a fight for control of the company. From all accounts he lost a substantial sum of money as a result of this little business venture. Mr. Morgan's horse stepped into a similar loss in the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. Their venture into this property was probably not entirely voluntary; but no matter what the cause, the fact seems to be that they went into this road at a good price and got out of it at a good loss.

Similarly, this same firm has been identified from its beginning with the International Mercantile Marine, and some of its partners were probably involved in the American Ship Building Company fiasco of 1902. A few years ago, the Guggenheims blundered into an adventure in the Cohett

field and got out of it, it was reported at the time, at a substantial loss of money and at a great inconvenience besides. The late H. H. Rogers, so shrewd a financier as the United States has produced, became ambitious to build a new railroad from the coal fields of West Virginia to tidewater. Before he finished that task he had been obliged to pledge a large amount of his personal fortune to Wall Street, and had gone through a strain that probably helped to break down his constitution and to kill him.

If you analyze such instances as these, you will discover that in some cases apparently level-headed business men put all, or very nearly all, their private fortunes into a single venture, and stood to win another gigantic fortune or to lose practically the entire fortune that they already had. The result is sometimes complete ruin, as in the case of Mr. Moffat. On the other hand, when such men as Mr. Harriman, or such firms as the House of Morgan, have been found in losing ventures, it invariably turns out that only a small proportion of their wealth is involved in the venture, and they write off their losses without much trouble.

Unhappily, the smaller the investor and the more difficult his accumulation of money, the more likely he is to risk it all on a single chance.

the car passes over a series of electro-magnets which are extended coincidentally with the passage of the car by electricity conveyed from guide rails to the magnets by brushes adjusted to the side of the car. These brushes supply the only contact of any part of the car with the rails when the apparatus is in motion. The effect of the electro-magnets is to repel the aluminum plates, by inducing what are called eddy currents, and the entire car is thus lifted and supported on an invisible cushion of ether. It is held in the air as firmly as if it were supported by springs of steel, yet one may pass one's hands beneath the bottom of the car without experiencing any sensation whatever.

Mr. Raebulet's model car, supported thus in the air by the electric magnets, is drawn forward by the attractive influence on the steel body of the car, of other magnets which are coiled, in the form of so-called solenoids, at intervals along the track. As the weight of the car rests entirely on the electro-magnetic ether cushion, there is no progress except that offered by the air itself, and the possibilities of its speed are to be gauged practically with reference to this obstruction only. The current in each successive solenoid is of course shut off automatically, just as the car reaches the neutral point within the cylinder.

That the model of this unique type of wheelless vehicle works perfectly, Mr. Raebulet has demonstrated to many competent witnesses. Whether the principle can be applied economically on a commercial scale remains to be shown. The objection has been made that it would require, even according to Mr. Raebulet's own calculations, as much power to raise a passenger coach off the tracks as it would to propel a loaded car of ordinary weight at a high rate of speed. But it is admitted that this might not be an insuperable objection, provided the enormous speeds predicted by the inventor can be attained in practice.

The only obvious barrier is air pressure, which becomes a factor of vast significance when high speeds are in question. But precisely what are the limits of speed beyond which air pressure becomes practically an impenetrable wall, no one as yet knows. The pessimistic calculator may advance grounds to recall that an engineering prophet in 1820 offered to bet a wheel of Steppenson's "Rocket" if that pioneer locomotive should prove able to compass ten miles an hour. The "Rocket" actually made thirty miles an hour on its trial trip—which seemed as great a miracle then as three hundred miles an hour would seem to-day.

A Thousand Miles an Hour Now Possible

Great speed may be attained by the wheelless car, the invention of a French inventor

AMONG the notable achievements and theories of the day in Science, *Heurist's Magazine* last month placed "the wheelless car that may reach a thousand-miles-an-hour speed. Newspaper readers, it says, were startled recently by the announcement that a new type of conveyance had been invented—a new car able to develop a speed of one thousand miles an hour. It seems almost an anti-climax to say that the announcement further declared, a speed of three hundred miles an hour could be "easily attained."

It must be added by way of interpretation that the vehicle for which such a startling future is predicted, is still only in the experimental stage. To speak quite accurately it exists only in the form of labora-

tory models. These models, however, give a really remarkable performance, and demonstrate the principles upon which the commercial car is expected to work.

The inventor of the new machine is Mr. Emile Raebulet, a Franco-American electrical engineer, now living in New York.

The car itself is a metal cylinder, with conical ends to overcome air resistance (in other models, a skeleton of steel), the base of the car being a plate of aluminum. The car has neither wheels nor internal mechanism, yet it is capable of traveling along the miniature track at a high rate of speed. While in progress, it does not rest on the track itself, but moves through the air, seemingly unsupported.

The explanation of the mystery is that

Would You Pay Yourself Wages?

Honestly, Would You Employ Yourself?—A Plain Question of Self-Examination

Which Workers Might Consider

To most people this will be a new viewpoint. And we venture the opinion that it will be a somewhat novel one, too. "Would you pay yourself wages?" asks E. N. Fordon in the *Business Builder*.

"Honestly now, would you employ yourself?"

"Did you ever put that question to yourself? Did you ever answer it fairly and squarely, way down in your heart and way back in your head—answer it the way you knew it should be answered? Did you ever answer it without quibble or evasion, without life or lava, without any other feeling but that of commercial disinterestedness?"

"You say that can't be done? But it can. You've done it hundreds of times; I've done it; our neighbor has done it. The

real true answer is in the way-back feeling that honest consciousness—that obtrudes itself whenever the question comes up and we wrestle with it.

"When you're dissatisfied with your job, when everyone else seems to be doing better than you, when you feel that your services aren't appreciated as substantially as they should be, when you rail at what the house doesn't do for you, when you spend a couple of hours of each working day nursing your woes instead of patting your shoulder to the business, when, in fine, you are absolutely certain you're getting no square deal, then ask yourself the question:

"Honestly now, would you employ yourself?"

"The long odds are that you're in a better position to answer that question even than your employer. Of course, whether you answer it truly or not, whether you answer it the way your innermost consciousness tells you to, is another matter. An innermost consciousness has a way of showing a man up to himself in a most unvarnished way. You can't get away from it, either. You know it's there even when you try to ignore it."

"An innermost consciousness never comes out and calls the other part of your mind a liar or a hypocrite without its being pretty sure of the ground it stands on. For innermost consciousness is the most unprejudiced fellow in the world. He takes you as he finds you, when you're trying to take yourself, perhaps, in any other form."

"Honestly now, would you employ yourself?"

"Don't start carving the pull that others seem to have, the raises in salary others get, the nice things said about the work of those around you; don't begin to own the hose, to damn the manager, to vilify the superintendent, to scorne the house, because you seem to keep stationary, because you don't go up faster. Instead, just put that question to yourself and let your in-

nermost consciousness answer it for you. If your innermost consciousness says: 'You've a right to kick, old man. The deal isn't just square, that kick—but do your kicking where kicking will do some good, if there's merit behind it. And the only place it will do good is to the face of the man to whom you are responsible, or someone over him.'"

"When you think you've got a kick coming, register it with the right party—or else strangle it."

"If, however, that innermost consciousness says: 'I'll be blamed if I'd employ you,' then, for goodness sake, keep mum and hustle for all you're worth—because if you're not worth hiring you may be worth firing."

It's the balance on the credit side of the ledger that makes fortune, the balance on the debit side that breaks them. Now, therefore, is a good time to strike a balance.

"Honestly now, would you employ yourself?"

"There are some employers, also, who might at times advantageously put the question to themselves: 'Honestly now, would you employ yourself?'"

The word failure only applies to the one who quits the fight.—The Business Builder.

The Fighting Leader of the Progressive Party

Frank A. Munsey declares United States has great political movement and man to lead it

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has no more loyal supporter in his fight for the presidency than Frank A. Munsey, whose publications are already waging a magnificent campaign in behalf of the new Progressive leader. Writing in Munsey's Magazine, Mr. Munsey gives this brief sketch of Roosevelt the Fighter:

A great political leader without a great political movement back of him can accomplish nothing; a great political movement without a great leader can make little progress.

To-day we have both the great movement and the great leader. It is certain that no man in America appeals to the imagination of the people with anything like the force of Mr. Roosevelt, and it is probable that no man in this country ever equaled him in this respect.

He has been the champion of the plain people for more than thirty years—since boyhood, in fact—and never, in all his public career, from Assemblyman to Governor of New York, and from Governor of New York to President of the United States, has he once sacrificed the people that he might seek the favor of wealth and power of any kind, social or otherwise.

Moreover, he has not been merely a negative friend of the people. He has achieved for them in great measure—has achieved for all the people, rich and poor alike, in the wise legislation he has secured, and in awakening the public conscience to a righteous sense of civic duty and social justice.

It is because of this enviable record of achievement as reforms and big, broad statesmanship, and because of his unflag-

ging interest in whatever makes for the general good of all the people, that he holds so great a place in the hearts of the American people.

Furthermore, Mr. Roosevelt is the type of man that sires the blood of the people. He is the embodiment of democracy, the cowboy, the soldier, the huntsman, the scholar, the writer, the orator, and the statesman. He is a man of most unusual mental, moral, and physical courage. There are counter-parts of Mr. Roosevelt in any one of these qualifications, but I know of no counter-part of him in this country, or anywhere in the world, combining the three in one.

Governor Sheehan once told me of a conversation he had with Mr. Roosevelt, standing before the mounted skin of a monster grizzly bear which Mr. Roosevelt had shot at close range—so close that the odds at one instant seemed greatly in favor of the grizzly. After a description of the dramatic fight, Mr. Roosevelt suddenly turned to Governor Sheehan and said:

"But, Governor, I shall never be satisfied until I have killed a grizzly bear with a knife!"

This incident suggests the physical courage of the man—a courage that knows no retreat.

But his physical courage is not greater than his mental and moral courage. In the Legislature and out of the Legislature, in caucus and convention, and as President of the United States, he has held true to the line of duty and has fought his fights to a triumphant finish, fought with the same vigor, the same kind of courage, that made him wish to grapple to a death encounter, knife in hand, with a grizzly bear.

Nearly all of his great triumphs in re-regulation, in bringing about the control of railroads, in forcing a halt upon the ruthless onward march of giant corporations, in legislation for pure food, pure drugs, employers' liability, and social justice—nearly all of these were the result of terrific struggles with an unyielding and defiant Congress.

No man, unless he had been a fighter of the courage and quality of Roosevelt, could have overcome the opposition that assailed itself suddenly against the President's reforms and constructive policies.

No wonder that a man of this type appeals to the imagination of the great American people; no wonder that he wins them to enthusiasm and loyalty.

This description of Mr. Roosevelt would be incomplete, and would leave an erroneous impression, if I were to say nothing of the other side of his character. What I have said pictures him as a man of tremendous

initiative, tremendous energy, and tremendous fighting force. But this is only one view of Mr. Roosevelt. As a friend, a neighbor, a good fellow, a charming companion, a husband and father, he is likewise an exceptional man—not so exceptional as in his mental and physical powers, but very exceptional, nevertheless.

He has the keenest sense of humor and a most kindly and boyish nature. His wide reading, his ample fund of knowledge, and his vast experience with people and in great affairs has equipped him to be, as he is, one of the most entertaining of men. But beyond all this, beyond all the qualities and qualifications I have mentioned, he is a leader of men, a man who impresses his leadership on everybody, a man who inspires all about him, emerges all about him, and is an uplift to all about him.

It is because of this faculty that he is so extraordinary as an executive and administrative genius. He puts the spark of life into everything he touches, implants it in every man about him, with the result that men of indifferent capacity, under the inspiration of his leadership, under the stimulus of his mood, take on some of the force that radiates from him and show the efficiency of really first-rate men.

This is leadership, big leadership, executive and administrative genius of the highest, the most superlative order. And this is the man of the hour, the man who stands as the embelished and unflinching leader of the new political party, founded on the idea of progress and social justice, founded as a political party, the control of political parties, and against the domination of political parties by corrupt, selfish financial interests and vast, concentrated money power.

No political party ever started out with fairer prospects of growing into a great, sound organization, an organization of the people and for the people, than this new Progressive Party. The cause is right, the leader is a man who leads, the earnest people of the country are earnestly back of both.

The illustrations in this article show Mr. Roosevelt in action as vividly as still-life photographs can portray a man. In those pictures you will see the strength, the determination, the tenacity of the man. You will see that back of his expression, back of his stance, there is deep, intense sincerity, coupled with tremendous physical, moral and mental force.

Mr. Roosevelt is now fifty-three years old, in the very prime of life. In his energy and his endurance he shows none of the

wear and tear of work and years. Indeed, there isn't a fitter man in the whole country to-day. He came through the recent campaign for the Presidential nomination, undergoing the most strenuous strain, speaking as he did all over the country, and several times a day, without showing even a sign of fatigue. For instance, finishing at midnight in New Jersey, the next day he appeared at his editorial desk in New York, where he turned off a vast amount of accumulated work, and also saw many callers.

Of the many great political fights in which Mr. Roosevelt has been engaged in his thirty years of public life, he now has on his hands the greatest of all. It is a titanic task to build a new nation-wide organization, covering our vast territory and reaching our population of one hundred millions. And in this instance the task is complicated, the difficulties intensified by

reason of the brief time remaining before the election on November 5. But all difficulties shrink when actual work begins, and the work has begun. In fact, it began in the mounds of the Orchestra Hall audience in Chicago on Saturday night, the 22nd of June, even before Mr. Roosevelt had finished his great speech saying that he would accept the nomination of the Progressive Party. The leadership of Mr. Roosevelt was never seen to greater advantage and never better felt than on that occasion, which is destined to mark a big place in American history.

The audience in that hall, when that meeting broke up, was ready to follow Mr. Roosevelt to any rational length in the cause for which he stood, to any rational length in a rebuke to the dishonesty and crookedness of the great convention in the Coliseum, that had passed into history but an hour before.

Real Education— and No Holidays

New ideas being put into practice in Michigan schools illustrate the advantages of "live" education

THE Michigan schools, as described in the American Educational Review by Kathleen Nicholson, seem to be a very happy illustration of "live" education. Mr. Luther L. Wright, the leader of State education, has made great changes on the conventional methods.

To supply children with vocabulary and ideas, he set them memorizing the most beautiful selections of prose and poetry in the language, then the very best stories were culled from literature, including fiction, fable, folklore, nature biography, and history. The child's interest in things beautiful was developed by the use of pictures carefully selected and discussed by them. Copies of the best pictures and statuary were placed in every school. Nature was drawn upon; experimental gardens, collections of soil, rock, plants, animals. Local industries and scenery were studied. The child was taught to express himself orally.

When the pupils entered the eighth and ninth grades, then they were ready for written work. Then, too, technical grammar is taught, the pupils being ready for it. The text-book is discarded, not

only in language work, but in arithmetic. Number work consists in the visualizing of real problems. No pencil, pen or paper is used until the seventh grade, yet every arithmetical principle has been used and mastered orally before that time. Other forms of sense training are constantly used. The children run about the room noiselessly on the ball of the foot—never walk. In all the work they are trained to use hands, eyes, ears; and the co-ordination of muscles thus developed results in ease, grace, poise, and skill. So far the system seems admirable.

But what will impatient school boys and girls think of the next feature?—

One of the most important articles of the creed is the recommendation of the twelve months' school system to the attention of taxpayers and other educators. Mr. Wright refers to our present system as a traditional survival from the days when our forebears required the help of the boys and girls in the farm during the summer season. To-day the growing demand for vacation schools proves that no real need exists for the long idle summer vacation. In our own day, when school is no longer regarded as a preparation for life, but is

recognized as being life itself, the long periods of time seem entirely superfluous and the unguided, undirected vacation a real loss. School is no longer a mere grind over texts, but a place replete with incentives to activity. It is the child's social centre, harmonized to meet the developing needs of his own nature, wherein he lives among his peers in his own little world. In these schools the discipline preceptually takes care of itself. It is his natural environment in which everything has been arranged on a basis of appeal to his native tendencies. The dawn of every instinct has become the creation of the child's real world, wherein everything is his own tan-

gible, appreciative possession. It is the goal to which he turns instinctively in the morning and to which he goes eagerly and earnestly. His attitude towards it, in these schools, is a revelation to the visitor who watches his absorbed interest in every detail of his work, which he approaches almost reverentially and without corollary of any kind. Is there any excuse for turning him out of this environment during three months of the year? Moreover, three months' vacation means that throughout a twelve years' course of grade and high school, the child loses thirty-six months or three full years of the most valuable time of his life.

How the Machine Emancipates Man

Opportunities for employment have been increased and not diminished by modern and useful inventions

MR. H. H. SUPLEE writes in *Cassier's* on the replacement of the man by the machine. He recalls how steam was first used in order to pump water from the flooded mines of Cornwall, then applied to the driving of iron mills and textile mills. In spite of the fear that the labor so displaced would remain unemployed, the opportunities for employment have been increased and not diminished. The pumping of water has made possible an ample water supply to great centres of population, and thus lowered the death-rate.

The steam engine has transformed the commerce of the world, and enabled the excess population of the older settled portions to be distributed over new areas. So with the development of railways. The fearfully hard and brutalizing labor of paddling has now been transferred to mechanical appliances, and the Bessemer converter is doing much of the work formerly consuming the bodies of vigorous men.

In the handling of pig iron great economy has been effected by the lifting magnet—

With a cargo of 4,000,000 pounds of pig iron, the time required to unload this vessel with twenty-eight men was two days and two nights, which corresponds to about 3,000 pounds per man per hour, or about fifteen tons per day of ten hours, agreeing very well with Mr. Taylor's figures under

ordinary day's work. When the lifting magnet was introduced, the total time required for unloading was reduced to eleven hours, and this was done by two men, whose labor consisted in manipulating the controllers in the cages of the cranes. Thus two men did two magnets did the work of twenty-eight men in less than one-fourth the time.

The Whitney gin for removing seed from cotton fibre may be said to have caused the immense entire cotton industry of England and America. If a machine could be invented to pick cotton, it is stated that the present crop of ten or twelve million bales a year might be more than doubled. The Campbell machine, tested in Texas, is said to have a capacity of 6,400 pounds of cotton a day, or more than twelve bales. This corresponds to the work of thirty skilled cotton pickers. It only involves the services of one man and a boy at a cost of about six dollars, compared with about fifty dollars for picking the same amount by hand.

In spite of the mechanical development of agriculture, still only about 5 per cent. of the agricultural work in the United States is mechanically performed. All the manifold applications of electricity have resulted in the relief of man from burdensome toil, while providing new and higher occupations for thousands. The kind of labor most readily displaced by machinery is that of the untrained man

who works principally with his muscle and, therefore, the laborer must learn to work with his head as well as his hands, and to do things at the same time that

are lighter and more valuable than formerly. An entirely different kind of training from that formerly supplied by the old apprenticeship system is needed.

The Coming of Bonaparte

Piece of brilliant writing, as vivid as cinematograph and as graphic as Macaulay, by Lord Rosebery

THE distinction of the *Fortnightly Review* is a paper by Lord Rosebery on the coming of Bonaparte. It was originally written as a preface to the Nelson edition of M. Vandal's "L'Avenement de Bonaparte," where it appeared in a French translation. It is a piece of brilliant writing, as vivid as a cinematograph, and as graphic as Macaulay. Lord Rosebery says that in this book we see the first accession to power of Napoleon, and his first appearance as a ruler.

New and wider horizons open before him, soon to be boundless. As the narrative proceeds we see the meagre company disappearing and replaced by something larger. There is something looming, one can scarcely say what, which exhilarates the graying soldier Bonaparte; it is Napoleon in the egg.

The drama opens in 1799 with Sieyès as director, who saw that a heroic figure was required. Bonaparte, with all his victories, was shut up in Egypt, but finally he arrives in France.

His arrival savors of the marvellous. He has traversed and escaped hostile fleets almost by a miracle, revivifying his birthplace for the last time, and he has arrived safe. The Directory, with a grimace, gradually announces the news. The nation craves little for the grimoire, so long as the news be true. There is unbounded enthusiasm; legislation cannot proceed; "affiliated with emotion," the legislators adjourn.

Then follows an explanation which may be some alarmed reactionaries to-day be regarded as not without present relevance.

Why is there this remarkable outburst? The answer is simple enough. It is not that the nation craves for fresh glory at the hands of the conqueror. What it demands is order at home, and peace abroad.

Order in the first place. For ten years they have been living on high aspirations

varied by massacre, believing that legislation can effect everything, even transform human nature; and that taxation can be so adjusted by getting rid of the wealthy as to enrich and benefit the poor; worshipping in fact, the silly gods that bright a nation. In five years, 3,400 laws have been enacted, enough to make the mouths of modern legislators water, enough to convert earth into heaven were earth convertible by alchemy. All that had been produced was anarchy, poverty, and discontent. Nor had the finance of the system been more successful. The graduated tax on property had been a hopeless failure, and the Treasury was empty. The aspect of the provinces was little better. In Lyons, the second of the great cities, the Revolution had ravaged like an earthquake, and destroyed whole quarters of the town. In Marseilles, the third, we are told, there seemed nothing surviving but hatred. Brigandage reigned in some departments, civil war in others.

It is not wonderful then that peace is the passion of the citizens, not only for itself, but because they feel that without peace the restoration of order is impossible. Other generals may gain victories, but the population has an ingrained faith that only Bonaparte can secure peace. He alone is victorious enough to terminate a war, and the only way to end the Revolution is to end the war.

The way Bonaparte fulfilled this role is then told in a series of flash-light pictures. The Council of Five Hundred is removed by its President, Lucien Bonaparte, to St. Cloud. Bonaparte addresses them, loses nerve, hesitates, is hustled and cursed; "stout Jacobins seize the little fellow and shake him like a rat."

His face is scorched to blood. His furious words lash his soldiers to rage. This is outside—

Inside, Lucien is still vainly struggling with his colleagues. At last he sends in whispers a message to his brother that the

assembly must be broken up in ten minutes, or he can answer for nothing. Bonaparte sees that this is the critical moment, and that he must make use of the presidential authority by expelling the President. Grenadiers enter and remove Lucien; the arrest of the President involves the dispersal of the Council. Outside he joins the General, and, with the authority of the President of the Five Hundred, improvises in a passionate speech the famous legend of the poniards with which an attempt had been made to murder his brother. The brother, with bleeding face is by his side. The time for action has come. Murat enters the Orangery where the Five Hundred are assembled, with drums beating and his soldiers. "Kiss these people out of doors," is his brief order, quickly accomplished. "The petting and crowd" of futile sentiment in imitation tones is hustled out to the relentless beating of the drums. The soldiers lift the more obstinate from their seats and carry them out like naughty children. These lamentable and discredited tribunes are helpless and become ridiculous. They scuffle out amid the sniffs and scorn of the crowd.

So the Five Hundred were disposed of. But legality required some constitutional basis for future proceedings. So thirty of the fugitive Five Hundred were collected; the Ancients, too, were collected. Before the Bump of the two assemblies Councils Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Ducos took the oath.

The work of reorganization required infinite tact and patience, and here Bonaparte reveals himself in a new character. He is eminently tactful and imperturbable. He

has to keep vigilant watch in three directions where there is danger; he has to watch the Royalists, the Jacobins, and the army, which is Republican. He has to balance, to conciliate, to inspire confidence on the one hand without exciting jealousy and distrust on the other. The young General—for he is only thirty years old, how incredible that seems!—haggard and emaciated, toils feverishly for eighteen hours a day, sees everyone of every party, works to bring order out of confusion.

The Constitution is at last settled; there are to be three Councils, two with deliberative voice, but the decision of the First Council is to be final.

After his hurry to Italy and a new victory against Austria—

Marégo has changed him, he has become master, his tone is curt and imperious. He knows that whether the fatal battle has brought peace or not, it has given him supreme power. Even on his way home he has done what he could not have done before—he has opened negotiations for a Concordat. He is now master of France, ready to be master of Europe.

Yes, France has found the man she sought, to rid her for the time at least of Revolution. But she has also found a master. And on Europe his hand will be not less laid.

It will take the Continent fourteen years and a generation of mankind to get rid of him.

The curious reader wonders whether, in giving this preface in its original English to the British public, Lord Rosebery wishes to hint that the time in British politics for the strong man armed is not far distant.

The Why and Wherefore of Dinner

There is reason in our madness in methods of eating, declares authority who has studied question

IS THERE ANY REASON for our methods of eating? Instead of having a stereotyped dinner, with courses of the kind and in order sanctified by custom, is it not just as well to sit on a log and eat sandwiches? Pienkner thinks it so—sore in a while, at least, but Dr. R. S. Levenson, writing in *The California Medical and Surgical Review*, tells us that they are wrong. There is good reason why we should not top off with soup, or start in with ice cream. Pos-

sibly in far-distant climes, China, for instance, where there are different customs of dining, there may be as good reasons of a different sort; but, at any rate in our own land, Dr. Levenson is sure that discoveries in the physiology of digestion, made during the past dozen years, have shown that there is scientific basis for our habits in the taking of food. Our unconscious routine of courses at dinner "taken through cognisance," the doctor believes, "of the physi-

ological principles upon which digestion is founded." He says, as quoted in an abstract made for *The Scientific American Supplement*, New York:—

"In more elaborate affairs than the ordinary dinner there is seen to be an analytical purposefulness in our practices that may on casual observation seem to be entirely without physiological significance. Take, for instance, the elaborate gowns worn by the women and the evening gowns worn by the men, the floral decorations, and the music.

"There is no doubt that each of these serves the function of composing a generally favorable stage-setting, as it were, for digestion. It has been abundantly shown in recent years that a person's mood is one of the greatest significances in the performance of the digestive functions. If one is in a lumpy frame of mind, free from cares and worries of his professional or commercial surroundings, digestion proceeds as it normally should; on the other hand, worry, anger, and anxiety are potent factors in destroying the normal progress of the digestive functions. There can be but little doubt that such practices as we have mentioned tend to dispel any of these unfavorable moods that may be the relics of the care-laden day, and produce a frame of mind conducive to the normal progress of digestion.

"Coming now to a consideration of the composition of the meal itself, think how frequently the first course consists of some article of food which appeals forcibly to our sense of smell, as caviar, sardines, anchovies, or smoked salmon. The presence of course is accord with the principles of digestion first thoroughly investigated by Pavlov, who showed in his wonderful series of experiments that the most potent factors in the production of a favorable flow of gastric juice are stimuli which appeal to the various special senses, chiefly smell and taste. Moreover, the taste of these articles as well as others commonly employed as one of the introductory courses of a meal, such as oysters, lobster, clam, or crab cocktail, salad, and the various relishes, is such as to appeal forcibly to the sense of taste and thus produce an abundant flow of 'psychical' gastric juice.

"The second course in the usual dinner menu is soup, and here we again find substantial physiological reasons for its being placed where it is. Here also we are indebted to Pavlov for the discovery of the fact that the only other stimulus to the flow of gastric juice, besides the various

appeals to the special senses, is a chemical one, and the most potent factors inducing this flow of chemical gastric juices are the most extractives, which of course are the principal components of broths and soups. We thus see that there is a definite physiological reason for the introduction of broths and soups into the early stages of the meal.

"The entree which usually follows the soup apparently serves the rather negative purpose of merely consuming time for the acid gastric juice to be secreted in sufficient quantity to be in readiness for reception of the next, and, from the gastric standpoint, the most important course of the meal, the meat course; so far as gastric digestion is concerned, proteins, so represented by meat, are the most important articles of the meal, and it is the digestion of these for which we may consider the previous gastric activity to have been in preparation.

"Dessert is usually composed of entirely different foodstuffs than are the earlier courses. Carbohydrate preparations of frozen foods composed chiefly of milk or cream, water, fruit flavors, and sugar, compose the desserts usually found on the modern menu. Here again physiological research gives us an excellent reason for the placing of these articles at the end of the meal. Until within recent years the general medical as well as lay view of the stomach was a large hollow organ which by a vigorous churning movement mixed together all of the foodstuffs introduced into it, and, when this was sufficiently churned and mixed, expelled it into the duodenum. To-day we know that this is quite incorrect. Instead of there being a general admixture of all the material taken into the stomach there is a layer-like arrangement in which the material first introduced takes a peripheral position next to the gastric mucosa, that subsequently introduced taking a more and more central position. Only the material which lies next to the gastric mucous membrane is acted upon by the gastric juice; when the latter agent has sufficiently acidified and digested this, the slow wavy peristalsis of the fundus moves this peripheral position into the pyloric antrum and thus the next layer comes into contact with the mucosa.

"According to this progress, the food last taken into the stomach is thus placed most centrally, and is in this way protected from the action of the acid gastric juice for as long as several hours. It is the fact which gives us the reason for the end of the meal. It is well known that

the gastric secretions contain no ferments which act upon starch. Such a ferment, however, is contained in considerable quantities in the saliva, the so-called amylase. In the process of mastication and insalivation of the food the amylase comes into intimate contact with the food particles and, given favorable surroundings, is able to effect a considerable degree of starch digestion for quite some time after the food leaves the mouth. Thus favorable surrounding the carbohydrate dessert finds in

the contra position that it takes in the stomach contents, where it is well protected from the action of the acid gastric juices which would immediately destroy the activity of amylase, which is able to act only in an alkaline medium.

"We thus see that there is sound physiological reason for the arrangement of the meal as it is ordinarily composed in civilized countries, and that almost each course and each article serves some function in harmony with the laws of digestion.

The Prince of Story Tellers

Key character sketch of E. Phillips Oppenheim, who "Represents a Habit of Some Five Million Americans."

IN the *National Magazine*, for August appears an interesting sketch of E. Phillips Oppenheim, the "Prince of Story Tellers."

From the earliest age men, women and children have loved those who can tell stories. The child cries out, and loves to hear the interesting details of a story, even if it be repeated over and over again, and the skillful "teller of old tales" always retains a special esteem in hearts and homes. The subtle charm of Dickens, the vivid satire of Thackeray, the versatility of Kipling—literature would indeed be stale and unprofitable were it not for the story teller. Even Homer with his "Iliad" was not a story teller; the minstrel with his song told the story.

To-day, in Sheringham, England, there lives a man who is called the "Prince of Story Tellers." He seems to relate an incident with all the charm of the ancient sage-man, and the story-loving public finds it hard to wait between his books. E. Phillips Oppenheim represents a habit to some five million Americans, and the Oppenheim habit is one of the easiest and most pleasant habits to acquire. You have but to read one or two of his novels, to get the full savor of his work, and in ninety-seven cases out of a hundred you will at once begin to look up the rest of them. When you have gone rapidly through these—and that's the way you will read an Oppenheim book, since it is too engaging to be dilly-dallyed with—you will join the throng of his steady readers, which grows year by year.

One of the most interesting things that

occurs in an editor's life is to study the vague and growth of different writers. They seem to come in groups and run in cycles. At this time there is probably no more popular writer of fiction than E. Phillips Oppenheim. His stories have the ring of interest. They divert the mind; they entertain and have an underlying subtle purpose that reveals the master hand.

E. Phillips Oppenheim, as many know, is an Englishman, related to America by marriage, since his wife is a Massachusetts woman. Truthfully speaking he is cosmopolitan in the broadest sense, since he long since lost the usual jealousy of the Englishman. Perhaps his wife is partly to be praised for this; perhaps his occasional trips to America and his frequent visits to Paris and the Continent were important factors in his acquirement of world knowledge. At any rate his books, dealing usually with international plots and intrigues, show a wide acquaintance with the various centres of European life with diplomatic methods, and with all grades and classes of people. Yet he says, in an autobiographical sketch, "so far as regards actual influence upon my work, I would be perfectly content to spend the rest of my days in London. Half-a-dozen thoroughfares and squares in London, a handful of restaurants, the people whom one meets in a single morning, are quite sufficient for the production of more and greater stories than I shall ever write."

The real centres of interest of the world," he says again, "seem to me to be places where human beings are gathered

together more closely, because in such places the great struggle for existence, whatever shape it may take, must inevitably develop the whole capacity of man and strip him bare to the looker on, even to nakedness. My place as a writer, if I may claim one, shall be at a corner of the market place."

His travels, then, are for pleasure rather than to get "atmosphere," for as soon as a story is in his publishers' hands, he takes a mental stretch and yawn, and then starts off on a short trip, invariably returning, however, with the germ of a new plot snugly tucked away in his mind.

Most of them he admits to "pitching up" in Paris, and not a few have been confined to him by a chance table acquaintance or a friendly waiter. Although more than twenty of his forty-four years has been largely devoted to novel writing, Mr. Oppenheim declares that the fun and excitement of the work has never waned. He approaches each new story with the same unflagging zest. Given the glimmering of a plot, his wonderful imagination proceeds with the precision of a machine, and almost before he realizes it, he has built up his story. Back and forth he tramps in his study, dictating as fast as his secretary can take it in shorthand. As soon as the typewritten sheets of the first draft are handed to him, his real work begins, for then comes the revision, the smoothing and the polishing, and the new dictation of the tale in its final form.

The bulk of his work is done at home in Sheringham, where the breeze blows fresh from the North Sea, always in sight. His comfortable, typical English cottage bears the Indian name of Winkinsmet, after his wife's native city of Chelsea.

Although there are few more prolific writers, yet Mr. Oppenheim does not look as though he spent many weary hours pursuing his vocation. Americans who had the good fortune to meet him on his recent visit to New York and Boston declare that he is the breeziest, jolliest, bluest looking person imaginable. His blue eyes are quick to twinkle, and he is invariably ready with a better story to top yours. His tan indicates hours spent in the open air and sunshine, for he is an ardent golfer, playing a daily game at the links near his home in Sheringham, Norfolk. His thirteen-year-old daughter is sometimes his partner, sometimes his opponent, for this only child demands a large share of her father's time and attention. In London the author is known as the prince of good fellows. He is a well known

member of various clubs, among them the Savage, which numbers practically all the present-day English celebrities among its membership.

F. Phillips Oppenheim wrote his first story at the age of eighteen, and his first novel appeared when he was twenty. Someone has said that every book he writes is better than the one before, and all have the spontaneity and interest that makes you grip the chair as the story proceeds.

Mr. Oppenheim has a most versatile mind, and in his latest novel, "The Lighted Way," gives the usual swiftly moving story whose plot concerns an attempt at revolution in Portugal, but as in all Oppenheim's stories, the action involves the people and localities in the London which he knows so well—London "just off the Strand." There is always a sharp contrast in the characters, the mystery of a suitor ring, and also a linking of some mysterious man on the outside with the man on the inside. There is a wholesomeness, too, in an Oppenheim story. Chetwode, the poor young secretary who makes an ideal hero in "The Lighted Way," is a man after one's own heart. And if Oppenheim can create a fiend, he can even better present a woman of the lovable qualities of Ruth, the invalid heroine. The wonder of authors is how Oppenheim manages to find such appropriate names for his characters. Then there is always the crimson thread of love running through the more tragic features, which whets the interest as the hero's adventures continue.

"The Lighted Way" has been called the best of all Oppenheim's novels. In its summer garb, it has the benefit of all that illustration and make-up can do for an up-to-date novel. The drawings are by Mr. A. B. Wenzell, whose name is sufficient warranty that he has caught the spirit of the "Prince of Story Tellers" at every turn in the exciting incidents of the story. Mr. Oppenheim does not confine himself strictly to long novels, but writes occasional short stories which are in great demand with magazines both here and abroad. It was counted especially fortunate that the revival of the Boston News-Letter, founded in 1794, in Joe Chapple's News-Letter, has included a number of short stories by the master of English fiction, and in the number of July 7th presents the opening chapters of "The Venom of Singhien." Admittedly one of Mr. Oppenheim's most thrilling and striking serials.

Just as the child, with sleepy eyes peep-

ing above the coverlets, cries for "another story, another story," so the American reading public unceasingly demands more and more stories by Oppenheim, to shake

off the lethargy of routine life by dipping in the world of intrigue, love and adventure as portrayed by the masterful imagination of F. Phillips Oppenheim.

Naval Use of Aircraft

Aeroplanes and airships are advocated for sea service by an expert

American writer

LIEUTENANT BOOTHBY, R.N., contributes to the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* an exhaustive paper on aircraft for sea service. He advocates both aeroplane and airship for this purpose. Of airships he says:—

I think it will be granted that the rigid is the most promising type for us to develop for sea service, though the non-rigid may be of great use for harbor defense and training purposes. The main characteristics of a rigid or modern type are a number of longitudinal girders, generally built up in triangular form, running from bow to stern, and joined together in some cases by spirally winding round them a system of similarly constructed girders, or else by connecting the longitudinals by transverse frames and staying them to each other by wires for mutual support. Inside the frames go the gun-bags, sixteen, or so in number, and on the outside the outer cover leaving a foot or so air space between the two. The engines are suspended below.

How the airship met in use may live through a gale is a serious question. He suggests having a fixed post in the centre of a lake, the top being just the same height as the bow of the airship when the gondolas are just touching the water, or the building of large airship harbors.—

There are several natural harbors I know of, such as a valley between Barrow-in-Furness and Dalton, where it is practically always calm, and there must be very many such places in hilly countries. Old quarries may be useful in this direction, or even large dry docks. On the whole, however, the post in the centre of a large sheet of water seems to hold the balance of advantages, and will probably be the method adopted where local circumstances permit of it.

The airship, unlike the aeroplane, can receive as well as send a wireless message. In this way it may avoid storm-centres.

The aeroplane could search the whole coast of South-West Ireland in four and a half hours, and regain her ship. The twenty-one knot assault, if searching all the bays and harbors herself, would take fifteen hours to do the work, and if the days were short two days would be required. The aeroplane will probably prove of great value in locating mines and submarines in narrow waters. In the estuaries of rivers and other muddy places, mines will, of course, be invisible. In clear, smooth water everything should be visible, especially with a bright sun. It seems probable that aeroplanes will attack submarines with success, provided the submarine is submerged, by dropping a charge of gun-stout arranged to explode well under water.

On the other hand:—

A tremendous advantage that the airship has over the aeroplane is that it can work at night as well as by day. It seems probable that from a height of 1,000 feet the glare of the funnels of a warship would be visible at night, and, should this prove to be correct, an airship should have no difficulty in hanging on to the enemy's fleet by night as well as by day, and keeping the Admiral informed of their movements. For blockade work, too, they can be in a given position for long periods. For instance, taking the means of thirty-five years' observations from the Sailing Directions, an airship could have watched Pembroke every day, except for twenty-three in the year.

The writer thinks that the replenishment with fuel and oil from a ship at sea will probably not be found difficult, even in bad weather, as it can be blown into the airship very rapidly with compressed air through torpedo charging pipes.—

In searching for hostile submarines the airship has an advantage over the aeroplane in that she can hunt slowly and carefully with four times the number of look-

outs. She can also attack them, as an aeroplane might, by dropping gas-cotton, but she could not come so close to her target, so she should have less chance of dropping the charge sufficiently close to do any damage, though this might be more than compensated for by the superior instruments and greater charge she could carry. To keep aircraft off submarines would have to remain on the surface, where they are liable to be attacked by ordinary ships, so, when one they are located, their position will not be very enviable. Once the battle fleet know the whereabouts of the submarines they can easily avoid them, and the long-range wireless telegraphy of the airmail is a very great advantage here, as she can pass information without losing sight of the enemy; in fact, wireless is at present the most important part of the equipment of aircraft, practically doubling their range and utility, and once they have got important information through it, it does not so very much matter what ultimately becomes of them.

Another possible use of airships is that of repeating ship in a fleet action. Being clear of smoke and out of range of hostile fire, signals could be easily made and read;

in fact, the general view of a fleet action will be much better obtained from aloft, so much so that it is conceivable in future that a commander-in-chief may find it advantageous to direct his fleet from an airship at a good height, notwithstanding his natural desire to lead his fleet into action personally.

The writer concludes his comparison by saying:—

The airmail bears to the aeroplane the same relation as a battle cruiser does to the torpedo boat. Building battleships whilst not neglecting torpedo craft has always been Great Britain's policy on the sea, and appears to be Germany's policy in the air, whilst the French still continue their policy of depending largely upon torpedo boats on both sea and air. I trust that in the future our policy in the air will be the same as it has been at sea; and I have little doubt that as the science of aeronautics develops the command of the air will prove to be necessary for us if we wish to keep the command of the sea. The fleet without aircraft to assist it will be at a tremendous disadvantage as compared to one with them.

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For all kinds of wood, iron, brass, copper, zinc, lead, tin, steel, etc., etc. It is the best and most durable varnish for all purposes. It is made in London, England, and is sold in all parts of the world.

ELASTIC WHITE FINISH
For all kinds of wood, iron, brass, copper, zinc, lead, tin, steel, etc., etc. It is the best and most durable varnish for all purposes. It is made in London, England, and is sold in all parts of the world.

SLATE OUTSIDE FINISH
For all kinds of wood, iron, brass, copper, zinc, lead, tin, steel, etc., etc. It is the best and most durable varnish for all purposes. It is made in London, England, and is sold in all parts of the world.

GLASS OUTSIDE FINISH
For all kinds of wood, iron, brass, copper, zinc, lead, tin, steel, etc., etc. It is the best and most durable varnish for all purposes. It is made in London, England, and is sold in all parts of the world.

LIQUOR GRAINITE
For all kinds of wood, iron, brass, copper, zinc, lead, tin, steel, etc., etc. It is the best and most durable varnish for all purposes. It is made in London, England, and is sold in all parts of the world.

ELASTIC WHITE FINISH
For all kinds of wood, iron, brass, copper, zinc, lead, tin, steel, etc., etc. It is the best and most durable varnish for all purposes. It is made in London, England, and is sold in all parts of the world.

SLATE OUTSIDE FINISH
For all kinds of wood, iron, brass, copper, zinc, lead, tin, steel, etc., etc. It is the best and most durable varnish for all purposes. It is made in London, England, and is sold in all parts of the world.

GLASS OUTSIDE FINISH
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Between You and Me

WHY THEY WENT.

As the Sunday-School teacher entered her class-room, she saw, leaving in great haste, a little girl and her sister brother brother.

"Why, Mary, you aren't going back?" she exclaimed.

"Please, Miss Anne, we've got to go," was the distressed reply. "Jimmy's threatened his collection."

SOME LINGUIST.

The person who advertised for "A man who speaks German and understands horses" was startled with the wording of an advertisement under the word "Opinion" in the "Vail" said the word-by-wordman, solemnly, scratching his head. "It says 'Chapman' all right, but I don't know that I can understand these horses. What language is that?"

TWIO WAS BENT.

A young mother and her pretty baby were passengers on a trolley. An elderly gentleman addressed the pretty mother: "A fine youngster that, ma'am. I hope you will bring him up to be an upright, conscientious man."

"That," said the young mother, smilingly, "will be a bit difficult."

"Pshaw," replied the elderly gentleman. "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined."

THE CLEVER OSTEOPATH.

A certain osteopath was treating a young lady who had very much swollen her legs. As she lived in a town quite a distance from his own city, he was forced to leave the city Saturday and go to the town in the town in the town. The young lady lived, give her the treatment on Sunday, and return to the office on Monday. A friend once asked the osteopath how he had arranged to give the young lady the treatment for her ankles and wrists when she lived at such a distance, and the osteopath replied, "Oh, I go out and treat her week ends."

THE DANGERS OF A GREAT CITY.

A young man who had been born and reared in the backwoods, went to Chicago and made a lot of money. When he returned to his native village and asked his father to take a trip to the World's Fair. The old man, however, was not enthusiastic over the proposition. He had read of the fire, automobile accidents and other catastrophes in big cities. Finally, after much argument and persuasion on the part of the son, the father reluctantly agreed to undertake the journey. At the little country station he was packed in and tried to get permission to go back home. One of the train men came to him to revive and all went well until the train dashed into a tunnel block at night. When this happened, the old man grabbed his umbrella, hit his son a whack on the head, and cried:

"I knew something would happen. I've gone blind."

WHEN you know the trade-mark on these cans you have practically completed your varnish education.

Ask for Berry Brothers' Varnish and tell your dealer what it is to be used for and where. One of the five varnishes shown above is sure to be best suited to your needs.

Tell the painter you want Berry Brothers'.

Tell the architect you want Berry Brothers'.

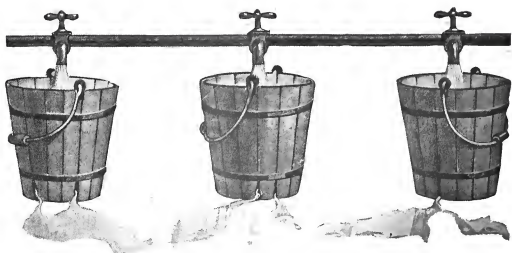
Then - if you watch out for the familiar trade-mark label—you will make certain of getting a varnish result that cannot be surpassed. YOUR interests are always protected by that label.

Write us this note and have it for better reference. It is a complete plan to every varnish need of every house or workshop. It is ready to send you at once. The right state of mind is what you need, for the market is flooded with inferior brands that will be sure to ruin you if you don't order from Berry Brothers.

Varnishes are not all alike. Send for free booklet, "Choosing Your Varnish Mark."

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The World's Largest and Best Varnish Makers



Leaky Buckets Are Never Filled

Leaks in business are caused by carelessness, thoughtlessness, laziness, inaccuracy and temptation.

A National Cash Register stops these leaks and enables the merchant to get all his profits.

It forces the proprietor and employe to be accurate and careful.

It makes accurate, unchangeable records of every transaction occurring between buyer and seller.

It enables the honest, ambitious clerk to prove his worth. It fixes responsibility for all concerned—it's a guardian of morals, of money and of good names.

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